AUGUST

# COSMOPOLITAN

TEN CENTS

Just take a peep at this prospect,
and you'll notice with delight-that
SAPOLIO
CLEANS AND POLISHES
'most everything in sight

# The New Prosperity

## By Harold Bolce

WHEN the Romans gave the name of August to their first emperor and made him priest of the temple fires, they thought they had safeguarded the world's most precious possession—its supply of heat. To-day a man with a match can do what Pontifex Maximus could not.

In no age has man fully claimed the heritage that is his. Nature was busy for ages laying the foundations of the continent which was to become the home of the most favored nation, yet we have always voiced occasional pessimism regarding our future. It was once believed that there was more land east of the Alleghanies than the American people would ever be able to cultivate. The departure into the wilderness out of which Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and other states were carved was deplored as a fatal step. Subsequent statesmanship rejoiced that the god Terminus had erected for all time a barrier in the shape of the Stony Mountains. Beyond was a desolation of sand and despair.

The news of Madison's election was three weeks in reaching the citizens of Kentucky. It looked, indeed, as if the terms of Pacific senators would expire before they could report at the national capital. The people of little faith doubted the possibility of a continental republic. The element of cohesion had not yet appeared. Then steam came and fused the continent, and electricity carried light and power along wires to show the way and quicken the pace of a new era.

To-day there is no warrant for forebodings. Here and there showers do not fall in keeping with the forecasts, but the continent is wide, and when the harvest comes we find that it is greater in its prodigal total than all that has been gathered before. Annually our crops now exceed in value all the gold stored in all the banks and vaults in the world.

The faith that is called for now is confidence in our fellows—a belief that they will join with us in the common cause of our nation's prosperity and make their credit good.

True, there is much waste. Progress as it passes is burning many of its bridges. There is the grim estimate that with the coming of the middle of this century, the coal-measures of America will be found wanting.

Meanwhile, in electric furnaces, at the falls of Niagara, engineers are reproducing the temperatures that prevailed when creative fires burned. In fierce flame common clay is transmuted into aluminum, which was formerly almost as rare as radium. A current equal to the power of one thousand horses feeds a furnace that turns out corundum and diamond crystals. Commonest materials are utilized. Out of sand, coke, sawdust, and salt comes a substance which ordinary flame cannot destroy.

Therein is a prophecy of what will compose the buildings of the coming city.

To-day the nations are still provincial, believing that they can live apart. But the airship, possibly propelled by wireless forces generated by waterfalls, as science already prophesies, will unite the world. There are no shores in the aerial sea!

The future flames with promise. The rays of the sun are already utilized to operate a factory pioneering this field. Messages are sent along the uncharted void. We are beginning to harness the forces that neither individuals nor nations can preempt.

Science is creating a new prosperity, a new internationalism—a new world—and giving it as a common legacy to mankind.

"MEN KISS AND RIDE AWAY"

DETAIL OF DECORATIVE FRIEZE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIVING MODELS BY DR. F. BENEDICT HERZOG
FIRST OF THE SERIES TO BE REPRODUCED IN THE COSMOPOLITAN

(*"The Higher Photography and Art," p. 407*)

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Cosmopolitan Magazine

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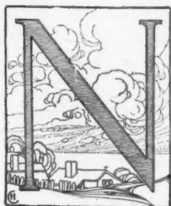
MRS. ASTOR IN 1876. FROM A MINIATURE

# Luxurious Newport

## By Cleveland Moffett



NEWPORT then and now! Newport of the earlier days when Judge William Beach Lawrence bought a village farm and retired into its seclusion to pursue his studies of jurisprudence; where Bancroft the historian ambled peacefully about upon his white palfrey through the leafy lanes; Newport of the farm and cottage days, Newport of the simple life—marvelous is the story of its transformation into the Newport of this year of our Lord 1907.

Compare the scale of living of the seventies and early eighties with that of to-day. Compare the unpretentious entertainments of the Cushings, the Cuttings, the Goelets, the Van Alens, the Fairman Rogerses and all that ilk with the magnificent functions of the present generation of Vanderbilts, Belmonts, and Oelrichses. It is an amazing story.

"Newport is the most expensive city in the world; it's twice as expensive as New York," declares a friend of mine who pays eight

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COUNTESS SIERSTORPFF IN COSTUME FOR A FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE, A POPULAR NEWPORT DIVERSION OF A DECADE OR MORE AGO

thousand dollars a season for the rent of his cottage. To be sure, this "cottage" is a handsome stone house in attractive grounds, perhaps the costliest of those that are rented regularly, but it certainly may be said that a rental varying from three to seven thousand dollars for the three or four months is an ordinary affair in Newport, and occasionally when one of the millionaires' villas is to be let, *then* the price is twelve or fifteen thousand dollars from June to September. And people are glad to pay it!

As a matter of fact, fifteen thousand dollars is a small enough sum to pay when one considers what the owner has already paid for the land, the house, and the grounds. The simple stone wall, for instance, around one of these million-dollar places cost one hundred thousand dollars; its gates and carvings kept the stone-cutters busy for a year. Significant, is it not, one hundred thousand dollars for a stone wall!

Look at this horse-chestnut. Its branches spread sixty feet, and your extended arms scarcely compass its girth. Surely, you say, this tree has stood here for generations. Not at all; it has stood here for two or three months, and the same is true of those maples down by the driveway and of that rare old tulip-tree by the hedge and of yonder group of sturdy red cedars. One year ago the maples were growing twenty miles away, the horse-chestnut thirty miles away, and the tulip-tree fifty miles away. Then the order came that these trees must shade and beautify this lawn and frame a picture of the sea for the piazza people. So two gangs of Italians were sent forth with picks and shovels, and under each chosen tree they dug two tunnels, leaving the roots in a great ball of solid earth. Then they skidded it up on heavy timbers and moved it on rollers and made it fast on a special truck and hitched on thirty horses, for the weight was thirty tons, and thus mile after mile they dragged it here and planted it, and the time consumed was six weeks, and the cost was *nine hundred dollars for that one tree!*

One might think that, with extensive greenhouses to draw upon, the mistress of one of these handsome places would have flowers in abundance for all occasions, but such is not the case. The greenhouses merely supply the family's daily needs, and a florist is called upon for elaborate dinners, balls, and fêtes. So that a fashionable family

MRS. J. FREDERICK TAMS, PROMINENT IN THE NEWPORT OF TWENTY YEARS AGO

MRS. J. J. VAN ALEN, AND MISS MAY VAN ALEN AT THE AGE OF THREE

MRS. J. J. ASTOR, MOTHER OF WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE 70'S

will easily spend a thousand dollars a month in the season simply on flowers for small dinners such as are given, say once a week.

And this brings us to the lavish fêtes that take place every year in Newport—those famous entertainments that are described and discussed all over the country. It is easy to exaggerate their cost; but the sober fact seems to be that ten or twelve thousand dollars is no unusual price to pay for one of these remarkable affairs. The dinner, say for two hundred guests at the caterer's charge of ten dollars each, comes to two thousand dollars, without wine or cigars. Besides this there is a first supper at midnight, after the special entertainment provided, and a second supper at five or six in the morning, after the dancing; which easily brings the total for eating and drinking up to three thousand dollars. Add another thousand dollars for flowers and music. Add two thousand more for cotillion favors—watches, fans, and articles of gold and silver. Then add two thousand more for a theater built especially for the occasion on the lawn and torn down the next morning, a spacious theater, be it said, and handsomely decorated. Add several thousand dollars more for a complete vaudeville entertain-

OLD-TIME NEWPORT—MRS. ABRAHAM SCHERMERHORN, MOTHER OF MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR

ment with singers and dancers, acrobats and jugglers, all brought on expressly from New York, or perhaps (as happened once) the entire company of a New York theater brought down and the theater closed. When you have counted all that and various minor things, say five hundred dollars for electric-lighting effects on the grounds, you will see clearly enough what becomes of ten or twelve or even fifteen thousand dollars on such an occasion. And Newport may have two or three entertainments like this in a single week!

One important item in connection with these elaborate fêtes is the cost of several hundred ball-dresses made for the occasion, for no woman feels like accepting such generous hospitality in an old gown. And this reminds me of an interesting talk that I had with a man at the head of one of the largest dressmaking establishments in the world, with branches in London, Paris, New York, and, naturally, Newport.

MRS. ROBERT GOELET

I asked what it costs one of these ladies whose duty it is to shine in Newport for her gowns.

"Ten thousand dollars a year," he answered promptly. "We have clients who spend twelve thousand a year, but ten is enough. We have many who spend seven thousand a year. If a woman spends only five thousand a year, we do not take her very seriously."

"You mean five thousand for gowns alone?"

"Of course."

And I was left to imagine what might be the ladies' bills for hats, boots, lingerie, etc., not to forget the sinuous automobiling-veils that were fluttering all about us.

"How many gowns does a smart woman need for the Newport season?" I inquired.

He thought a moment. "Counting everything, about twenty."

"And how much will they cost apiece?"

"That depends on the number of handsome ones. You can't get a really first-class gown *from us* for less than five hundred dollars."

Then he gave me some interesting details in the making of a five-hundred-dollar gown. It appears that a single yard of the trimming used for such a gown may take five or six skilful girls (French or Swiss) an entire week in the making. The pattern, say leaves or flowers, must first be embroidered in silk with the finest stitches. Then it must be gone over again in tiny transparent beads of different colors, perhaps in rhinestones, and, finally, the veins and stems of the leaves must be added one by one in colored threads. All this for a yard of trimming!

I have heard that our American women spend less on dress than their rich Russian sisters, but the following summary of items, made after careful investigation and consultations with several New York dressmakers and milliners, shows that they are doing fairly well for the daughters of a young republic. I may add that the dressmakers and milliners in question were the most prominent and responsible in the city,

*Photograph by Aime Dupont*
MRS. CHARLES DE L. OELRICHS

*Photograph by Aime Dupont*
MRS. ARTHUR SCOTT BURDEN

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

MRS. PHILIP LYDIG

SOME OF THE YOUNGER NEWPORT MATRONS

*Photograph by Curtis Bell*

MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT, AN ALL-YEAR RESIDENT OF NEWPORT

all on Fifth Avenue, and without exception they insisted that this summary is *considerably too low.* Indeed, one of the leading dressmakers declared that sixty thousand dollars would not be too high a total.

ESTIMATE OF THE AMOUNT SPENT ON DRESS PER YEAR BY MANY RICH AMERICAN WOMEN

| Item | Amount |
|---|---|
| Furs and accessories | $5000 |
| Dinner-gowns | 5000 |
| Ball- and opera-gowns | 8000 |
| Opera-cloaks, evening and carriage-wraps | 2500 |
| Afternoon, visiting, and luncheon-toilettes | 3000 |
| Morning gowns, shirt-waists, and informal frocks | 3000 |
| Automobiling-furs and costumes | 2000 |
| Negligées | 800 |
| Lingerie | 1500 |
| Hats and veils | 1200 |
| Riding-habits, boots, gloves, etc | 750 |
| Shoes and slippers, $800; hosiery, $500 | 1300 |
| Fans, laces, small jewels, etc | 2500 |
| Gloves, $450; cleaners' bills, $1000; handkerchiefs, $600 | 2050 |
| Total | $38,600 |

I can imagine a man looking over this list and objecting to various items. He might say, for instance, that no woman would spend thirteen hundred dollars a year on shoes and stockings. Yet I can assure him that a dozen pairs of stockings alone, say silk with inserts of real lace (not to mention the hand-painted ones), might easily cost five hundred dollars. And if he thinks six hundred dollars a year a preposterous allowance for handkerchiefs, I will refer him to a linen-shop on the Boulevard Haussmann, in Paris, largely patronized by Americans, where handkerchiefs at one hundred dollars or more each are displayed and sold. Indeed, it is only a few months since a New York girl, of no very conspicuous family, carried at her wedding a handkerchief of rare old lace valued at one thousand dollars.

Houses, flowers, fêtes, dresses, we have scarcely begun the list of opportunities that Newport offers for extravagance and show! Think of the horses, the automobiles, the yachts! Think of the train of servants!

Here comes a smart road-wagon, with a pair of grays. They draw up at the Casino, near a victoria waiting with a pair of blacks. Down spring the footmen and assist a lady and a pale-faced man to change from the road-wagon to the victoria. The idlers along the owl-fence stare with freshened interest, for they know that this pale-faced

MISS KATHERYNE YOAKUM, FORMERLY OF ST. LOUIS, WHO WILL MAKE HER DÉBUT AT NEWPORT THIS SUMMER

man has one of the greatest fortunes in the world. It is Alfred Vanderbilt, who has just driven in from his country-place some miles out of Newport, where he has a famous stud-farm with seventy or eighty horses. The victoria and pair come from his Newport stables, where he keeps a dozen other horses with six men and the necessary traps for just such relay work as this. There might be a little dust on the harness or panels, and so a fresh carriage and pair are necessary!

What is a smart automobile stable and what does it cost? Here we find wide extremes, for many families have only one or two automobiles, while some have eight or nine, and John Jacob Astor has had as many as seventeen at one time. I am told that four automobiles are considered a satisfactory number—a gasolene brougham for

runs into the country, an electric victoria for the Avenue, a little runabout for errands, and an imported racing-car, the total cost being about thirty thousand dollars. To operate and care for these four machines, two chauffeurs and a helper are required, and with their wages and the garage charges and the outlay for gasolene, repairs, etc., the running expenses, I am assured by an expert, reach seven hundred dollars a month.

This is a trifle, however, compared with what is spent on one of the many steam-yachts that gather in Newport harbor every summer. In addition to the original cost of such a yacht, anything from half a million down, the running expenses will vary from three thousand dollars a month for one of moderate size to twenty thousand dollars a month for a big three-hundred-footer like J. Pierpont Morgan's *Corsair* and John Jacob Astor's *Nourmahal*. These are practically ocean steamships with all the luxuries of a Fifth Avenue mansion—delicious cooking, elaborate service, exquisite decorations.

MRS. CHARLES PIERREPONT GILBERT, WHO IS IDENTIFIED WITH THE RECENT SOCIAL LIFE OF NEWPORT

In the height of the season lavish entertainments are given on these yachts, with flowers brought out by the boat-load and dinner served on deck for a hundred or so, say at ten dollars each, and, finally, with dancing and expensive favors. A single yacht fête of this kind may easily cost three or four thousand dollars!

Thus far we have considered chiefly what is spent in Newport on luxuries and superfluities, but of course there are also the necessaries of life, and it is interesting to see how much the fashionable rich manage to spend on such homely things as meat and groceries. There is an old French cook, now the keeper of a quiet hotel on Bellevue Avenue, who has lived in Newport for over thirty years and who points with pride on his register to the best names of our money aristocracy, the Astors, Vanderbilts, etc. He has known them all, in and out of season: he has known their chefs and the details of their food supply, and he assures me that eight hundred dollars a month is not an exaggerated estimate of the *meat bill* for a rich family during their stay in Newport. This includes meat, chicken, fish, and vegetables for the regular household routine, but *not* for special entertaining. It goes without saying that there is enormous waste, and wholesale plundering by the chefs, butlers, housekeepers, etc., who all receive large commissions from the tradespeople.

A general impression of the cost and complexity of a quiet Newport establishment may be obtained by glancing over the following specimen pay-roll:

MISS ANNIE LIVINGSTON BEST, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE YOUNGER NEWPORT WOMEN

| OCCUPATION | YEARLY SALARY |
|---|---|
| Special chef from Paris | $5000 |
| Second chef | 1200 |
| Private secretary to the lady | 3000 |
| Private tutor | 2000 |
| Governess | 1000 |
| Two nurses | 1000 |
| Housekeeper | 1000 |
| Five maids | 1200 |
| Head coachman | 1200 |
| Second and third coachmen | 1200 |
| Chauffeur | 1000 |
| Butler | 900 |
| Second butler | 600 |
| Head gardener | 1000 |
| Four helpers | 2500 |
| Total | $23,800 |

Nearly twenty-five thousand dollars a year for help alone, and I am not speaking now of the richest families, whose pay-rolls would be much larger. Some famous chef, for instance, like "Joseph," whom the Vanderbilts brought over, would receive ten thousand dollars a year. And we know what a steam-yacht costs! And a stud-farm! So, summing up the year for one of our multimillionaires, we may set down the main items thus:

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MRS. H. S. REDMOND

| | |
|---|---|
| Running expenses of houses in Newport and New York with wages and salaries to, say twenty-five people, with food, wines, etc., but no special entertaining | $30,000 |
| Expenses of entertaining, brilliant balls, dinners, fêtes, flowers, etc | 50,000 |
| Steam-yacht | 50,000 |
| Expenses of stable and stud-farm, with wages of, say thirty men | 40,000 |
| Grounds, greenhouses, gardens, with wages of, say twenty men | $20,000 |
| Expenses of two other places, say at Palm Beach and in the Adirondacks | 20,000 |
| Clothes for husband and wife, daughters, and younger children | 20,000 |
| Pocket-money for husband and wife, daughters, and younger children | 50,000 |
| Automobiles | 10,000 |
| Traveling expenses with private cars, special suites on steamers, at hotels, etc | 10,000 |
| Total | $300,000 |

Three hundred thousand dollars a year, without counting gifts and charities, doctors and trained nurses, new horses and automobiles, new furniture and jewelry, pet dogs with fur-trimmed coats, talking dolls in lace dresses at one hundred dollars each, and numberless other things, not to omit various follies, possibly gambling with thousands of dollars risked by the ladies at bridge and tens of thousands by the men at faro, roulette, and baccarat!

After such a statement, one begins to understand the attitude of a well-known Newport couple, he with an income of fifty thousand dollars and she with an income of three hundred and twenty thousand dollars, who recently admitted that they could scarcely make both ends meet on a thousand dollars a day, and were so desperately driven to pay their bills that they actually issued a statement in the newspapers last summer, to appease the clamoring shopkeepers.

# Doc Peets's Error

## First of the New "Wolfville" Series

### By Alfred Henry Lewis

#### Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The many thousand admirers of Mr. Lewis's famous "Wolfville" stories will be delighted at the opportunity to renew their acquaintance with the Old Cattleman and his friends of the quaint Arizona camp, as the record of their doings is carried on in the COSMOPOLITAN from month to month in the new series of which the following tale is the first. And to a host of new readers we take pleasure in introducing a vivid and humorously picturesque portrayal of the rough, breezy life of the plains, in stories compared with which all other stories of the West, not excepting those of Bret Harte, must take subordinate rank.

"NO gent, onless locoed, would ever talk of he'p-in' the public." The Old Cattleman spoke with warmth, at the same time throwing down a newspaper from which the glaring head-line, "Overthrow of a Popular Idol," stared out. "An' for two sev'ral reasons," he continued, lapsing into his customary manner of calm, not to say benign, philosophy. "One is you wouldn't be 'preciated, an' the other is you can't.

"He'pin' the public, even if you could, wouldn't be worth a wise gent's while. He'd about wind up at the leetle end of the horn, same as this office-ho!din' maverick in the noospaper. Publics is ongrateful. He'pin' the public out of a hole is as oncertain as he'pin' a b'ar out of a hole; it's bloo chips to white that the first offishul act of either would be to chaw you up.

"Shore, I sees somethin' of the sort come off in the c'rreer of Doc Peets. This is 'way back yonder, when Wolfville is cuttin' its milk-teeth, an' prior to the dawnin' of sech evidences of progress as the Bird Cage Op'ry House, an' Colonel Sterett's 'Daily Coyote.' It's before the Washwoman's War, an' antedates by years the nuptials of Tucson Jennie with Dave Tutt.

"What's the story? It don't amount to much, an' is valyooable only as 'llustratin' what I says on the footility, not to mention the peril, of tryin' to turn a commoonal trick. It's an occasion when Doc Peets gets a public stack down wrong, an' jest man-ages to round on the play in time to save

"THE SUBSEQUENT DISCOVERY OF THAT KYARD-EXPERT DEAD, OUT BACK OF THE DANCE-HALL, A BULLET THROUGH HIS BACK"

himse'f from bein' swept plumb off the board. You-all has heard me yeretofore alloode to Peets as the best eddicated scientist an' deepest sharp in the territory. What I'm to reelate is not to be took ag'inst them utterances. For one thing, Peets is young when the eepisode occurs; later, when years has come an' gone an' thar's a pretty hefty accumulation of rings at the base of Peets's horns, you-all couldn't have coaxed him into no sech trap, not for gold an' precious stones.

"It has its beginnin' in the comin' to town of Tacoma Tom, an' the subsequent discovery of that kyard-expert dead, out back of the dance-hall, a bullet through his back. Somebody it would look like has been objectin' to Tacoma with a gun. Thar ain't so much as a whisper p'intin' to the partic'lar sport who thus finds fault with Tacoma, or what for; Wolfville is baffled complete.

"This bein' left in the dark op'rates nacher'lly to rub the public fur the wrong way. Not that Wolfville feels as though it can't keep house without deceased; at best he's but a fleetin' form of tin-horn hold-up, of no social standin', an' it's apples to ashes the Stranglers would have had their kettle-tender, Jack Moore, run him out o' camp inside a week. Still, it's a case of a party gettin' downed, an' the public's been eddicated to at least expect a solootion, even if thar ain't no lynchin'. In this instance the public don't get neither; wharfore it takes to frettin' a little onder the quiet collar. Also, that low-flung hamlet, Red Dog, goes to makin' reemarks; an' this last so shames the more sens'tive sperits, like Dan

ABILENE DAVIS

Boggs, they begins to talk of movin' to Tucson.

"While the public is thus on a strain, the gen'ral eye takes to focusin' on a Mexican who's been hangin' out over to the corrals for about a useless month. It's the common view that he may be spared from among us, without upsettin' the whole Wolfville framework. Troo, thar's nothin' to connect him with the bumpin' off of Tacoma, except he's a Greaser; but in a commoonity which favors hangin' men not so much for what they do as for what they are, this yere saddle-colored fact of a sunburned nationality goes some distance. The boys takes to murmurin' among themselves, as they slops out their Old Jordon at the Red Light counter, an' it's the gen'ral concession that to hang said Mexican to the windmill wouldn't hurt that water-drawin' contraption's looks a little bit. Thar's even people who claims it's calk'lated for the windmill's embellishment.

"The Mexican himse'f must have been one of them mind-readers, for, while the whisper yoonitin' him to the windmill goes wanderin' up an' down, he disappears entire. This untoward evaporation of the Mexican, at the only time he's reelly needed, is by fairest jedgments regyarded as a hoss on the camp; an', with that, public feelin' takes on a more exasperatin' edge than prior. Likewise, Red Dog is thar with the yoosual barbed jeer, to the insultin' effect that Wolfville manages its kyards so clumsy that even a blinded Greaser reads its hand.

"It's while the pop'lar temper is rendered thus morose, that Old Man Enright an' Doc Peets comes together casyooal in the New York Store.

"'What's the matter with the camp, Sam?' asks Peets. He's payin' for a bloo shirt, with pearl buttons, he's jest bought. 'It looks like the outfit's down on a dead kyard.' Peets's tones is anxious; for when it comes to settin' up all night with a Wolfville interest an' rockin' its cradle an' warmin' its milk, he's got the rest of us beat to a frazzle. 'Somethin' ought to be done,' he continyoos. 'As the play stands, the pop'lar sperit, once so proud an' high, is slowly but shorely boggin' down.'

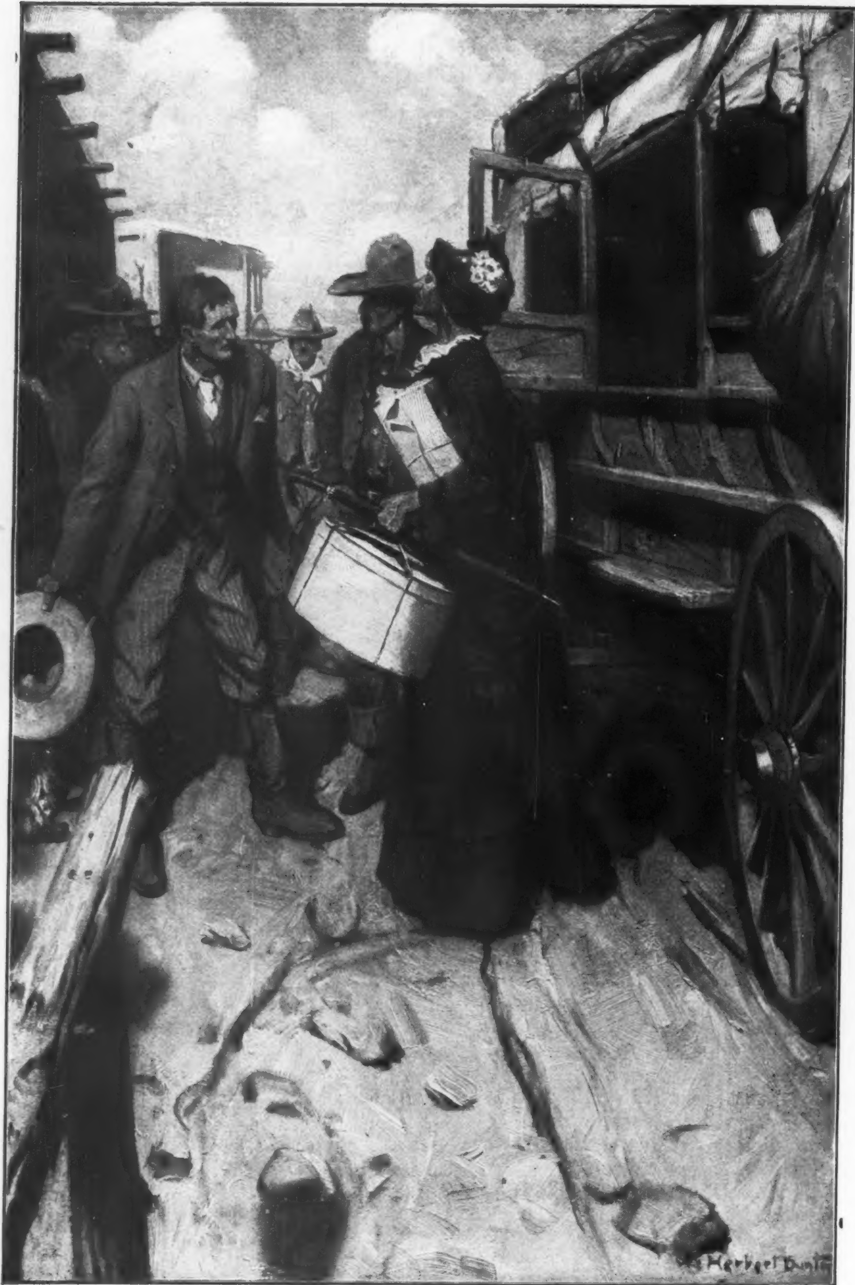
"'It's Tacoma gettin' beefed,' says Enright, 'an' our omittin' to stretch that corral Greaser. Thar's a bet we overlooks, Doc; we never should have let that felon get away.'

"'But both of us,' observes Peets, 'you-all as chief of the vig'lance committee, an' I as a member in full standin', lives well aware that thar ain't the shadow of any evidence the Mexican wipes out Tacoma.'

"'None the less,' returns Enright, 'I reckon the boys sort o' lotted on a lynchin'. You saveys, Doc, that it ain't so important to hang the right gent as to hang some gent when the same is looked for. Besides, for a Mexican to run out from between our fingers that a-way is mortifyin' to the camp's se'f-love.'

"'Well,' reemarks Peets, 'not to dwell too

"ENRIGHT REETIRES TO THE BACK DOOR AN' BANGS AWAY SOME FRANTIC THREE OR FOUR TIMES"



"'WHOEVER IS THIS YERE INEBRIATED LOAFER?' DEEMANDS THE LADY, GLARIN' AT PEETS"

long on that Mexican, somethin' to arouse public enthoosiasm is the imperatif demand. If we-all permits the boys to go gloomin' 'round in their present morbid frame, they'll shore take to chewin' one another's mane.'

"Enright nods assent, but offers no su'-gestions.

"'See yere!' exclaims Peets, after a pause—Peets is more fertile than Enright—'I've roped onto an idee. The games is dead at this hour; suppose we rounds up the outfit for a talk. A powwow, though nothin' results, is calk'lated to prodooce a soothin' effect.'

"'Which I'm agree'ble,' remarks Enright. 'But how be we goin' to convene 'em? Back in Tennessee, in my natif hamlet of Pineknot, we used to ring the town bell. Wolfville bein' deevoid of town bells, I takes it the next best move is for me to sa'nter to the r'ar door an' shake the loads out o' my gun. That'll excite pop'lar cur'osity; the boys'll come a-runnin' to see who gets it.'

"Enright reetires to the back door an' bangs away some frantic three or four times with his six-shooter. The day bein' quiet, the effect is plenty vivacious; Wolfville comes t'arin' over all spraddled out—that is every gent but Black Jack comes t'arin'. Him bein' alone on watch at the Red Light, he don't feel free to leave the bar.

"'Anyone creased?' asks Dave Tutt, out o' breath an' pantin'.

"'None whatever,' replies Peets, easy an' suave. Then, lettin' on he don't notice the disapp'intment that spreads itse'f from face to face, he proceeds: 'This yere is a bloodless foosilade, an' resorted to merely as a means of convokin' the best minds of the camp. Thar's a subject of common interest to be proposed; an', to get for'ard in order, my motion is that our honored leader, Mr. Enright, be requested to preeside.'

"'Hold on a minute,' interjects Dan Boggs, 'until I signals Black Jack thar ain't no corpses. He's that inquisitive, an' him bein' tied down to his dooties as barkeep that a-way, he'd about eat his heart out if I don't.'

"By the time Boggs relieves Black Jack, the meetin' is in line, Enright employin' a dry-goods box as desk, an' the audience camped about permisscus on crates an' boxes. Faro Nell, who's lookout for Cherokee Hall's bank, an' whose love of Wolfville is second to nobody's, has a front seat.

"When the meetin's ready, Peets arises an' assoomes the pressure. 'As author conj'intly with the cha'r'—yere Peets bows p'litely to Enright—'of this demonstration, I takes it on myse'f, with the hon'rable cha'r's permission, to briefly state its objecks.'

"'Let her roll!' says Enright, gently tappin' on the dry-goods box with his yoosual gavel, the same bein' a Colt's 45.

"'Gents,' resoomes Peets, castin' a beamin' eye about the scene, 'avoidin' references to recent eevents of a harrowin' nacher, concernin' the late Tacoma Tom an' a Mexican person we don't lynch, an' comin' right down to the turn, I ventures the reemark that thar's somethin' wrong with Wolfville. As affairs stand, our pride is oozin' away, our brotherly love is turnin' sour, our public sperit is peterin', an' the way we're p'intin' hist'ry will one day jestify the low reemarks which Red Dog is makin' at our expense. Gents, let me pause at this yere pinch, an' invite your views.'

"'Which you-all hears the Doc,' says Enright, softly beatin' on the box like he's keepin' time to music. 'Any sport with views should pour 'em forth. Red Dog has its envious eye on us; it will take advantage of any weakenin'. So far Red Dog has been outlucked, outheld, an' outplayed; Wolfville downs her on the deal an' on the draw. But to make the footure like the past, we must act promptly an' in yoonison, an' give the sityooation, morally speakin', the best whirl of the wheel.'

"'Recognizin',' observes Dave Tutt, risin' to his feet, 'the trooth of what the Doc has said, an' regyardin' that scientist as possessin' the wisdom of serpents, I'm freely with him in sayin' somethin' public must be did. My p'sition bein' clear, I asks whatever for a play would it be to rope up one of these yere lecture sharps? Thar's a maverick of that breed in Tucson right now; an' if Wolfville says the word I'll stampede over to-morry an' tie him down. He could lecture in Hamilton's dance-hall, an' to my notion it would prove a mighty meetropolitan form of racket.'

"'Whatever is this yere shorthorn lecturin' on? asks Jack Moore.

"'Roosia,' says Tutt; 'an' how they're pesterin' an' playin' it low down on the Jews. He's got maps, an' books, an' the entire layout from deal box to check rack. Folks as ought to know, gives it out cold

that he turns as strong a game for as high a limit as any lecturer they ever goes ag'inst.'

"'Onder other an' what one might dee-scribe as a more concrete condition of public feelin',' interjects Peets, 'thar could be nothin' sooperior to the su'gestion of Mr. Tutt. But my fear is that Wolfville ain't in no mood for lectures. What we needs is not so much a lecture, which is for a day, but somethin' lastin', sech as the example of a reefined an' exalted home-life abidin' in our midst. What the hour pines for is the ameel'oratin' an' mollifyin' inflooence of an elevated womanhood. Shore, we has our little fav'rite, Faro Nell, an' the gent never jingles a spur in Wolfville who wouldn't ride his pony to death in her behalf. But Nell's young—merely a yearlin' like. What our earnest wants reequires is the picture of a happy household, where the feminine head, in the triple rôle of woman, wife, an' mother, while cherishin' an' carin' for her husband, sheds likewise a beenign ray for us.'

"'Rah! for Doc Peets!' cries Faro Nell, wavin' her stetson. Then, to Cherokee, who's planted near, 'Ain't the Doc jest splendid?'

"Cherokee smiles but says nothin', bein' a silent sharp.

"'Pausin',' resoomes Peets, 'to thank our beautiful young townslady for that cheer, I surges ahead to say I learns from first sources, indeed from the gent himse'f, that one of our worthiest citizens, bein' none other than Abilene Davis, well an' fav'rably known as blacksmith at the stage station, has a lovely wife in Kansas. The town so forchoonate as to claim her now is Caldwell. I tharfore recommends, as the sense of this meetin', that Mr. Davis bring on this lady to reign over his domestic hearth. The O. K. Restauraw will lose a boarder, the same bein' the hostelry wharat Mr. Davis gets his daily *chile con carne;* but Missis Rucker, who conducts it, will not repine for that. What is the O. K. Restauraw's loss will be Wolfville's immortal gain; an' for Wolfville's welfare Missis R. proudly makes a sacrifice. Mr. Cha'rman, my recommendation takes the form of a motion.'

"'Which said motion,' observes Enright, 'onless I hears a protest, goes as it lays. Thar bein' no objections, the cha'r declares it to be the commands of this meetin' that Abilene bring on his wife.'

"'See yere, Mr. Pres'dent,' breaks in Abilene, lookin' some wild an' hectic, 'as the he'pless victim of this onlooked-for plunge on the part of the body pol'tic, I rises to ask, Do my feelin's count? Which if I ain't in this—if it's considered c'rrect to lay waste the life of a party, who in his lowly way is doin' his public an' his private best, why, let it pass onchallenged. I impugns no gent's motives; but I'm free to reemark that these yere proceedin's looks like the offspring of crim'nal caprice.'

"'I will call the gent's attention,' observes Enright, a heap dignified, 'to the fact that thar's no disp'sition, public or private, to crowd his hand or force a play to which he seems averse. If from any knowledge we supposes we entertains of the possession on his part of a sperit which might rise to the aid of a gen'ral need—I shore hopes I makes my meanin' plain—we overdeals the kyards, all we can do is 'pologize, throw our hands in the center, an' shuffle an' deal ag'in.'

"'Not at all,' breaks in Abilene, not likin' the gray gleam in Enright's eye; 'an' no offense to be given, took, or meant. Let me say I has the highest respect for the cha'r, personal. Also, I takes freequent occasion to observe that I looks on Doc Peets as among the best feachures of Arizona. But this yere dash into my fam'ly life needs to be thought out. You-all don't know the lady; which, she bein' my wife, I ain't puttin' on no dog when I says I do.'

"'Does she look like me, Abilene?' chirps up Faro Nell.

"'Not necessar'ly, Nell,' says Abilene. 'To be shore, I ain't basked none recent in her s'ciety, an' mem'ry may be blurred; but as I recalls she looks a whole lot like an Injun uprisin'. All the same, she's as excellent a lady as ever fondles a flapjack; I'll say that! Only, gents'—an' yere Abilene's tones takes on a pleadin' sound—'she's uppish; that's whatever; she's shore uppish! I might add,' continyoos Abilene in a deprecatory, 'pologetic way, 'that inasmuch as I wasn't jest lookin' for the camp to turn to me in its hour of need, this proposal to transplant Mrs. Davis to Wolfville is an honor as onexpected as a rattlesnake in a roll of blankets. An' let me say that while I'm the last to lay down on a dooty, when the same's sawed off onto me proper, I thinks we ought to approach this enterprise plenty conserv'tive. My wife has her idees; an' I'm some afraid she won't wholly

endorse our Wolfville ways. An', gents, if she takes a notion ag'inst us, she's a force to make itse'f felt. Wharfore, I asks you to remember, in case you insist on carryin' out your locoed designs, you mustn't blame me yereafter if you finds that, in thus pitchin' camp in the dark, you've spread your blankets on a ant-hill.'

"'Mr. Cha'rman,' observes Boggs, who's been wearin' a troubled look, like somethin's preyin' on his mind, 'how would it be to begin by simply invitin' Abilene's wife to come yere on a visit? After what Abilene says, I deems it no more than proodence to manage a hold-out in our favor if we can.'

"'Gents,' breaks in Abilene, 'it shore seems onfair for all Wolfville to go pilin' itse'f upon me, when yere's Texas Thompson who more'n once mentions a wife livin' down Laredo way.'

"'Stop the deal!' cries Texas, as sharp as the crack of a pistol. 'I don't aim to go trackin' off into explanations; I contents myse'f with announcin' that so shore as Wolfville says "wife" to me, I'll back for a corner an' pull a gun.' An' yere Texas certainly does look a heap grim.

"'Goin' to the amendment,' reemarks Peets, ignorin' the outbreak of Texas, 'of Mr. Boggs, that we asks Abilene's wife yere on a visit, let me say I cheerfully adopts the same. But nothin' niggardly, nothin' mean, mind you! Let Abilene invite her for, say a year; let him do that, an' I guarantees the outcome. Once the lady stacks up ag'inst our daily game an' triumphs through a deal or two, she'll never give us up. Mr. Cha'rman, I holds the present to be the openin' of a new era.'

"Boggs, on his way back to the Red Light, lays bare to Tutt an' me, private, why he wears that harassed air doorin' the discussion.

"'It's because the Doc is makin' the mistake of his life,' explains Boggs. 'Nacher'ly, I couldn't onfold at the time, Abilene bein' present. It ain't for me to go plowin' up no gent's feelin's, an' him settin' in hard luck. But between us, gents, I've seen this yere matron. when I'm drivin' cattle up from Texas into Abilene's former town of Caldwell—Caldwell bein' where she lives.'

"'What for a lookin' lady is she?' asks Tutt.

"'Onderstand,' replies Boggs, 'I've allers held that no lady's ugly, an' I holds so now. I'm obleeged to confess, however, that Abilene's wife has a disadvantageous face. Her profile is too jagged—too much like the side view of a rip-saw.'

"'Some ladies,' says Tutt, him bein' a born optimist, 'makes up in style what they're shy on looks.'

"'I shore hates to close the door of hope,' returns Boggs, 'but I don't reckon your reemark goes in the case of Abilene's wife. Style ain't her long suit no more'n looks; she dresses a heap plain. The time I sees her the waist of her frock's made out of a flour-sack; I knows, because it says on it in bloo letters: "Rose of the Walnut Valley. XXX. Fifty Pounds"—bein' the brand we uses in our chuck-wagon. No sir; this camp should have heeded Abilene's warnin', an' I'm a Siwash if the Doc himse'f won't say so before we're through.'

"After the meetin', it's enough to wring tears from a Apache, the way Abilene resigns himse'f to be reyoonited with his fam'ly. Jest as I knows of a hoss-thief person, who's bein' swung off by the Stranglers, fittin' the lariat to his own neck an' b'arin' a he'pin' hand at his own lynchin', so Abilene sends his wife the message to come on. Her answer allows she'll be with us in a month; wharupon everybody dons a expectant look, like somethin' thrillin' is on its way; that is, everybody except Abilene, who is melancholy, an' Texas Thompson, who is hostile.

"Texas, who's more or less loser in a wedded way himse'f, cannot reepress his feelin's of contempt for what's goin' on.

"'If that Abilene,' says Texas, 'possessed the spunk of horned toads, he'd get a brace of guns an' shore give this band of marplots a battle.'

"Peets, as time goes by, grows as cocky an' confident as a dozen jaybirds. 'It's allers the way, Sam,' he says to Enright, payin' himse'f a compliment; 'a gent's cleverest thoughts is shore to come when he's workin' for a public good.'

"'This yere hand ain't played out, Doc,' returns Enright; an', for all his manner is soft an' easy, thar's the flicker of a warnin' in it.

"The eeventful day draws round; Abilene goes over to Tucson to meet his wife an' sort o' break the effect. When the stage swings into the post-office, the entire outfit is present to start Abilene's wife out with good impressions. Pardon me for shudderin', but she's shore a iron-visaged heroine!

"As Abilene he'ps her out of the coach, which feat he pulls off as though he's handlin' a box of dynamite, Peets steps for'ard an' takes off his hat

"'Mrs. Davis?' he says.

"'Whoever is this yere inebriated loafer, Mr. Davis?' deemands the lady, clawin' for Abilene's arm an' glarin' at Peets. 'No friend of yours, I hopes. He looks like he steals hosses for a livin'.' Then, to Peets, who's bowin' an' scrapin', tryin' to get p'lite action: 'Go 'way, you insultin' reprobate! Don't you dast to offer me no roodness!'

"'Which I don't aim none,' says Old Monte, as later we gathers about him askin' questions, 'to go blowin' about the private affairs of my passengers, holdin' the same to be onprofessional; but not to go no further, gents, I hopes never to taste licker ag'in if she don't give Abilene a lickin' over back in the canyon. That's straight; she makes him yelp like a coyote!'

"If ever a party is jestified of eevents it's Abilene. In less'n a week that wife we imports for him has Wolfville walkin' in a circle. Thar ain't a gent among us all who's got strength of char'cter enough to even stay in the street when she shows up. The whole town goes into hidin'. Puttin' it the mildest, she's a menace to a free people. She swoops on a poker game, into which Abilene is settin', an' although he's ahead at the time, she confiscates a pot of over ninety dollars that's in the center, besides takin' what money's loose in front of Boggs an' Jack Moore, claimin' the same as havin' been wrested from Abilene by venal practices. She lands in the Red Light one ca'm afternoon, flourishin' a ax, an' informs Black Jack she'll wreck the joint if ever she smells rum on Abilene ag'in. As might be expected, the boys in their despair begins sayin' things about Peets, an' eyin' him mighty baleful. Folks is seen to drink alone; which, speakin' from standp'ints of public peace, is a worst possible sign.

"Peets grows indignant, but he can't formyoolate no plans. 'The idee of this bunch of prairie-dogs blamin' me!' he says, when him an' Enright's mournfully talkin' things over. 'This is what I gets for steppin' for'ard to the rescoo of Wolfville!'

"'Doc,' says Enright, slow an' solemn, 'you knows me. I'd stand up ag'inst the iron for you, an' right now, if worst falls, I means to perish with you. None the less, I cannot pretend amazement at the boys layin' their troubles at your door. As a squar' man, with a fairly balanced mind, I'm bound to admit the boys is right. Now I don't say the camp feels what you-all would call resentful, Doc; it's more like they was mournin' over a day that's gone an' a peace you've overthrown. An' yet you knows what hoomanity is, when made desp'rate by burdens more than it can b'ar. I'm the last gent to go determinin' what's best for other gents to do, but you an' me is old friends; an', as a warnin' from a source that means you well, let me say that onder all the circumstances, an' rememberin' how we live in a day of lariats an' windmills, if I stood in your moccasins, Doc, either me or that maraudin' lady you introdooces yere would leave town without delay.'

"Peets listens to what Enright says, an' he couldn't be more impressed if, all inadvertent, five aces deevelops in one deal. It's beautiful to see him begin the roundup of his stampeded pop'larity. Peets is allers great but never so great as when the shadow of Abilene's wife lays over him an' Wolfville like a blight.

"Followin' Enright's forebodin's, Peets holds a secret conference with Abilene out back o' the corral. Later he reports progress to Enright.

"'I reckon, Sam,' he says, 'I've cut a trail that ought to lead us out.'

"'I shore trusts as much,' returns Enright. 'As the kyards are runnin', I sees nothin' for it but to adjourn Wolfville *sine die.*'

"'This yere's the prop'sition,' goes on Peets. 'Thar's a rich an' sickly aunt back in Caldwell. Likewise thar's a doctor; an' Abilene's done give me the names of both. I ain't no Elijah, but I can now foresee that Abilene's wife is doo to get a message from that physician, tellin' her how her rich aunt is painfully cashin' in, an' to come a-runnin'.'

"'Do you-all reckon, Doc,' asks Enright, 'it's on the squar' to go thus deloodin' said lady about a dyin' aunt?'

"'Which I shore considers sech queries egregious, Sam,' returns Peets, sort o' reproachful. 'You-all should not forget that se'f-preservation as a first law of nacher is written for commoonities as much as folks.'

"Boggs saddles the best pony in the corral, an' goes t'arin' off for Tucson; next

day he comes t'arin' back. He brings a telegram for Abilene's wife; an' whether its contents is troo or no, at least they're convincin'.

"The next mornin' at sunup, by speshul buckboard, that reemarkable lady leaves for the East, castin' a scornful look at us, where we're peerin' out of the Red Light winders. The joyful dust of her departure hasn't settled before Wolfville embarks in a celebration so copious an' so exhaustive it leaves the Red Light crippled, until a week later when it freights in a fresh stock. Also, Peets's pop'larity, which was shorely somewhat on the brink, is saved.

"'But you suppresses the facts, Abilene,' says Tutt, 'when you describes that treemenjus female as simply uppish. In view of what I now knows, "uppish" ain't a two-spot.'

"'It's with no purpose, Abilene,' observes Peets, as he fills afresh his glass, an' addresses that husband where he's tankin' up, 'to discourage one whom I sympathizes with as a onforchoonate an' reespects as a dead-game gent that I yereby invites the entire pop'lation to jine me over Wolfville's escape from your wife. An' all informal though this assemblage be, I offers the hope that this, the second of August, the date when the lady allooded to pulls her awful freight, continyoo an' remain forever a day of annyool thanksgivin' in this camp.'

"Abilene seeks out Texas Thompson an' extends his hand. 'Texas,' he says, 'it's weak an' onmanly for me to try an' drag you into misery sim'lar to my own, an' talk of bringin' on your Laredo wife. It's done onder torture, Texas, an' because, as some poet sport says some'ers, "Misery loves company."'

"'Well,' returns Texas plenty sullen, an' takin' the outstretched hand sort o' slow, 'while, considerin' sech exhibitions of se'f-ishness as you-all puts up, I can't say I'll yereafter regyard you as clean strain, I don't say I won't forgive you none. Moreover, I shall look upon the eepisode as a cloud not altogether without a silver linin', if it serves to teach some headlong folks'—yere he looks hard at Peets an' Enright—'should they in footure find a husband an' wife livin' happily an' peacefully apart, to stand paws off, lettin' well enough alone.'"

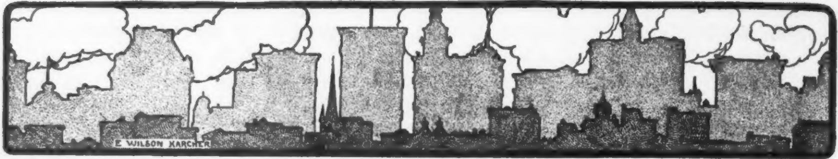
The next "Wolfville" story, "*The Rose of Wolfville*," will appear in the September issue.

# The Consuming Fire

## By Emery Pottle

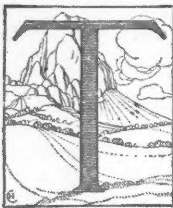
WHAT if, one luminous day of all the days,
  A spirit flamed at dawn within thy heart,
  The very God of whom each man is part,
And kindled in thy soul His burning praise,
Possessed thy speech and art in mightiest ways,
  Until men knew thee not for him who late
  Was kin to them, of worse or better fate,
And followed thee with wistful, wondering gaze?

Wouldst thou return unto the Inn of Life
At evening—to old love, old pain, old strife—
Content to be again the lesser soul?
Or would the memory of the vanished goal
Compel thy feet into the storm and night,
To die forespent, still searching thy lost light?




# John D. Rockefeller on Opportunity in America

**Editor's Note.—Among examples of the possibilities afforded by our American institutions for money-gathering on a monumental scale John D. Rockefeller stands easily first. However unfavorable the criticisms upon his methods may be, there can be no difference of opinion as to the extraordinary thoroughness of the results. He is commonly, and probably correctly, credited with having amassed a more gigantic fortune than any other individual in the history of the American commonwealth. This fact alone makes the opinions of Mr. Rockefeller as to the possibilities for fortune-getting under present conditions vividly interesting. He has firmly and persistently denied himself to interviewers upon this subject, and has refrained from writing his views for publication. But during a visit to Compiègne, France, last summer Mr. Rockefeller expressed himself freely in answer to a series of questions by a correspondent who was a companion of his leisure hours. From careful and accurate notes of these talks the following article has been transcribed. It will be found exceedingly interesting as an illumination of the mental attitude of one of the most remarkable men that ever lived.**



HERE never were greater opportunities for young men in America than are offered here on every side to-day. The older heads of the great industrial enterprises are retiring in favor of younger and fresher blood; and they, in their turn, must give way as time goes by to the third generation that is growing up. Former office-boys in the Standard Oil Company are now in charge of important departments. Men who began as laborers in other great industrial concerns have similarly advanced to the front rank. The consolidation of interests has opened up avenues to unlimited success for the poorest boy who will learn to economize and concentrate. Education is also a tremendously important factor—the technical school particularly—in making the upward course of the earnest, willing-to-work young man straight and clear.

"In every way, it appears to me, the boy of to-day enjoys inestimable advantages over the boy of fifty years ago. The whole field of human effort lies open to him. It only remains for him to take advantage of his opportunities. If I were asked to say a word of advice to him, it would be this: Decide upon your course—the thing that you feel yourself most fitted to do—and then go straight ahead and do your best. Be prudent, economical, and honest. Take care of your health; don't despise recreation. Remember that wealth is not everything; and if you make a mistake, bear in mind that to err is human. Don't despair; keep your eye fixed on your goal and keep on trying. A conscientious effort along these lines will inevitably bring success and with it that which is not second in importance—happiness.

"When I was ten years old, I had succeeded in saving some money earned in various boyish ways about my native place. It was only fifty dollars, but a neighbor needed just that amount, and I loaned it to him at seven per cent. interest. At about the same time I was hoeing potatoes for a farmer at thirty-seven and one-half cents a day. Well, at the end of the year I found that the money I had loaned out at interest had earned me three dollars and fifty cents. I took the interest in my hand and by an easy

calculation found that it represented almost ten days' labor. From that time onward I determined to make money work for me.

"The very best advice that I can give to any boy or young man is to save. There are glorious opportunities ahead for him; but how can he be ready to take advantage of them unless he has cultivated the habits of economy and prudence? He must save all he can, in season and out of season. That first experience of mine taught me a lesson that I have remembered all my life. It taught me to rely upon myself; it taught me the virtues of self-repression, of prudence, economy, and self-respect. There is no feeling in the world, I think, comparable to that of self-reliance—that ingrained sense of relying upon oneself in every emergency of life, of not having to depend upon anyone, of realizing that all that one has is his by reason of his own efforts. That is true independence.

"Extravagance is our national curse. We make more money in the United States than do the people of any other nation in the world. But we are also more extravagant than any other people. The French are the richest people in the world because they are the most economical. They are economical not only in the matter of money, but in all things. Ride through France, you will scarcely find a foot of arable land that is not under cultivation. They economize their time, their energies, and are lavish only with their opportunities, with which they can afford to be lavish, for by economy they have prepared to take full advantage of them when they appear.

"But don't conceive the vain notion that wealth is everything. No man has a right to hoard money for the mere pleasure of hoarding. I believe that the gift of money-making is imparted to a man just as the gift of poetry, or sculpture, or the art of healing is given to a man—just as one man is endowed with a genius for mechanics, another for finance, and a third for industrial enterprise. And as each of these gifts is bestowed, so must it be used for the general uplifting of humanity. That is another lesson that should be impressed upon the American youth. To make a selfish use of his opportunities is to defeat the purpose for which they were given him. Every man owes a debt to humanity, and in accordance with the manner in which he discharges that debt will he be judged.

"At the beginning, the boy must look to his health; without health one can do nothing. Health is a blessing that transcends all other earthly things. The man with nothing but good health is rich compared with the man of wealth who has lost his health. Therefore I would say to the boy who is beginning life and wants to take advantage of all the rich rewards that come from meritorious effort, guard your health. Do not sacrifice it to anything else. Get all the fresh air you can; none of the pastimes of boyhood is to be ignored. I look back upon my fishing and wood-chopping days in Ohio as the happiest of my whole life. Don't grow old before your time. Maintain an interest in life and all living things.

"And then a young man must be both practical and persevering. Don't attempt to do more than you can carry out successfully; but, having taken counsel with yourself, allow nothing to stand in the way of your success, once it is planned wisely. Perseverance is the great thing. The young man who sticks is the one who succeeds. There are innumerable opportunities for the young man who knows just what he wants to do, and will do it with all his strength. Don't let your ambition run away with you. Move slowly but surely. Always obey instructions; you must learn to obey orders before you can hope to give them.

"I would also say to young men, be earnest. Earnestness and sincerity are two of the sign-posts along the road to success. Inspire your employer with confidence in you. It is chiefly to my confidence in men and my ability to inspire their confidence in me that I owe my success in life.

"Don't be afraid of work. The sturdy, hard-working men make our country great. And don't reach forward too eagerly. One of the great evils of the day is the anxiety of young men to get to the front too rapidly. Lasting successes are those which are carefully, even painfully, built up. Life is not a gamble, and desirable success cannot be won by the turn of a card. Be satisfied with small results at first. Cultivate a due sense of proportion. A man who is engaged as a chauffeur is expected to be a good chauffeur, not a director of a bank or the manager of a railroad. The caddy who attends strictly to business on the golf links and accurately and promptly follows the ball, is more apt to make a success of life than the bookkeeper

who permits his mind to wander from his books to the work of the superintendent out in the shop.

"The true economy of life, after all, I have found, is to find the man who can do the particular thing you want done, and then leave him to do it unhampered. I have small faith, however, in the man who plans elaborately on paper. I once asked a landscape-gardener to undertake the improvement of two thousand acres of land. He set to work on an elaborate paper scheme which I saw at a glance was impossible. He was not practical. He planned too much on paper.

"Do all the good that you can. Be generous and charitable in your attitude toward your neighbors. It will cost you nothing, and you will reap a rich reward.

"I have the utmost faith in boys. I must have, for I have the utmost faith in the future of our country. All that is needed is to awaken them to their opportunities, and for this we must depend upon our religious and educational institutions. I think a college education is a splendid thing for a boy; but I would not say that it is absolutely necessary. I hadn't the advantage of a college education; but I had a good mother and an excellent father, and I like to feel that whatever I may have lost through failure to secure a college education I made up through my home training. It is in the home circle that the character of a boy is formed. There he imbibes those principles which will follow him all through life. The home training gives him something that he can never get at college; but at the same time I am not decrying the advantages of a college education, and I should say that wherever it is possible a boy should have it.

"Better than a college education, however, is the training that a boy gets in the technical schools that have sprung up all over the country. This is an age of specialization. There is an unceasing demand on every hand—in the mining industries, the railroads, the industrials, the mills, and the factories—for men with special, technical knowledge that will enable them intelligently to take up the important work that is going on. Here is a great advantage that the boy of fifty years ago didn't enjoy. Now one may enter a school and learn in his youth many of the things that the hardest kind of labor was needed to teach in bygone days. He gets the technical knowledge that enables him to begin a long way ahead of the boy of fifty years ago.

"I am a great believer in the influence of environment on a boy's development. There is much in the old maxim, 'Show me the company you keep, and I'll tell you what kind of a man you are.' The boy who is not careful of his associates will not be careful of anything else. The higher moral tone of the world, for I firmly believe that the world is growing better all the time, is greatly to the advantage of the growing boy now.

"The atmosphere of the farm, I think the history of our famous men has shown, is a great beginning for a man. But it does not follow that a city-bred boy has not equal opportunities. I suppose that, after all, much depends upon the boy himself in this case. But whether born in city or country, a boy must ever be careful to avoid the temptations which beset him, to select carefully his associates and give attention at once to his spiritual side as well as to his mental and material sides. Religion is one of the great moving forces of the world. No man can neglect its teachings and hope to be a completely rounded out man.

"I deny emphatically the assertion that opportunity has been restricted or individual effort stifled by reason of the growth of the trusts. On the contrary, the trusts have opened wider avenues and greater opportunities to the young men of to-day than those of any other generation ever enjoyed. In the old days, before the union of interests, murderous competition made any business venture precarious; but aside from that, through lack of time, opportunity, and capital, the young man was kept within a very restricted field. It is combination that has produced the capital to open up mines and factories, to build great industrial plants and the monster wholesale and retail establishments. It is combination and capital that have sent the railroads shooting in a hundred different directions all over the continent. The reduction of the work of the world to scientific principles has opened possibilities for young men in a thousand different lines. And only the beginning has been made. At the beginning of our present economic era, men, brains, and ability were needed to take hold. Those men have about performed their tasks now. But who that has faith in his country will accept the theory that the work has all been done;

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER AND HIS GRANDSON, JOHN D. III

that railroad development has reached its limit; that the steel industry can go no further; that in coal, iron, copper, lead, the industrials, agriculture, shipping, finance, the apex of development has been reached and that all that is required for the future is to steer the bark straight?

"Even were this so, every generation would require thousands of young, ambitious, and vigorous men to take up the work where the retiring heads leave off. But it is not so. Our material progress, great as it has been, has only marked the beginning, and it is to the rising generation of young Americans, and to those who will follow them, that we look to carry the work along. They are the inventors of the future, the devisers of time- and labor-saving appliances, of more modern methods. They are the new executives, the future masters of finance, the creators of material wealth, and the reapers of the great rewards.

"In the enlarged field which consolidation and concentration have created, there is no possible limit to the success which an ambitious young man may achieve. The demand for young men of brains, ability, and stamina is already greater than the supply. They are absolutely necessary if the great interests which have been created are not to fall into decay. Progress is the key-note. Improved methods, fresh blood,

a new view-point, is needed all the time. The apprentices are becoming master-workmen; the master-workmen are becoming superintendents; the superintendents, chiefs, and so it goes. The field is constantly broadening. The big interests and institutions are becoming bigger all the time. We old fellows are being forced back, the younger men are stepping into our places. It is a constant procession. At the forge and in the counting-room to-day are the young men who ten, twenty years hence will be the captains of industry of their day.

"It must be so; there is no other way out of it. The poor boy is in a position of impregnable advantage. He is better off than the son of the rich man, for he is prepared to do what the latter will not do, or rarely so; that is, plunge in with his hands and learn a business from the bottom. It is to them, the sons of hardy Americans, that we look to carry into the future the progress of the present. The future, with all of its infinite possibilities, is in their hands.

"Read the history of the steel industry. The men who worked in leather aprons before the blazing furnaces twenty years ago are its directing heads to-day. And, as I have said, the former office-boys of the Standard Oil Company are now its heads of departments. There is no limit to the height that a deserving boy may climb.

"Not long ago a business associate spoke to me about increasing the salary of a valuable executive to fifty thousand dollars a year.

"'Isn't it too much?' said he.

"'Is he worth it?' asked I. 'If he is, I'll vote for it.' What a man is worth intrinsically is the measure of his success in life.

"Yes, decidedly, the opportunities for the young American boy are greater to-day than they have ever been before; and no boy, howsoever lowly—the barefoot country boy, the humble newsboy, the child of the tenement—need despair. I see in each of them infinite possibilities. They have but to master the knack of economy, thrift, honesty, and perseverance, and success is theirs."

# "I do but follow"

By Edith M. Thomas

INTO the world, the giddy, untried world of man,
Round which the planets ran, and wondered as they ran
Into the world (that knows not its own name of Earth!)
I did but follow, follow, through the gates of birth.

There were so many coming—importunate the throng!
Wherever else, or how, through eons fair and long,
They all had dwelt, they now must beat upon the gates:
I did but follow, follow, with my spirit-mates!

Out of the world, the giddy, wondrous world of man,
Where I have bided and have counted out my span,
There are so many going—so many softly gone—
I do but follow, follow, where they are withdrawn!

They strain upon the gates—the drawn or driven throng
Who go, to be elsewhere, through eons fair and long:
I do but follow all my loves upon the Earth—
Follow through the gates that, elsewhere, be of birth!

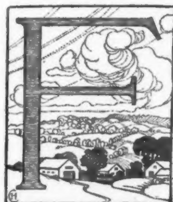
# The "Pen"

## Long Days in a County Penitentiary

### By Jack London

#### Illustrated by Hermann C. Wall

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this instalment of "My Life in the Underworld," Mr. London continues his penitentiary experiences while incarcerated on a charge of vagrancy.



FOR two days I toiled in the prison-yard. It was heavy work, and, in spite of the fact that I malingered at every opportunity, I was played out. This was because of the food. No man could work hard on such food. Bread and water, that was all that was given us. Once a week we were supposed to get meat; but this meat did not always go around, and since all nutriment had first been boiled out of it in the making of soup, it didn't matter much whether one got a taste of it once a week or not.

Furthermore, there was one vital defect in the bread-and-water diet. While we got plenty of water, we did not get enough of the bread. A ration of bread was about the size of one's two fists, and three rations a day were given to each prisoner. There was one good thing, I must say, about the water: it was hot. In the morning it was called "coffee," at noon it was dignified as "soup," and at night it masqueraded as "tea." But it was the same old water all the time. The prisoners called it "water bewitched." In the morning it was black water, the color being due to boiling it with burnt bread-crusts. At noon it was served minus the color, with salt and a drop of grease added. At night it was served with a purplish-auburn hue that defied all speculation; it was darn poor tea, but it was dandy hot water.

We were a hungry lot in the Erie County pen. Only the long-timers knew what it was to have enough to eat. The reason for this was that they would have died after a time on the fare we short-timers received. I know that the long-timers got more substantial grub, because there was a whole row of them on the ground floor in our hall, and when I was a trusty I used to steal from their grub while serving them. Man cannot live on bread alone and not enough of it.

My pal delivered the goods. After two days of work in the yard I was taken out of my cell and made a trusty, a hall-man. At morning and night we served the bread to the prisoners in their cells; but at twelve o'clock a different method was used. The convicts marched in from work in a long line. As they entered the door of our hall, they broke the lock-step and took their hands down from the shoulders of their line-mates. Just inside the door were piled trays of bread, and here also stood the first hall-man and two ordinary hall-men. I was one of the two. Our task was to hold the trays of bread as the line of convicts filed past. As soon as the tray, say that I was holding, was emptied, the other hall-man took my place with a full tray; and when his was emptied, I took his place with a full tray. Thus the line tramped steadily by, each man reaching with his right hand and taking one ration of bread from the extended tray.

The task of the first hall-man was different. He used a club. He stood beside the tray and watched. The hungry wretches could never get over the delusion that some time they could manage to get two rations of bread out of the tray. But in my experience that time never came. The club of the first

hall-man had a way of flashing out, quick as the stroke of a tiger's paw, to the hand that dared ambitiously. The first hall-man was a good judge of distance, and he had smashed so many hands with that club that he had become infallible. He never missed, and he usually punished the offending convict by taking his one ration away from him and sending him to his cell to make his meal on hot water.

And at times, while all these men lay hungry in their cells, I have seen a hundred or so extra rations of bread hidden away in the cells of the hall-men. It would seem absurd, our retaining this bread. But it was one of our grafts. We were economic masters inside our hall, turning the trick in ways quite similar to the economic masters of civilization. We controlled the food supply of the population, and, just like our brother bandits outside, we made the people pay for it. We peddled the bread. Once a week the men who worked in the yard received a five-cent plug of chewing-tobacco. This chewing-tobacco was the coin of the realm. Two or three rations of bread for a plug was the way we exchanged, and they traded, not because they loved tobacco less, but because they loved bread more. Oh, I know it was like taking candy from a baby, but what would you? We had to live. And certainly there should be some reward for initiative and enterprise. Besides, we but patterned ourselves after our betters outside the walls, who, on a larger scale and under the respectable disguise of speculators, promoters, and captains of industry, did precisely what we were doing. What awful things would have happened to those poor wretches if it hadn't been for us, I can't imagine. Heaven knows we put bread into circulation in the Erie County pen. Aye, and we encouraged frugality and thrift—in the poor devils who forewent their tobacco. And then there was our example. In the breast of every convict there we implanted the ambition to become even as we and run a graft. Saviors of society—I guess yes!

Here was a hungry man without any tobacco. Maybe he was a profligate and had used it all up on himself. Very good; he had a pair of suspenders. I exchanged half a dozen rations of bread for them, or a dozen rations if the suspenders were very good. Now I never wore suspenders, but that didn't matter. Around the corner lodged a long-timer, doing ten years for manslaughter. He wore suspenders, and he wanted a pair. I could trade them to him for some of his meat. Meat was what I wanted. Or perhaps he had a tattered, paper-covered novel. That was a treasure-trove. I could read it and then trade it off to the bakers for cake, or to the cooks for meat and vegetables, or to the firemen for decent coffee, or to some one or other for the newspaper that occasionally filtered in, heaven alone knows how. The cooks, bakers, and firemen were prisoners like myself, and they lodged in our hall in the first row of cells over us.

In short, a full-grown system of barter obtained in the Erie County pen. There was even money in circulation. This money was sometimes smuggled in by the short-timers, more frequently it came from the barber-shop graft where the newcomers were mulcted, but most of all flowed from the cells of the long-timers, though how they got it I don't know.

What of his preeminent position, the first hall-man was reputed to be quite wealthy. In addition to his miscellaneous grafts, he grafted on us. We farmed the general wretchedness, and the first hall-man was farmer-general over all of us. We held our particular grafts by his permission, and we had to pay for that permission. As I say, he was reputed to be wealthy; but we never saw his money, and he lived in a cell all to himself in solitary grandeur. But that money was made in the pen I had direct evidence, for I was cell-mate quite a time with the third hall-man. He had over sixteen dollars. He used to count his money every night after nine o'clock when we were locked in. Also, he used to tell me each night what he would do to me if I gave him away to the other hall-men. You see, he was afraid of being robbed, and danger threatened him from three different directions. First, there were the guards. A couple of them might jump upon him, give him a good beating for alleged insubordination, and throw him into the "solitaire" (the dungeon); and in the mix-up that sixteen dollars of his would take wings. Then again, the first hall-man could have taken it all away from him by threatening to dismiss him and fire him back to hard labor in the prison-yard. And yet again, there were the ten of us who were ordinary hall-men. If we got an inkling of his wealth

there was a large likelihood, some quiet day, of the whole bunch of us getting him into a corner and dragging him down. Oh, we were wolves, believe me—just like some of the fellows who do business in Wall Street.

He had good reason to be afraid of us, and so had I to be afraid of him. He was a huge, illiterate brute, an ex-Chesapeake Bay oyster-pirate, an "ex-con" who had done five years in Sing Sing, and a general all-around stupidly carnivorous beast. Oh, no, I never gave him away to the other hall-men. This is the first time I have mentioned his sixteen dollars. But I grafted on him just the same. He was in love with a woman prisoner who was confined in the "female department." He could neither read nor write, and I used to read her letters to him and write his replies. And I made him pay for it, too. But they were good letters. I laid myself out on them, put in my best licks, and, furthermore, I won her for him; though I shrewdly guess that she was in love, not with him, but with the humble scribe. I repeat, those letters were great.

Another one of our grafts was "passing the punk." We were the celestial messengers, the fire-bringers, in that iron world of bolt and bar. When the men came in from work at night and were locked in their cells, they wanted to smoke. Then it was that we restored the divine spark, running the galleries, from cell to cell, with our smoldering punks. Those who were wise, or with whom we did business, had their punks all ready to light. Not everyone got divine sparks, however. The guy who refused to dig up went sparkless and smokeless to bed. But what did we care? We had the immortal cinch on him, and if he got fresh two or three of us would pitch on him and give him "what-for." You see, this was the working theory of the hall-men. There were thirteen of us. We had something like half a thousand prisoners in our hall. We were supposed to do the work, and to keep order. The latter was the function of the guards, which they turned over to us. It was up to us to keep order; if we didn't we'd be fired back to hard labor, most probably with a taste of the dungeon thrown in. But so long as we maintained order, that long could we work our own particular grafts.

Bear with me a moment and look at the problem. Here were thirteen beasts of us over half a thousand other beasts. It was a living hell, that prison, and it was up to us thirteen there to rule. It was impossible, considering the nature of the beasts, for us to rule by kindness. We ruled by fear. Of course, behind us, backing us up, were the guards. In extremities we called upon them for help; but it would bother them if we called upon them too often, in which event we could depend upon it that they would get more efficient trusties to take our places. But we did not call upon them often, except in a quiet sort of way, when we wanted a cell unlocked in order to get at a refractory prisoner inside. In such cases all the guard did was to unlock the door and walk away so as not to be a witness of what happened when half a dozen hall-men went inside and did a bit of manhandling.

As regards the details of that manhandling, I shall say nothing. And after all, manhandling was merely one of the very minor unprintable horrors of the Erie County pen. I say "unprintable"; and in justice I must also say unthinkable. They were unthinkable to me until I saw them, and I was no spring chicken in the ways of the world and the awful abysses of human degradation. It would take a deep plummet to reach bottom in the Erie County pen of that day, and I do but skim lightly the surface of things as I there saw them.

At times, say in the morning when the prisoners came down to wash, the thirteen of us would be practically alone in the midst of them, and every last one of them had it in for us. Thirteen against five hundred, and we ruled by fear. We could not permit the slightest infraction of the rules, the slightest insolence. If we did we were lost. Our rule was to hit a man as soon as he opened his mouth—hit him hard, hit him with anything. A broom-handle, end on, in the face had a very sobering effect. But that was not all. Such a man must be made an example of; so the next rule was to wade right in and follow him up. Of course one was sure that every hall-man in sight would come on the run to join in the chastisement; this also was a rule. Whenever any hall-man was in trouble with a prisoner, the duty of any other hall-man who happened to be around was to lend a fist. Never mind the merits of the case—wade in and hit, and hit with anything; in short, lay the man out.

I remember a handsome young mulatto of about twenty who got the insane idea into

his head that he should stand up for his rights. And he did have the right of it, too; but that didn't help him any. He lived on the topmost gallery. Eight hall-men took the conceit out of him in just about a minute and a half; for that was the length of time required to travel along his gallery to the end and down five flights of steel stairs. He traveled the whole distance on every portion of his anatomy except his feet, and the eight hall-men were not idle. The mulatto struck the pavement where I was standing watching it all. He regained his feet and stood upright for a moment. In that moment he threw his arms wide apart and emitted an awful scream of terror and pain and heart-break. At the same instant, as in a transformation scene, the shreds of his stout prison clothes fell from him, leaving him wholly naked and streaming blood from every portion of the surface of his body. Then he collapsed in a heap, unconscious. He had learned his lesson, and every convict within those walls who heard him scream had learned a lesson. So had I learned mine. It is not a nice thing to see a man's heart broken in a minute and a half.

The following will illustrate how we drummed up business in the graft of passing the punk. A row of newcomers is installed in your hall. You pass along before the bars with your punk. "Hey, Bo, give us a light," some one calls to you. Now this is an advertisement that that particular man has tobacco on him. You pass in the punk and go your way. A little later you come back and lean up casually against the bars. "Say, Bo, can you let us have a little tobacco?" is what you say. If he is not wise to the game the chances are that he solemnly avers that he hasn't any more tobacco. All very well. You condole with him and go your way. But you know that his punk will last him only the rest of that day. Next day you come by, and he says again, "Hey, Bo, give us a light." And you say, "You haven't any tobacco and you don't need a light." And you don't give him any, either. Half an hour after, or an hour, or two or three hours, you will be passing by, and the man will call out to you in mild tones, "Come here, Bo." And you come. You thrust your hand between the bars and have it filled with precious tobacco. Then you give him a light.

Sometimes, however, a newcomer arrives upon whom no grafts are to be worked. The mysterious word is passed along that he is to be treated decently. Where this word originates I could never learn. The one thing patent is that the man has a "pull." It may be with one of the superior hall-men; it may be with one of the guards in some other part of the prison; it may be that good treatment has been purchased from grafters higher up; but be it as it may, we know that it is up to us to treat him decently if we want to avoid trouble.

We hall-men were middlemen and common carriers. We arranged trades between convicts confined in different parts of the prison, and we put through the exchange. Also, we took our commissions coming and going. Sometimes the objects traded had to go through the hands of half a dozen middlemen, each of whom took his whack, or, in some way or another, was paid for his services.

Sometimes one was in debt for services, and sometimes one had others in his debt. Thus I entered the prison in debt to the convict who smuggled in my things for me. A week or so afterward one of the firemen passed a letter into my hand. It had been given to him by a barber. The barber had received it from the convict who had smuggled in my things. Because of my debt to him I was to carry the letter on. But he had not written the letter. The original sender was a long-timer in his hall. The letter was for a woman prisoner in the female department. But whether it was intended for her, or whether she, in turn, was one of the chain of go-betweens, I did not know. All that I knew was her description, and that it was up to me to get the letter into her hands.

Two days passed, during which time I kept the letter in my possession; then the opportunity came. The women did the mending of all the clothes worn by the convicts. A number of our hall-men had to go to the female department to bring back huge bundles of clothes. I fixed it with the first hall-man that I was to go along. Door after door was unlocked for us as we threaded our way across the prison to the women's quarters. We entered a large room where the women sat working at their mending. My eyes were "peeled" for the woman who had been described to me. I located her and worked near to her. Two eagle-eyed matrons were on watch. I held the letter in my palm, and looked my intention at the woman. She knew I had something for

her: she must have been expecting it, and had set herself to divining, at the moment we entered, which of us was the messenger. But one of the matrons stood within two feet of her. Already the hall-men were picking up the bundles they were to carry away. The moment was passing. I delayed with my bundle, making believe that it was not tied securely. Would that matron ever look away? Or was I to fail? Just then another woman cut up playfully with one of the hall-men—stuck out her foot and tripped him, or pinched him, or did something or other. The matron looked that way and reprimanded the woman sharply. I do not know whether or not this was all planned to distract the matron's attention, but I did know that it was my opportunity. The woman's hand dropped from her lap down by her side. I stooped to pick up my bundle. From my stooping position I slipped the letter into her hand, and received another in exchange. The next moment the bundle was on my shoulder, the matron's gaze had returned to me because I was the last hall-man, and I was hastening to catch up with my companions.

The letter I had received from the woman I turned over to the fireman, and thence it passed through the hands of the barber, of the convict who had smuggled in my things, and on to the long-timer at the other end.

Often we conveyed letters, the chain of communication of which was so complex that we knew neither sender nor sendee. We were but links in the chain. Somewhere, somehow, a convict would thrust a letter into my hand with the instruction to pass it on to the next link. All such acts were favors to be reciprocated later on, when I should be acting directly with a principal in transmitting letters, and from whom I should be receiving my pay. The whole prison was covered by a network of lines of communication. And we who were in control of the system of communication naturally exacted heavy tolls from our customers. It was service for profit with a vengeance, though we were at times not above giving service for love.

And all the time I was in the pen I was making myself solid with my pal. He had done much for me, and in return he expected me to do as much for him. When we got out we were to travel together and, it goes with the saying, "pull off jobs" together. For my pal was a criminal—oh, not a constellation of the first water, merely a petty criminal who would steal and rob, commit burglary, and, if cornered, not stop at murder. Many a quiet hour we sat and talked together. He had two or three jobs in view for the immediate future, in which my work was cut out for me, and of which I joined in planning the details. I had been with and seen much of criminals, and my pal never dreamed that I was only fooling him, giving him a string thirty days long. He thought I was the real goods, liked me because I was not stupid, and liked me a bit, too, I think, for myself. Of course I had not the slightest intention of joining him in a life of sordid, petty crime; but I'd have been an idiot to throw away all the good things his friendship made possible. When one is on the hot lava of hell he cannot pick and choose his path, and so it was with me in the Erie County pen. I had to stay in with the "push" or do hard labor on bread and water; and to stay in with the push I had to make good with my pal.

Life was not monotonous in the pen. Every day something was happening, men were having fits, going crazy, fighting, or the hall-men were getting drunk. "Rover Jack," one of the ordinary hall-men, was our star "oryide." He was a true "profesh," a "blowed-in-the-glass" stiff, and as such received all kinds of latitude from the hall-men in authority. "Pittsburg Joe," who was second hall-man, used to join "Rover Jack" in his sprees, and it was a saying of the pair that the Erie County pen was the only place where a man could get "slopped" and not be arrested. I never knew, but I was told that bromid of potassium, gained in devious ways from the dispensary, was the dope they used. But I do know, whatever their dope was, that they got good and drunk on occasion.

Our hall was filled with the ruck and the filth, the scum and the dregs, of society—hereditary inefficients, degenerates, wrecks, lunatics, addled intelligences, epileptics, monsters, weaklings, in short, a very nightmare of humanity. Hence fits flourished with us. These fits seemed contagious. When one man began throwing a fit, others followed his lead. I have seen seven men down with fits at the same time, making the air hideous with their cries, while as many more lunatics would be raging and gibbering. Nothing was ever done for the men with fits except to throw cold water on

them. It was useless to send for the medical student or the doctor. They were not to be bothered with such trivial and frequent occurrences.

There was a young Dutch boy, about eighteen years of age, who had fits most frequently of all. He usually threw one every day. It was for that reason that we kept him on the ground floor farther down in the row of cells in which we lodged. After he had had a few fits in the prison-yard, the guards refused to be bothered with him any more, and so he remained locked up in his cell all day with a cockney cell-mate to keep him company. Not that the cockney was of any use; whenever the Dutch boy had a fit, the cockney became paralyzed with terror.

The Dutch boy could not speak a word of English. He was a farmer's boy, serving ninety days as punishment for having got into a scrap with some one. He prefaced his fits with howling. He howled like a wolf. Also, he took his fits standing up, which was very inconvenient for him, for they always culminated in a headlong pitch to the floor. Whenever I heard the long wolf-howl rising, I used to grab a broom and run to his cell. The trusties were not allowed keys to the cells, so I could not get in to him. He would stand up in the middle of his narrow cell, shivering convulsively, his eyes rolled backward till only the whites were visible, and howling like a lost soul. Try as I would, I could never get the cockney to lend a hand. While he stood and howled, the cockney crouched and trembled in the upper bunk, his terror-stricken eyes fixed on that awful figure, with eyes rolled back, that howled and howled. It was hard on him, too, the poor devil of a cockney. His own reason was not any too firmly seated, and the wonder is that he did not go mad.

All that I could do was my best with the broom. I would thrust it through the bars, train it on Dutchy's chest, and wait. As the crisis approached he would begin swaying back and forth. I would follow this swaying with the broom, for there was no telling when he would take that dreadful forward pitch. But when he did I was there with the broom, catching him and easing him down. Contrive as I would, he never came down quite gently, and his face was usually bruised by the stone floor. Once down and writhing in convulsions, I'd throw a bucket of water over him. I don't know whether cold water was the right thing or not, but it was the custom in the Erie County pen. Nothing more than that was ever done for him. He would lie there, wet, for an hour or so, and then crawl into his bunk. I knew better than to run to a guard for assistance. What was a man with a fit, anyway?

In the adjoining cell lived a strange character, a man who was doing sixty days for eating out of Barnum's swill-barrel, or at least that was the way he put it. He was a badly addled creature, but, at first, very mild and gentle. The facts of his case were as he had stated them. He had strayed out to the circus grounds and, being hungry, had made his way to the barrel that contained the refuse from the table of the circus people. "And it *was* good bread," he often assured me; "and the meat was out of sight." A policeman had seen him and arrested him, and there he was.

Once I passed his cell with a piece of stiff thin wire in my hand. He asked me for it so earnestly that I passed it through the bars to him. Promptly, and with no tool but his fingers, he broke it into short lengths and twisted them into half a dozen very creditable safety-pins. He sharpened the points on the stone floor. Thereafter I did quite a trade in safety-pins. I furnished the raw material and peddled the finished product, and he did the work. As wages, I paid him extra rations of bread and once in a while a chunk of meat or a piece of soup-bone with some marrow inside.

But his imprisonment told on him, and he grew more violent day by day. The hall-men took delight in teasing him. They filled his weak brain with stories of a great fortune that had been left him. It was in order to rob him of it that he had been arrested and sent to jail. Of course, as he himself knew, there was no law against eating out of a barrel. Therefore he was wrongly imprisoned. It was a plot to deprive him of his fortune.

The first I knew of it, I heard the hall-men laughing about the "string" they had given him. Next he held a serious conference with me, in which he told me of his millions and the plot to deprive him of them, and in which he appointed me his detective. I did my best to let him down gently, speaking vaguely of a mistake, and that it was another man with a similar name who was the rightful heir. I left him quite cooled

FROM MY STOOPING POSITION I SLIPPED THE LETTER INTO HER HAND, AND RECEIVED ANOTHER IN EXCHANGE

down; but I couldn't keep the hall-men away from him, and they continued to string him worse than ever. In the end, after a most violent scene, he threw me down, revoked my private-detectiveship, and went on strike. My trade in safety-pins ceased. He refused to make any more safety-pins, and he peppered me with raw material through the bars of his cell when I passed by.

I could never make it up with him. The other hall-men told him that I was a detective in the employ of the conspirators, and in the meantime they drove him mad with their stringing. His fictitious wrongs preyed upon his mind, and at last he became a dangerous and homicidal lunatic. The guards refused to listen to his tale of stolen millions, and he accused them of being in the plot. One day he threw a pannikin of hot tea over one of them, and then his case was investigated. The warden talked with him a few minutes through the bars of his cell. Then he was taken away for examination before the doctors. He never came back, and I often wonder if he is dead, or if he still gibbers about his millions in some asylum for the insane.

At last came the day of days, my release. It was the day of release for the third hall-man as well, and the short-time girl I had won for him was waiting for him outside the wall. They went away together, blissfully happy. My pal and I went out together, and together we walked down into Buffalo. Were we not to be together always? We begged together on the "main drag" that day for pennies, and what we received was spent for "shupers" of beer—I don't know how they are spelled, but they are pronounced the way I have spelled them, and they cost three cents. I was watching my chance all the time for a get-away. From some bo on the drag I managed to learn what time a certain freight pulled out. I calculated my time accordingly. When the moment came, my pal and I were in a saloon. Two foaming shupers were before us. I'd have liked to say good-by. He had been good to me. But I did not dare. I went out through the rear of the saloon and jumped the fence. It was a swift sneak, and a few minutes later I was on board a freight and headed south on the Western New York and Pennsylvania Railroad.

The fifth instalment of ***"My Life in the Underworld"*** will appear in the September issue

# The Way

By Elsa Barker

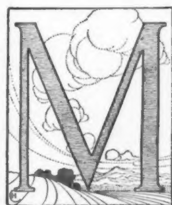
It is no smooth and daisy-spangled way
 That my soul's feet have traveled. They that go
 Always upon the safe path never know
The wider wisdom we who go astray
Learn of the gods that guide us. We must slay
 Dragons at every turn; but they bestow
 Their powers upon their conquerors, and we grow
Richer for every forfeit that we pay.

I questioned the wise Rose and Pomegranate,
 Who all their hidden lore to me confessed;
And when I stood before the Lily's gate,
 She came to greet me as a royal guest.
 Now, at the way's end, guerdon of the quest,
I lift the Isis-veils of Change and Fate.

# The Summer Beau Company, Ltd.

## By Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer

Illustrated by J. A. Cahill



MISS HENRIETTA RENSHAW was a plump little woman, well groomed, well gowned, and frankly forty-five. She belonged to that third sex—the business woman—now in process of evolution under our very eyes, and to subtle and intricate feminine intuitions she added a decision of character and a breadth and clearness of judgment typically masculine.

Had it pleased Providence to create Miss Henrietta a man, she would undoubtedly have been a "promoter." She had a love of trade for its own sake, the drop of gambler's blood that lures to new undertakings, and, above all, she possessed the prophetic vision that enables one to see the sky-scrapers, the crowded streets, and the smoke-stacks of a future metropolis in a corn-field where two rival railroads cross each other. In a word, she had insight, imagination, enthusiasm, daring—all the qualities that would have rendered her a star in the financial heavens had she been permitted to fulfil the destiny for which she was intended.

Unfortunately, however, there are no blunders more tragical, or more frequent, than those of gender, and Miss Henrietta was a victim of one of these. With all the instincts of a Napoleon of finance she had been thrust by life into the petticoat contingent, whose participation in commercial affairs is mostly by proxy. This hampered her activity, but it did not throttle it. Perceiving that the market-report section of the daily paper had more interest for her than the society column, and that no man had ever been able to raise in her breast the genuine heart-throb that she experienced when she executed, alone and unadvised, a neat little coup in real estate, she deliberately espoused a business career instead of a matrimonial one.

This was not because she was under the femininely painful necessity of actually supporting herself. She had inherited from her father a sort of Saturday-to-Monday fortune—the kind of income that en-

ables a single woman to live luxuriously if she understands the gentle art of eking out her finances by fishing for invitations, and that, if she doesn't, permits her to exist plainly on bread and butter.

"But why," demanded Miss Henrietta of those who branded it "new" in a woman to yearn for independence and plenty to eat, "but why should I visit when I loathe it? And why should I subsist on bread and butter when I have a sweet tooth and a long thirst, and hanker after cakes and ale?"

Nobody being able to supply the answer to this conundrum, she followed her bent, and after having perfected herself in stenography, as offering the closest approach that a woman is likely to get to the commercial whirlpool where big things are evolved, she entered the broking-office of Banks & Blanks.

The ensuing years were a time of pure delight for her. The plotting of involved financial campaigns became the very breath of her nostrils. She gloried in the golden battle of the street, where men fought each other with dollars instead of with shot and shell. She had come to her own people, and it was not long before her employers, wearied and disheartened by a long succession of uninterested and perfunctory machine-like secretaries, recognized in her a kindred spirit. They began to confide their plans to her. Then, finding that she had that sixth sense of woman that enables her to take a flying leap at a conclusion and land on it with both feet, they fell into the way of making use of it, and of depending on her divinations of a situation to point the wise course when logic and experience failed to supply the tip as to whether it was better to buy or sell.

Such a life was absorbingly interesting and exciting, but it was also exhausting, and it was Miss Henrietta's habit to repair each summer for rest to the Purple Sulphur Springs, a delightful and fashionable resort in the mountains, which happily combined the charms of nature and good society. So far as she was individually concerned, this place was ideal, for Miss Henrietta had reached the time of life when physical comfort had become the standard by which she measured her environment, and the board, the beds, and the baths of the Purple Sulphur were beyond criticism. Moreover, she had also attained the state of grace where she could enjoy the entertaining conversation of a woman quite as much as the dull platitudes of a man, and of agreeable feminine companionship the Purple Sulphur afforded an unlimited supply.

But Miss Henrietta, looking about her, saw that, delightful as she found this summer resort, it presented a far different aspect to the two hundred or more young girls who had gathered there from all parts of the country. For them the trail of the serpent was over it all. It was a place of hopeless striving and struggle, a stream that they whipped in vain for fish, a wilderness in which no game rewarded the chase, for, alas! the Purple Sulphur was an Adamless Eden. Half a dozen senile old gentlemen, galvanized into a sort of spurious animation and gallantry by the presence of so much youth and freshness; a score of beardless boys, so callow that they seemed just to have been snatched from their perambulators; an occasional flashy drummer who dropped in for the Saturday-night ball; with barely one or two eligible males of marriageable age, so frightened at the danger they confronted that they confined their attentions to married women—such was the roster of the sex without whose presence "hops" are as soup without salt, and a summer hotel a barren desert.

"And to think," reflected Miss Henrietta, "of all this aggregation of youth and beauty and good clothes being wasted on that collection of masculine freaks! Think of these girls dressing three times a day for doddering old beaus that are too blind to see what they have got on! Think of these fascinating creatures wasting their smiles and allurements on hobbledehoys that are too inexperienced even to know that they are being flirted with, and don't know enough to follow a lead when it is given to them! Think of the champagne lunches that these devoted mamas are wasting, trying to corral men that they wouldn't look at through a telescope at home!

"My goodness, it's pitiful! it's tragical! Here are a lot of girls who have spent hundreds of dollars apiece getting ready to go off and have a good time, and whose fond parents stand ready to spend hundreds more to *give* them a good time, but they can't, because there are no men around, and there isn't a bit of use in talking about a girl enjoying herself without a man around handy.

"It's impossible. It can't be done.

MANY A GIRL WHO HAD BEEN LANGUISHING, A FORLORN WALLFLOWER, SUDDENLY BURST INTO BLOOM AS A BELLE

What does a girl care for scenery except as a background for sentiment? Nothing. What does she care for dancing unless there is a man to two-step with her? My soul, when a woman sees two other women waltzing together, she feels like breaking out into sympathetic sobs on the spot. What does a girl care for poetry, or taking walks, or playing golf if she has to do it with another petticoat? She loathes, and hates, and despises them. Of course, sometimes she makes out that she enjoys it, but the pretense is so hollow you can hear it rattle if you get within earshot of it.

"I tell you the great, crying need of this day is for plenty of summer beaus, and——" but at this point Miss Henrietta interrupted her soliloquy with a gasp, for a bright and daring thought had flashed into her mind. "The people who make fortunes are those who supply a long-felt want," she said solemnly to herself. "Mr. Rockefeller furnished coal-oil to a world that was reading by candles. Mr. Jones supplied bone-

less codfish. Mr. Smithers, self-cooking breakfast food. All are multimillionaires. Why shouldn't I become rich by supplying beaus to the beauless summer girls who want partners to dance with, and men to flirt with, and who have fathers able to pay for all such luxuries?"

All winter the idea germinated in Miss Henrietta's mind. The more she thought of it the better it looked to her, and spring found her with her plans perfected and ready to be carried into execution. Accordingly, one day early in May, she presented herself in the office of the president of a small eastern college that is much patronized by ambitious young men who work their way through school by going west to harvest grain, or by becoming waiters and porters at summer resorts during their vacations. Miss Henrietta considered it neither expedient nor necessary to confide her scheme to the president. She merely stated that she proposed to employ some young men for the summer, that she was prepared to pay good salaries, and that the work she wished done was light, honest, and honorable, and entirely aboveboard.

"I want," she said, "twenty young men. They must be of good character, good looking, with good figures and pleasing address. One of them must have shown some proficiency in the elocution class, and be able to read aloud agreeably, and I should prefer that the rest be men who have taken part in college athletics, and understand outdoor games and sports, though I would be willing to waive this last consideration in favor of a serious young man who dotes on Ibsen and has views on the Higher Life."

The president, although somewhat mystified, supplied Miss Henrietta with the names of a number of young men who were paying their own way through school, and that night they assembled in her room at the hotel and listened while she unfolded her plans.

"I simply wish you to do for pay," she said, "precisely what the majority of you would do for fun, if you had the money. If you accept my offer I'll give you a salary, provide you with the necessary clothes, and pay your expenses at a summer hotel, and in return I shall expect you to promenade up and down the gallery, golf, dance, play tennis, read poetry, walk, ride, or boat with some designated young woman—and even make love to her, if it is desired. There will be nothing dishonorable in your attentions, for the girl and her chaperone will have first arranged the matter with me, and will know that your 'Oh, Promise Me,' is no more personal than when a paid singer warbles such sentiment over the footlights. I think you will understand the matter more clearly if you will read the little price-list that I have arranged for confidential distribution, and that I will privately slip into the proper hands."

Thereupon Miss Henrietta gave to each of the young men a little typewritten slip which read as follows:

THE SUMMER BEAU COMPANY, LTD.

(Private and Confidential)

| | |
|---|---|
| Conversation and general attentions from blond young man, Gibson type, or from dark young man, with black mustache (choice) . . . . . . . . per hr. | $1.00 |
| Promenade up and down gallery of hotel (do. men, choice) . . . . per trip | .25 |
| Dancing, waltzes (with assorted men) each dance . . . . . . . . . . | .50 |
| Three for $1.00. Whole evening . | 5.00 |
| Boating (escort in white flannels) per hr. | 1.50 |
| Golf (chaperone to furnish highballs) . . . . . . . . . per hr. | 1.50 |
| Reading poetry under trees, Kipling " | .75 |
| " " " " Swinburne " | 1.00 |
| " " " " Browning " | 2.50 |
| Moonlight stroll (with appropriate line of talk) . . . . . . . . . per hr. | 2.00 |
| Flagging mountain (with athletic youth in knickerbockers) . . . . per hr. | 1.75 |
| Mild flirtation . . . . . . . per wk. | 25.00 |
| Pronounced flirtation . . . . " " | 50.00 |
| Mad infatuation . . . . . . " " | 75.00 |
| Steady, effective devotion (guaranteed to make other girls envious) . per wk. | 80.00 |
| Assorted variety of beaus (enough to produce reputation of being a belle) per wk. | 100.00 |

Football heroes, slightly advanced rates. Fifty per cent. discount on attentions of men over fifty and under twenty years of age.

Absolute secrecy assured.

Under the personal direction of Miss Henrietta Renshaw.

After having perused Miss Henrietta's little explanatory price-list the young men looked at one another with doubt and hesitation in their faces.

"It seems so odd and unusual," said one.

"It is unusual," admitted Miss Henrietta, "but everything is unusual when it is new."

"I don't know about making love to a girl by schedule," objected another.

"It is much less laborious work than cutting wheat on a Kansas farm," returned

Miss Henrietta suavely, "and I should think that it would be much more agreeable to make goo-goo eyes at a girl across a hotel table than to stand behind a chair and wait on her."

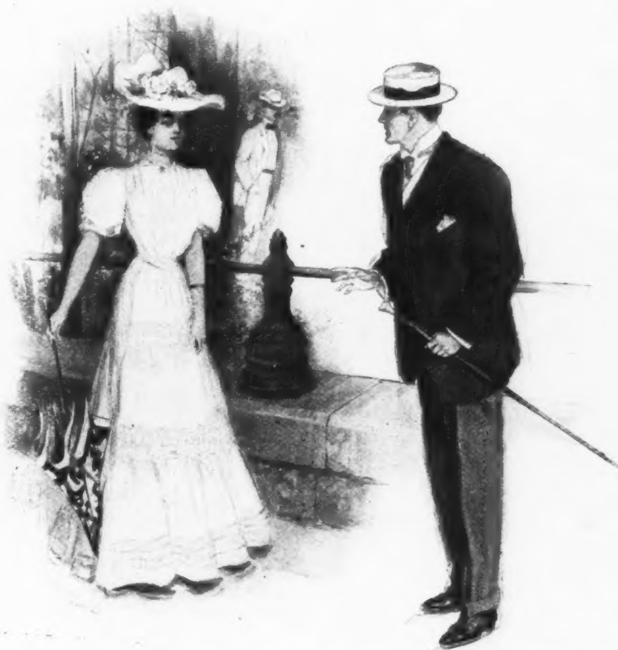
"But," put in a third, "won't we be objects of derision? Won't everybody know when we are giving a girl a rush that we are not doing it because we are infatuated with her but because we are paid to do it?"

"Set your mind at rest upon that score," Miss Henrietta declared with conviction, "because there are two things no woman ever tells anybody. One is her age; the other is the means she uses to secure a man's attentions."

"All right, then, we'll go," cried the young men with fervor.

The bargain thus happily concluded, Miss Henrietta made an appointment to meet them the middle of June in New York, at a fashionable tailor's, where she would arrange to provide them with suitable wardrobes for the summer campaign. "For," said she, "even more than in her own adornment, a woman takes pride in the smart attire of the man with whom she is seen in public. More men have won women by the cut of their coats than ever did by their intelligence or morals."

From the first Miss Henrietta's scheme worked perfectly, and The Summer Beau Company, Ltd., was a great, if unheralded, success from its very inception. The young men, handsome, agreeable, attentive, all apparently devoted to ladies' society, and all—wonderful to tell—dancing men, created a sensation at the hotel where they had descended like heaven-sent manna. Nor did the miracle stop there. Many a girl who had been languishing, a forlorn wallflower, suddenly burst into bloom as a belle immediately following a twilight stroll that her mother took with Miss Henrietta, but the onlookers were too dull to put two and two together, and trace effect from cause.



A SARTORIAL VISION WAS EVEN THEN COMING UP THE WALK TO ACCOMPANY HER TO A LEAFY DELL

Absolute silence reigned supreme concerning Miss Henrietta's financial and

philanthropic little scheme. No girl lacked for attentions. The ballroom was thronged every night. Never had the hotel known so gay and full a season. And Miss Henrietta remitted checks to her bankers that made their eyes bulge.

It was while everything was at this high tide of prosperity that she had her attention arrested one morning by a moody and discontented young woman, whom she encountered sitting on a bench in a lonely part of the grounds near a bluff that was celebrated as the identical Lover's Leap from which an Indian maiden had hurled herself to death when forsaken by her lover. The girl was known to Miss Henrietta as Louise Alliway, the daughter of a western millionaire. She and her mother had been at the Springs for something like two weeks, and, from the first, Miss Henrietta had been attracted to her by her beauty and grace, and by something wistful and sad in her face that did not accord with her youth and all the gifts that fortune had showered upon her.

Miss Henrietta, skilled in reading character and in deducing conclusions from a flitting expression, saw that the girl was fighting with herself some battle of love, or pride, or ambition, and that some days the victory veered one way, and some, another. It was, therefore, with some hesitation that she delicately and tactfully broached the subject of The Summer Beau Company, Ltd., and gently insinuated that Miss Alliway might find that the society of the agreeable young men on her staff would relieve the ennui from which the young lady seemed to be suffering.

"One must be amused on a summer vacation, you know, my dear," she concluded lamely.

At her first words the girl had flushed crimson with indignation, and her lips trembled with scorn, but before Miss Henrietta concluded her halting speech a queer look of sudden determination leaped into her eyes.

"I will take it all," she cried fiercely. "I will pay you a hundred dollars a week to be made a belle, and if you will guarantee to make me so howlingly popular that nobody else—no other man that may come to the Springs—can get within a mile of me, I will give you three hundred—four hundred—five—anything you want."

"Done!" exclaimed Miss Henrietta. "But why? You are not a girl who cares a fig for the common, vulgar, everyday admiration of every Tom, Dick, and Harry."

"I have a reason," replied Louise Alliway seriously, "and it's a man. Perhaps I shouldn't tell you such a story as mine, but I need you to help me play the game, and so I am going to make a clean breast of it.

"I am engaged to a man named Dick Burton. I have been engaged to him ever since we were children. It's one of those family affairs that are such suitable matches they never come off. Our fathers are business partners; our mothers are intimate friends. Dick and I have been brought up in the same religion and politics, and with the same taste in pie, and it has always been understood that when we grew up we would consolidate the money and social prestige of the two families by marrying, and thus keep everything in the firm, so to speak.

"We have always known that we were destined to marry each other and that we would do it eventually, but its being so settled somehow seemed to take the snap and interest out of it—at least for Dicky. He knew that he could have me any time he wanted me, and it made him feel that he needn't be in any hurry to foreclose his mortgage. Of course it looks like he isn't very madly in love with me, but I believe that he cares more for me than he realizes himself. It's just my misfortune that I have been sort of thrust on him, you know, and there was no difficulty in the way. It's like having the cooky-jar always standing around where you can reach it too easily. It palls on your palate.

"But I—I—I love him. Yes; with all my heart and soul, and so I have been hanging around waiting for him to come and take me, always ready to see him, happy when he noticed me, miserable when he forgot me, and eager to forgive him when he said he was sorry for neglecting me.

"At last I couldn't stand it any longer. My pride wouldn't let me. I made up my mind that I would go away from him, and leave him if it killed me to do it. And I made mama bring me here, where he couldn't drop in on me when he had nothing else to do, and have me study his moods to soothe him when other people had provoked him. I determined that the next move, if there was any next, should be made by him.

"And it has. When he found that I had gone without weeping at leaving him, or making him promise to write to me every day, he seemed surprised. When the days passed without me, he began to miss me, and for the first time in his life, instead of dictating a line to his typewriter, he has written me long letters with his own hand. I haven't answered a one, though I have had to wear gloves to keep from doing it. I made mama drop him a note, and lie gloriously in it. She told him that I was having such a hilarious time that I didn't have a minute to myself, but that I was happy and well. The result came this morning. He wired me that he will be here to-night.

"You see? It's a poor trick, but when he comes I want him to find me so surrounded with men that are apparently clamoring for my hand that he will feel that he has got to snatch me away from them or lose me. It's my last throw, and I am going to save my heart, or my self-respect—one or the other."

"I am with you, and it's a go," cried Miss Henrietta in a voice that united the certainty of one who can deliver the goods with the sympathy of a sister woman. "You'll win out, or else The Summer Beau Company goes into bankruptcy and shuts up shop."

She was as good as her word. In an hour every man belonging to her staff had been detailed to special duty about Miss Alliway, and urged to fervor of effort, and when Mr. Richard Burton arrived, prepared to monopolize his fiancée's society as of yore, he found himself checkmated at every turn. Did he propose a stroll to her, she was so sorry, but a young gentleman who was a sartorial vision was even then coming up the walk to accompany her to a leafy dell on the other side of the mountain. Did he challenge her to a game of tennis, she couldn't accept, because a youth in a dream of a blazer was awaiting her on the court. Talk to him? Miss Alliway declared she was desolated that she couldn't give him even a minute just then, but Mr. Percival Percy was going to finish reading his love-sonnets to her under the trees.

"I'd like to ask you to join us, Dick," she said, "for Percy — Mr. Percival I mean — reads so divinely; but three's sort of a crowd, isn't it, when a poet is reading his own poems? Poetry is so personal."

"Don't mention it. Nothing would induce me to intrude," returned Dick huffily, and Miss Alliway sailed serenely off, a cheerful light in her eyes.

Matters did not improve when Dick found that night that instead of choosing among her dances, as he was accustomed to do, she had not reserved him a single one. Before the hop opened every dance, and every possible extra, was engaged, and he had no choice but to stand around and watch her floating off in the arms of various immaculate-looking young men.

"Hang it all, Lu," he cried at last furiously to her, "I don't like it. I can't get in a word with you edgeways, and here we are engaged and as good as married, almost."

"Not at all," returned Miss Alliway serenely, "and while I have my freedom I intend to enjoy it."

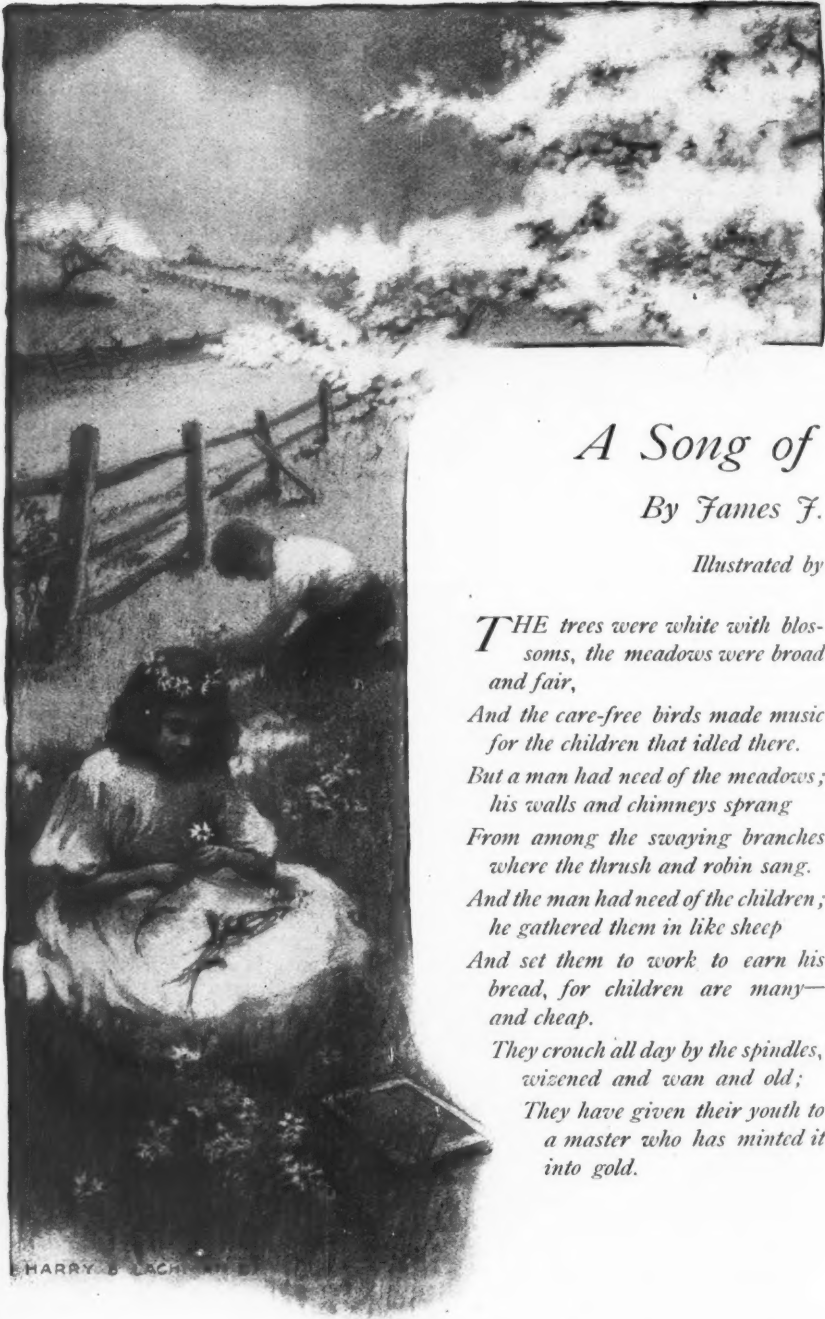
"Well," replied Mr. Burton with heavy emphasis, "you'll have it for a mighty short time, for you have got to marry me next week. I guess that I am man enough to take care of my own," he added with grim emphasis, "and if you think that I am going to let any of these measly, little tailor's dummies win you away from me, you have got another guess coming to you, that's all."

Miss Alliway coyly objected, but Mr. Burton was firm, and in the end she allowed herself to be persuaded to return west with him to prepare for a hasty wedding, and as the train thundered toward the setting sun the happy bridegroom-elect congratulated himself upon having snatched the belle of the Springs away from her suitors.

Three months later Miss Alliway's fond and indulgent papa, auditing the expense account of his daughter's wedding, came upon a canceled check for five hundred dollars made payable to the order of Miss Henrietta Renshaw.

"My dear," he said to beaming Mrs. Burton, who had just dropped into his office in her bridal finery to pay him a morning call, "my dear, what was that for?"

"That," replied the former Miss Alliway, with a twinkle in her eye, "that was for value received."



# A Song of

By James J.

*Illustrated by*

*THE trees were white with blossoms, the meadows were broad and fair,*
*And the care-free birds made music for the children that idled there.*
*But a man had need of the meadows; his walls and chimneys sprang*
*From among the swaying branches where the thrush and robin sang.*
*And the man had need of the children; he gathered them in like sheep*
*And set them to work to earn his bread, for children are many—and cheap.*

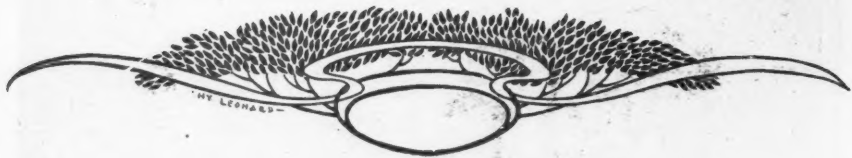
*They crouch all day by the spindles, wizened and wan and old;*
*They have given their youth to a master who has minted it into gold.*

# *the Factory*

## *Montague*

*Harry B. Lachman*

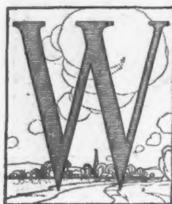
*NO longer they idly listen to a warbler's futile song,*
*No longer their idle laughter rings out the whole day long,*
*No longer they roam the meadows like idle gipsy bands,*
*For the world is growing richer by the work of their puny hands.*
*And the man who found them idling among the feathery blooms,*
*And brought them to watch their lives away beside his clattering looms—*
*He talks of the goodly riches that his enterprise has won*
*With the toil of the sad-faced children, and boasts of the thing he's done!*



# A Credulous Burglar

## By Mary Wilhelmina Hastings

### Illustrated by Charles Grunwald

ELL, Jim, just as I was balancing upon my heels before the lower regions of the ice-box, the door I had closed behind me opened softly, and then, click! out went the electric light. Now, gentle drafts may draw a door open, but never in my experience have they extinguished electric lights.

I turned round pretty quickly, and there I was, staring straight into the dazzling, unwinking eye of a dark lantern. I just blinked stupidly.

"Yuh keep still, d'yuh hear?" a hoarse whisper admonished me.

I was much too frightened to do anything else. And I don't mind telling you, anyway, that I've passed the age when a woman screams on suspicion. No, it doesn't matter what that age is—it varies in different temperaments.

So I sat quite as still as any mouse before a cat's watchful eye, while my hair seemed to be trying to push my hat off, and then when the light left my face and flashed up and down my clothes, I saw that the outline behind it was a broad, burly fellow in a black mask, with a slouch hat low over his eyes. The hand that wasn't holding the lantern was leveling a revolver right at me.

I did some pretty quick thinking in those few minutes. I thought of dear old father asleep overhead—an alarm would bring him to the spot, but not for worlds would I have had him there! I thought, too, of my hysterical sister-in-law, also asleep, and regretfully of my beloved brother in far-away California, and even more regretfully of the telephone that seemed almost as far away upstairs in the back hall.

"Who are yuh?" inquired the intruder. I'd expected to be slaughtered on the spot, so the opportunity for conversation was refreshing. Only my tongue wouldn't work at first. The man seemed to be looking me over in some perplexity, and then, all of a sudden, in one brilliant second of time I knew just what I was going to say.

"Who do you think I am?" I retorted smartly enough, though I was swallowing desperately from stage fright. "One of the family?"

He took it in slowly. I could feel the eyes behind the mask traveling from my old hat to my bedraggled skirt, and back again to my face. It was a white face, I know, Jim. I felt that every drop of blood was being drained right out of me.

Then, relieved, but cautious, he slowly lowered that revolver, and I knew I'd been reprieved at the gallows foot. "Well, say, I thought yuh was," he confessed. "The light don't show through the door, and when I opened it 'n' see yuh squattin' there, I thought yuh was the lady o' the house, sure, till I see yer rags." He meant that as purely figurative, you know. "How long yuh be'n 'ere?"

"Just a few minutes," I answered. All the blood had come rushing back to me now, and was fairly singing through my veins. I wonder he didn't hear my heart beat.

THE HAND THAT WASN'T HOLDING THE LANTERN WAS LEVELING A REVOLVER RIGHT AT ME

"An' yuh hit it up here the first thing! Gee, yuh must be a starved one!" He was softly chuckling at the banana in my hand. It was a nice chuckle, young and boyish, and I grew braver every minute.

"How long have *you* been here?" I asked in my turn.

"Yuh might 'a' heard me liftin' the kitchen window, when you was peelin' the dago feed." And we had deemed those kitchen locks immovable! "Where'd yuh git in?" he went on, and I told him I got in the door with a pass-key. It was like the guessing games I used to carry on with the teacher in recitation, way back in the dark ages, only more exciting.

"Gee! yuh struck it easy. But what'n—" well never mind his exact words, Jim; the point was he disapproved of my costume for a housebreaker. "Danged flip-flops," I think he termed it. I hurried to defend my character as a professional. "I didn't mean to—to burgle this evening," I told him. "Not till I found myself near the house."

"Yuh better keep still now, 'n' g'wan feeding yer face," he advised, "while I rustle fer the stuff."

"No indeed. This stuff belongs to me," said I firmly. There was the ring of truth in my words—too loud a ring to please him. He growled a warning, and I lowered my voice, and continued urging him to go away, go anywhere, go next door—this house was my find. He waved me aside.

"Don't yuh ever think I'm goin' ter quit yuh now," he returned gallantly. "I guess there's nuff stuff here fer two. Come 'long, Hungry."

I came, but in the dining-room I tried another plan. Oh, my head was buzzing with plans!

"You take the lower floor," I whispered, "and I'll try upstairs; I know how the rooms are there." And I smiled happily at thought of that telephone up in the hall.

I was a quick one all right, but that man was quicker. I felt his hand fall heavily on my arm. "No, yuh don't," said he. "No upstairs fer mine, with a guy pullin' a gun on yuh, 'n' yuh shootin' back, an' then

coughin' up all yer coin fer a wise man ter git yuh out from behind bars. No, yuh stay right here with me, 'n' tend ter the silver."

Our dear old silver! Oh, I wished I were a man then! It made me just sick to hear him planning to take our belongings in that cold-blooded fashion. But I pretended to look, opening the linen-closet and peering under cracker-boxes, and praying all the time that he wouldn't see the wee cupboard across the room.

"Gee! yer a winner, Hungry," I heard him chuckle, and snap went our lock, and clink went our spoons into his great pockets. I flew across the room at that, and, oh, Jim! back of our old everyday things was the great new box of wedding silver, our presents, yours and mine! Grace had evidently hidden them away in that cupboard since I had left the house. Did you ever hear of such folly? She told me afterward that it made her nervous upstairs. Well, I tell you it made me more nervous to see it down there.

Oh, I wanted to scream, I wanted to dance with rage, I wanted to tear those dear new boxes from his great, greedy fingers! There he sat, pulling our lovely things from their satin nests, and jamming them happily away in his old clothes. I made one desperate attempt when the fish-knives were going.

"Oh, come," I coaxed, "you said there was enough for two, and I want my share now." This with the smile that won my sewing-class, and brought the rector back with me every Monday night—not to mention such a trifle as winning a hardened old heart you say I have, Jimmie boy. But water from a duck's back was nothing to the way that smile rolled off that callous character.

"We divvy afterwards, *see?*" said he with emphasis. He was not a trustful burglar, if he was a credulous one. Perhaps he had met young burglaresses before. Anyway, the only things I could get my fingers on were the salt-spoons Jane sent.

Oh, the alert, noiseless way that man worked! Doors that creaked and drawers that stuck persistently during the daylight hour, now glided open in silence at his touch. Even the creaking boards refused to cry out under his soft, springy tread. It was really wonderful. I almost sighed to think that I was no true member of this midnight profession.

Our beautiful new silver naturally pleased him. "We got 'em goin', girl," he rejoiced, slapping his pockets in noiseless jubilee, "but we might as well have a look at the rest."

Sadly he shook his head at sight of the library. "Say, wouldn't that chill yuh? Think of a guy doin' time with all those dead ones!" and he waved a hand at my father's cherished shelves. The parlor too, failed to please. "Wonder 'f they think a geezer can tuck a gran' piany in 'is pants pocket, an' a bronze statoo up 'is sleeve?" he grumbled.

Just then I saw Aunt Olivia's donation to our future home, looming large and hideous on the table. I rushed him over to the horror. "This vase is worth money," I assured him truthfully. "Couldn't you—oh! couldn't you take it away with you?" The wretch refused unconditionally, denouncing me as a green hand.

Jim, I wish you could have seen him walking round with that dark lantern, on a leisurely tour of inspection. On the whole, he seemed to approve of his surroundings, though he shook his head morally over the Venus. Angry and anxious as I was, I just sat on the piano-stool and laughed to watch him study that gray Courbet there, with its menace of gathering cloud and wind. "Me fer a mackintosh," he declared at last. The "Flight of the Bedouins," he pronounced a hurry call for dinner. Oh, I was doing something besides laugh, too. One plan after another came forward only to be rejected. It was easy enough to give an alarm, but wasn't it easier yet for him to decamp with our silver on the instant? I thought of snatching his revolver, but goodness! I didn't have the nerve, or the chance either. I could just wait—and watch those pockets.

"Well, come 'long," he said at last. "Let's shake this art-gal'ry an' dust."

I picked up Aunt Olivia's vase and followed out to the kitchen window. There was a keen glance about the quiet neighborhood, and a quick spring, landing square and light on his feet. Oh! he was a man, that burglar.

The vase and I made a slower exit. Oh, you needn't stare any harder, Jimmie! Do you think I was going to lose our silver now after all that I'd been through? I was going to save my promised share, anyway. Besides, there was a fascination that one who hasn't been assisted from a kitchen

THE VASE AND I MADE A SLOWER EXIT

I JUST MADE A BAG OF MY COAT, AND HE DUMPED EVERY LAST THING INTO IT

window by a gentlemanly housebreaker at half-past twelve can never appreciate. Thrilling wasn't the word for it. I was simply shaking with excitement. As the burglar insisted that I must either hide the vase or drop it, I took off my coat and carried the vase in that, baby fashion. My companion divested himself of lantern and mask, then turned to me with a jaunty air that proclaimed, business being over, my charms had now a chance to sink in and permeate.

"Yuh may be a slouch as a hustler," he declared, "but yuh got 'em skinned on looks!" Wasn't he an appreciative burglar, though? Jim, if you're going to act that way, I won't tell you another word, for there's worse to come! Well, remember now. You see, he was a terribly young burglar, with a handsome Irish face—black curly hair, you know, and gray-blue eyes very wide apart. No, I didn't see all that in the dark, there; I saw it afterward.

We chatted away in the friendliest manner. When I began asking for my share he jollied me because I had "me eye skinned fer the main chance."

"Well, I need it," I said desperately.

"A' right, I'll see yuh git it. Where d'yuh live?"

I gave him the address of a settlement girl with four strong brothers. Moreover, I knew the policeman on the beat and planned to walk my burglarious gallant straight into his arms.

"Yuh put yer coat on," he advised, with the first touch of embarrassment I'd seen yet, "and I'll tote yer darn mug if yuh must have it."

But much to his joy I hid it instead under the sidewalk of a vacant lot, and I'll never tell where that lot is, Jim!

"Yuh must be up against it, if yuh take to crockery," he said, and thus encouraged, I gave him offhand the story of my hard and unhappy factory career, a lurid tale of drunken parents and grasping creditors, compounded from settlement experiences. I put my whole heart and soul into the tale of my sick sister in the hospital and the money I must bring her the next day, and I didn't do it in cold blood either, for I was praying for a miracle of mercy to make him hand over his gains. The sympathy came, but not the silver.

"This ain't no trade fer yuh," he warned me. "Yuh'd bungle 'n' git pinched the first shot outer the box. Look at yourself there, settin' down to eat a banan, as if yuh had all day, 'n' the lunch-wagon before yuh. A bum of a burglar yuh'd make! Naw, yer act is ter git a job in some swell place, an' then tip me the lay o' the land, on a Sunday afternoon. Huh?"

Think of that as a business proposition for Cynthia Van Veltner, Jim! Well, I've had plenty that weren't made in such good faith. Then he went on to tell me the story of his life when we were at supper. Oh, dear, yes, we went to supper—at Hosenheimer's, a twenty-five-cent table d'hote. How'd I dare? Well, I knew Hosenheimer's, for half my girls ate there, and I was beginning to think I knew my burglar.

Oh! I tried feebly to imagine the family confronted with this vision of its cherished Cynthia, the social light of the avenue, leaning across a red plaid table-cloth, over a platter of fried Hosenheimer chicken, smiling at an enamored housebreaker, whose pockets bulged with her stolen silver! I wondered if he'd pay for the meal with a berry-spoon, but no, he pulled out a fat pocketbook.

"A frien' of mine give me this t'-night," he confided. "It's me lucky night, sure. He was a red, fat-faced gent, with a great diamond stud on 'im, an' he was holdin' up a lamp-post with the tears runnin' down his cheeks. 'I can't git up,' sez he, appealin' to my sympathies. They was easy to touch, 'n' I give 'im a lift, 'n' in leavin' he offered me this 'n' the stud fer me trouble. Anyhow I found 'em in me hand when I come away."

And, Jimmie, I laughed, I did—I couldn't help it. You ought to have heard the vivid and fluent metaphor beyond my power of repetition. He had been a teamster, driven by a long strike into the path of the evildoer, and continuing to tread it lightly for sheer, daring love of the way. He had principles, though. He never robbed any but swell places—compliment for the house, wasn't it?—and he'd never been in trouble yet.

Remember the policeman I'd planned to meet? Well, as we neared the address I'd given, I saw him coming directly toward us, and my fingers closed over the burglar's sleeve. That poor, misguided youth patted them encouragingly.

"Sure be easy," he whispered. "He's an old frien' o' mine. Evenin' Dolan."

"Evenin'," responded Dolan, and passed on. I let him pass. He was not the man for me. Plainly I perceived that if those priceless knives and forks ever graced our board, it would be my own unaided effort that secured them.

In the entry of the tenement I claimed as my abode, the burglar and I lingered in farewell—a long farewell of protracted pauses, punctuated with brief expression. You know the kind, Jim—I fancy they are all the same from the avenue to the alley.

On the whole, my pitiful story—not to mention my charming self—had made an impression. He was gruff with sympathy, and while he declared positively that the fair sex had hitherto failed to make good with him, he seemed ready to give this member of it a chance. And when I reminded him of my pressing need, he swore by all his gods that he'd turn in the silver without delay and bring me my share in the morning.

Oh! I was ready to cry. "No, you won't either. You're just a jollier. And I found that house first, and I need every single thing that you came and took away from me—and I need it now, too."

Honestly, Jim, I was nearly choked with anger and disappointment. There I stood on those rickety old steps, babbling along like a baby, and dabbing fiercely at my eyes with my handkerchief, and there he stood, shifting uncertainly from one foot to the other. "Aw, shut up," he growled at last. "Who's goin' ter do yuh? Take yer darned swag, 'n' shut up."

English unadorned, but I wasn't waiting for any polished persuasion. I just made a bag of my coat, and he dumped every last thing into it. I was going to offer him the old butter-knives, but then I remembered the stud he'd told me about. Oh, wasn't he the *love* of a burglar, though! I kept beaming up at him, like a youngster going to a circus, and thanking him over and over again. He took it simply, as his due. "I'm on the square, kid, and don't yuh fergit it," said he. "I like yer style, see?"

The advances of a burglar were too much for my social code. I knew not how the maidens of the neighborhood repelled their swains; moreover, my arms were full of silver, so I only backed helplessly into the entry. But a noise within warned my suitor that the residents wished repose.

"I'll give yuh the whistle t'-morrer night," he said in farewell, "an yuh come ter the corner with yer glad rags, an' we'll take in the White City. Huh? An' I've give yuh the stuff straight, so don't yuh shovel me no dirt," he cautioned, and I promised.

And I've kept it the best I could. When the family, having exhausted all emotion of incredulity, horror, and fear over my story, demanded that I point out your mysterious rival to a plain-clothes man that next night, I unconditionally refused. No, I had eaten his bread and salt—not to mention fried chicken—he had trusted me and given the silver confidingly into my hands. Enough for him that he must whistle in vain upon that corner, that his beautiful, boyish faith in soft-spoken maidens must suffer a rude, irrevocable shock; and enough for us that our precious silver once more reposes in our midst and Aunt Olivia's horror no longer affronts our eyes. I shall not shovel him dirt. There is honor even among thieves.

# THE WIFE of TONG HOM

by Charles Kroth Moser

Illustrated by C·B·Falls

ONG HOM stepped softly up the rickety stairs in the footprints of old Ah Sook. They passed stealthily through the rambling old halls, and now and then Ah Sook paused with two fingers over his mouth to enjoin absolute silence. Behind those tottering doors there might be lurking spies—"stool pigeons" of the white pigs' police or emissaries of the preacher-woman up at the mission. This was a delicate business, and many a good man was breaking rock behind the walls of San Quentin because he had been too careless about such little fine points as this. Slave girls, like mining-claims, can only be sold secretly, if one would make a sure profit; and, as everyone knows, you must first salt your mine, then cover your trail, and come back by another route—when only the owl and the moon are peeping, and there are no telltale coyotes skulking in the chaparral to bay your footsteps.

Ah Sook pressed one of a cluster of rusty nails in a cracked and broken wall. A huge panel of the shattered plaster fell away like a door, and revealed a narrow drop of stairway below them. They stepped through, and the old Chinese closed the door with trembling fingers. Not two grains of the loose plaster grated together, so carefully did he push it shut.

"Give me thy hand, brother," he whispered to Tong Hom. "It is very dark, and sometimes I hear the *feng-shin* (earth-devils) moan as we go down."

Hand in hand the pair descended the steps, down, down, far under the rumbling carts in the street. Twice they turned sharp corners where burning punk sticks glowed in the dark before squat images of Wah Hotai, the god of the underworld.

Ah Sook was feeling the damp walls with his free hand now, keeping to his route in the utter darkness by the sense of touch. Foul-smelling passages, like the burrows of gophers, ran in all directions across their path. The air was very cold, thick with miasma and the drip of sewage, sickening with the odor of clammy, crawling things. Tong Hom half expected every moment

that a horde of the horrible *feng-shin* would seize him by the ankle and drag him down, down, into one of the abysmal holes he felt must yawn all around him in that awful blackness.

"Thou old earthworm," he whispered to Ah Sook, with his rattling teeth close to the old man's ear, "I will go back. Thy maidens are indeed safe enough here and doubtless like the water-lilies of Shantung for beauty, but the sweet breath in my body is worth more to me than a ship-load of slaves. Let me return to the air and the sunshine, or I shall perish."

Ah Sook stopped. "It is here," he answered, as his clawlike fingers suddenly scratched wood. He knocked twice, and made three scratches with his claws, like a house-dog pawing at the kitchen door.

"Who?" croaked a cautious voice.

"Ah Sook. *Ting haouw!* (All right)," Tong Hom's guide replied.

The door opened, and they stepped into a chamber. The floor, the walls, and the ceiling were damp earth; grimy wax candles in rusty iron holders stood about on the ground and cast an eery, greenish light about the excavation. The flames were flickering and feeble, and the dull shadows in the corners half hid the bats hanging from the wooden beams, the spiders sprawling on bits of jutting stone.

A fat old woman, with toothless gums, and with disheveled hair falling around her shoulders, held a candle above her leathery yellow face, and peered suspiciously into the eyes of the newcomers.

"It is well, Mother Sok How," said Ah Sook. "I have brought a rich master to look at our beautiful treasures. He is of the great ones and very generous. Thou shalt fatten thy soul on ducks' livers in the morning."

The fat hag grunted a monosyllable of politeness, and Tong Hom looked about him for the gems he had come into this queer, earth-burrowed den to see.

Stretched out in a row against the farther wall, six girls lay asleep on wicker mats and wooden pillows. Mats of rice-straw were spread over them. Their arms were folded over their faces, and they were deep in the slumber that misery seeks.

In the middle of the floor were teapots, cups, an iron kettle full of rice, a bunch of chop-sticks, and two empty box-crates covered with straw.

The two men squatted on the crates, and the hag poured them cups of tea; they drank to each other with many bows and courteous antics, as is the custom of Chinese when there is business afoot.

"Your sumptuous house I find a bit too cold for my miserable, diseased bones," said Tong Hom politely. "Forgive me if I permit my teeth to chatter."

The old woman kicked some coals under the iron pot, fell on her elbows, and blew a bluish-red glow into them with a few blasts from her toothless mouth. The coals scarcely found oxygen enough in the air to keep them alive, but under Mother Sok How's strenuous treatment they managed to perform a feeble duty.

"I am warm and happy now, thanks to your gracious consideration," said Tong Hom, after a moment, and the withered Ah Sook led him over to where the slave girls lay asleep. One by one he awakened them and lined them up against the wall for inspection. They were clad in dirty tunics and frayed trousers of cheap finery; cobwebs and grime festooned their garments, but their hair was piled high, powdered stiff, and oiled. The heavy coiffures were stuck full of grotesque pins in the forms of dragons and butterflies of celluloid, bronze, and jade. None of the girls spoke or even yawned; theirs is a life of perpetual patience and of no complaints.

Tong Hom took a sudden fancy to the fourth girl in the row.

"How old art thou, Miss Blushing Rose?" he asked her.

"Fifteen years, may it please your exalted nobleness," she answered in a low voice. The liquid tones pleased Tong Hom more than the polite words.

"Art thou of strong body and a credit to thy august father and thy honorable brothers?"

"They have beaten the proverbs of our ancestors into my head with rice-flails, and my body is like the boughs of the willow, which, though they bend, will not break," the girl answered, not without a humble pride.

Even by the dim, greenish light of the candles Tong Hom could see that the girl's full lips were red, that her eyes were like the young green almonds, that her small, oval face was like a pearl in a setting of jet.

"This one I will take," he said to Ah Sook. "The others are but pot-washers,

and I would not give thee a hundred of the white pigs' yen for them all."

He counted out the price they had agreed upon beforehand for his choice of the slave-dealer's stock, and paid over the money in gleaming gold into the seamy, clutching old palm. Then he took the girl by the arm and led her out of the room without further words. Ah Sook guided them up to the secret door of the crumbling rookery that squatted over the underground dens like an owl over a rat-hole, and closed it behind them. Tong Hom himself could not have found the nail that reopened it.

"It is the Hour of the Ibex," he told the girl, as they passed out of the old tenement, "and the preacher-woman is at her prayers. So there can be no mischief prowling about now, and I shall take thee home to my mother straightway, without fear. To-morrow I shall sell thee again to one of the high-born, and thou shalt wear jewels and many tunics of satin, and thou shalt be very happy."

But in the bright morning light Tong Hom saw for the first time the truly rare beauty of the slave girl, and the sight of her dazzled his eyes. He had no sons, and the old mother, Gun Din, was a she-tiger, whose tongue ripped wounds in a man's heart as a cat's claws tear the belly of a mouse. But this girl was like the glory of the stars, which fills a man with such ecstasy he cannot speak. He brought her a cup of wine, and bade her sit beside him on a couch while he slipped a corner of his blouse under her tunic—a sign of his submission to her conjugal rule.

"Thou art no more a slave girl," he said, "but thou art a new daughter for my mother, and with this cup of wine thou art pledged my wife."

HE WORE THE SHOES OF THE WHITE PIGS, AND A BILLYCOCK PERCHED ATOP OF HIS COILED QUEUE

This was how it came about that Neng Foo, the slave, became the chief wife of her master, Tong Hom, and lived in the house of Gun Din, her mother-in-law.

In the mission house of Miller-san, the preacher-woman of the white pigs' temple of worship, lived Sam Dock, interpreter and native shouter of the new religion. Miller-san, the sweet-voiced lady who taught them English and funny songs about a man named Jesus, called him Brother Sam Dock;

but to his yellow kin in Yut Loy Alley he was known as Fisheye. Fisheye!—because his eyes were glassy, whitish, cold, and staring, like a frosted window-pane. They were a wall behind which no human vision could penetrate or glimpse the landscape of his heathen soul. Miss Miller called him a "brand plucked from the burning": Chinatown called him a most worthy son of the father of liars.

To this mission school Tong Hom sent his cherubic little wife. There was nothing unusual in this—it is a good thing to know English; it is a better thing to keep "solid" with the preacher-folk. Tong Hom appreciated this. He threw dust into the eyes of the rescue workers, and kept them from peering too closely into his slave-deals. Also Tong Hom was proud of his little wife and fond of her; fonder of her than one Chinese in ten thousand would have been, though he never would have admitted either his pride or his fondness. No man indeed would have asked him the simple question, "How is your wife?" Would one insult a man by presuming his interest in anything so far beneath him as a woman? Surely not! Woman, say the Chinese, is one of the low orders of animal life. When a *very* bad man dies there is no hell deep enough for him, so the gods give his soul rebirth in the body of a woman, and thus punish him for his wickedness. It makes the evilest of men pious to reflect on such a fate. So Tong Hom sent his wife to the mission through a fondness for her which he would not admit even to himself.

But Brother Sam Dock conceived a fondness for her, too—and he had no secrets from himself. The lids lowered slowly over his cold, grayish-white eyes the day she came, and he smiled at her. It would be a pleasant task to teach the exquisite Neng Foo English and help her to love the White God, Jesus. In her simplicity Neng Foo did not know why he smiled at her; but she never thought to mention the circumstance to Tong Hom.

The second day Brother Sam Dock presented his new pupil with a bunch of red roses, some sprays of peach blossoms, and a pot of lilies. She stared at him, frankly amazed, uncertain, mystified. There are no such doings in Chinese etiquette!

"The poor flowers are but a message of brotherly love, O Pearl of the Jasmine-Scented Seas," purred the Fisheye glibly. "They are to say, according to the law of the White God, Jesus, that Sam Dock loves everybody—even unto the unworthy woman, Neng Foo, whom he loves as a brother."

Neng Foo, still puzzled, but not displeased, at this new honor, did not dare refuse the pious man's offering. Indeed she thought it very nice to be loved as a brother; Chinese women are usually forced to content themselves with a more ignoble devotion. Innocently enough she smiled back at Sam Dock, and brokenly lisped "Blother," too, when she spoke of him afterward.

Every day thereafter the crafty Brother Sam took much pains with his new pupil, and Miss Miller commended him for his zeal. Neng Foo learned English quickly, took to whining the gospel hymns with a true Oriental twang, and, under the prayers and exhortations of the Fisheye, became much interested in the strange teachings of the High White God. A day came when a heavy storm swept through the city, and Miller-san sent Brother Sam Dock with all the mission girls to see them safely home. It was a wonderful honor. Sam Dock strung the women out in a line in front of him, and drove them along the streets like a gooseherd tending his flock. Dainty Neng Foo tripped her way just ahead of him.

"Thou believest now in the law of Jesus, star-bright one?" Sam Dock breathed cautiously in her ear.

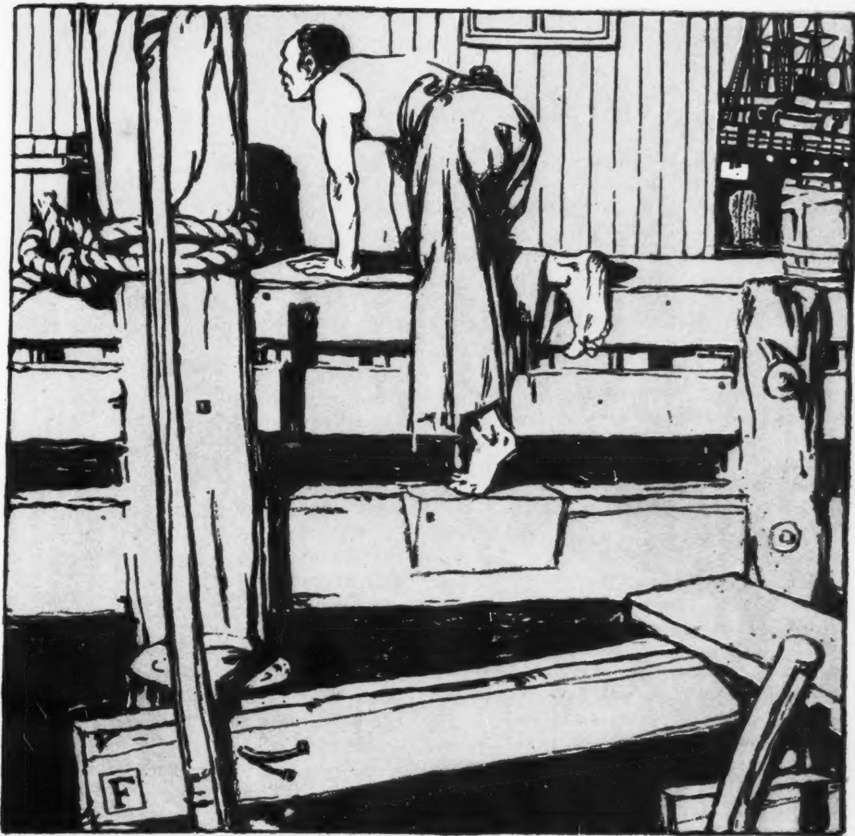
"Yea, brother. It is so," she answered.

"Then thou dost him great wrong to call Tong Hom thy husband, for thou hast not married him according to the White God's law."

"But by the gods of our people, brother! Surely it has been so since the world came out of the dragon's mouth. And he is my lord whom I love much." Neng Foo was disturbed, for she had heard other words like these in the house of the mission-folk, and they perplexed her.

"Ah!" said the Fisheye with pious unction. "It is a great wickedness, and the torments of hell may overtake thee." So did he, day by day, startle, then confound, then agitate and alarm, the simple child-wife of the slave-trader, Tong Hom.

But Tong Hom, knowing nothing of this, sent her still to the mission school, and grew more fond of her and petted her—which made his mother, old Gun Din, furious, and she sometimes expressed her feelings toward




A COAL-GRIMED CHINESE CLIMBED TO THE WHARF. IT WAS TONG HOM

the tiny wife with the end of a mop-handle. Tong Hom, however, never interfered with these little domestic affairs; after all, Neng Foo was only his wife, while Gun Din was the honorable mother of many sons.

One night Tong Hom came home late to his dinner, and thoughtfully beat his chop-sticks against the table while Neng Foo brought him the rice and chicken curry which old Gun Din had cooked over the charcoal brazier. After a while he looked at Neng Foo, and announced quietly:

"To-morrow I go to China to buy some beautiful slave girls. I have orders—three—five—from some of the honorable high-born. Ah Sook's vermin-eaten splashers of mud are not delicious enough for the great ones. I must have them all of the golden lily feet (bound feet)."

Neng Foo slipped to her knees and bowed her head, weeping. "What will become of the poor slave girl when the light of her life is gone across the big dark water? Can the pond-lily flower when there is no moon? or the jasmine bloom when the sun is dead? Must I die, then, O illustrious lord of a hundred vile slaves, because thy face will shine upon me no more?"

"Do not spill the evening dew of thy tears, little Blushing Rose," Tong Hom answered, with much tenderness. "Be thou a faithful daughter to Gun Din, and ease her honorable back from the washing of the pots. Obey her as thine own mother,

that the thwacks of her stick across thy shoulders may not streak their saffron beauty with red welts, which I like not. Spend some part of each day at the mission school, learning what thou canst from the white pigs, and forget not, once each week, to sacrifice a red rooster to the mighty goddess, Kum Tah Foo Yen (goddess who gives children). Also see that thou keepest the spirit-lamps burning and punks smoking always on the altar of Gow Dong, that I may have a good journey on the big water and much luck with the evil venders of their own daughters.

"And the moon shall not have grown to a full golden ball yet three times when I shall come back to thee. And I shall bring thee a necklace of jasper beads and a bonnet-band of embroidered pearls for thy shining hair. For though thou art but a woman and hath borne me no sons yet, thou art the wife of Tong Hom, and if thou art generous to Kum Tah Foo Yen she will yet send thee my children in due time."

The next day Tong Hom, with his passport and his photograph in his pocket, sailed on the big steamer for China. Dainty Neng Foo lay on the wicker mat, beating her heels against the floor in her grief and crying her eyes out. She went over to the mission that afternoon with her eyes still red from the torrent of tears. But when she shyly explained to the teachers that her grief was due to her husband's absence for three long months, it was Brother Sam Dock's earnest words of noble piety that brought cheer and comfort to her widowed heart. The Fisheye spoke a great deal of brotherly-love talk, and it succeeded very well. His ways were wonderfully soothing with widows.

Some three months later, old Gun Din, squatting in the alley before the charcoal brazier one night and stirring the rice in the iron pot, chanced to glance up from her task. She spied a Chinese in a long blue blouse turning the corner. In one hand he carried a small book; he wore the shoes of the white pigs, and a billycock perched atop of his coiled queue.

"Aha," snarled the old woman, as she dodged behind the corner of a neighboring shed. "It is the Fisheye coming again. If that egg of an ape knew that my son comes home to-morrow, his liver would turn to white chee-li paste. Ah, thou traitor to the gods, thou brat of a she-goat, thou fat-headed gosling, didst thou think to blind the eyes and stuff with feathers the ears of the old fox? But though thy fine words were soft and thy prayer-book of the Christians a crafty trick, I have both heard and seen thee and thy antics with that shameless wench, Neng Foo. My tongue is even now buzzing with the tale it shall pour into the ears of Tong Hom to-morrow."

Gun Din slipped into a narrow passage between two houses, climbed a rickety staircase on the outside of one of them, and entered the door of its attic. Soon she appeared through a hole in the roof, then running along the comb she reached her own squalid abode. Through a shingled trap-door she entered a chamber directly over the room of Neng Foo. Cautiously she raised a mat in a corner of the floor, and glued her eye to a hole no larger than the body of a mouse. Neng Foo and Brother Sam Dock were in the room below, talking earnestly, and their voices were quite distinct.

"Oh, ye foul creatures," the old woman muttered. "To-morrow my son shall make cats' meat of ye both. Because I have made no noise ye have thought me asleep all these days; but when the dawn breaks the cock crows, and ye shall see ye have played your game and I mine; now we shall find out who holdeth the white bean."

She laid her ear to the hole, straining to catch every word the two lovers uttered.

"It is all arranged, jasmine-scented Neng Foo," the pious Sam Dock declared. "I have spoken to Miller-san of Tong Hom's wickednesses, and she has made deep council with the great ones of the immigration bureau. When the villainous Tong Hom comes to-morrow his slave girls will be taken from him and sent back to China. And thy husband will also be sent back, or they will put him in the white pigs' jail, and he will be made to break rock like a coolie. Be not afraid, little one; I have told them that his passport is forged and his photograph that of a dead man."

Neng Foo's red lips warbled their pleasure. "Thou art a great man, my Sam Dock brother, and some day thou shalt have a church of thine own, where thou shalt be preacher-man with the voice of

AT SIGHT OF HIM NENG FOO COVERED HER FACE WITH HER HANDS

the flute, and many of the rich ones will hear thee. And it shall take two to pass the hat."

"Amen!" responded the Fisheye earnestly. He opened the prayer-book suddenly, as he heard a slight noise in the chamber above, and began to read, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born——" Gun Din having recovered her balance at the peep-hole, the noise ceased; likewise the reading of the Scriptures.

"Yea," began Sam Dock again, "and when thy slave-beating Tong Hom is gone wilt thou go with me, O Queen of the Red Roses, Neng Foo, and be wife to me according to the law of the white pigs?"

"Yea, surely, dear brother," answered the Queen of the Red Roses.

When the big ship slipped into her berth the next day, Tong Hom was screaming with rage. The custom-house tug had met the vessel just inside the Golden Gate, and without ceremony two blue-coated, brass-buttoned officials had looted him of his passport and photograph and six pretty little club-footed girls whom he was "chaperoning."

"You sabe," he roared to the officials, "him six piecee ladies all samee wives of muchee great Chinese on Jackson Stleet. They come to Melica land long time back; me go catchee they wives in China. Him picture cards vely good; you see! Me long time merchant; me all light! Me vely good man. You do this thing one time, China high man, Kwang-Hsu, have muchee big fuss with Melican high man!"

The official shook his head. "It's a good bluff, Hom, but it ain't a fast color; 'twon't wash, sabe? The big long high man at the office has got the goods on you right. Some of your chums up in Chinktown have handed him the dope-book, and it's back to the woods with you. You go back China, maybe, washee-washee; maybe you go the pen, smashee rockee. Sabe? Just for the present we've a nice little room with iron trimmings on the front all fixed up for you. The board ain't fancy, but it's free. Hope you'll like it, Hom."

Tong Hom was duly installed in a cell at the detention sheds, while his prize beauties were taken ashore, photographed, and sent to the mission for safe keeping until the next steamer for the Orient should take them back to the Flowery Kingdom. Old Gun Din went down to see her son and make the much-needed explanations. She barked her jeers at him through the iron grating.

"Thou art no son of mine, but the brat of an eel! There is only sawdust where thy brains ought to be. While thou wast romping around picking up scullery wenches to sell for thy wife's bangles and satin tunics a great man with understanding in his head hath come and stolen thy wife. Then this man of proper guile and that she-serpent, whose face is like the tiger-lily while its heart is worm-eaten, gull thee into a pen like a swine being fattened for the butchers! Get thee back again to the land of thy ancestors and trample out the rice in the fields with the women, thou dull-witted ape. Thou art fit for no better thing. It is a clever trick the Fisheye and thy two-tongued slave wife have played upon thee."

Tong Hom sat on his hard wooden bench calmly listening to his mother's reviling. "Begone, thou devil-hag!" he said, when she had finished. "Let me look upon thy red-lidded witch's eyes no more."

A week later the immigration people hauled him on board a ship and started him for China. But they were no match for Tong Hom. With Asiatic craftiness he gave captain and crew the slip at Honolulu, and secured a job as deck-steward on a schooner bound for British Columbia.

Something more than a month later a coal-grimed Chinese crawled out of the bunkers of a Dunsmuir collier, lying at a San Francisco wharf. He sprang into the water and swam to the slimy moss-green piles. To one of the half-rotten timbers he clung like a barnacle till dusk spread concealing garments over the workings of life along the water-front; then he climbed to the wharf. Half an hour later, water-soaked and foul with dirt, he crept up the rickety steps in Gun Din's house. It was Tong Hom.

Tong Hom had been noted for the rapidity with which he got into action on other occasions. This was to be no exception to the rule. He arrayed himself in a new black blouse, clean white-soled sandals, and green-satin trousers bound tightly at the ankles. On his head he set a silk cap with a gilt button on its crown.

"Where do they live?" he asked Gun Din, when he was arrayed as spick and span as a Christmas doll.

"In the mission house of Miller-san," Gun Din responded coldly. Her son's apparent quiet acceptance of affairs irked her; she had told him in official language that he was a lap-dog fit only to be fondled by old women in their dotage, fit to be fed on sweetmeats and draped in pink ribbons. Tong Hom let her talk.

When he reached the house, Miss Miller had gone to the evening prayer-meeting. He opened the door and slipped stealthily up the stairway. The first room he looked into he found empty. In the second, Brother Sam Dock sat reading his Bible; on a rattan mat near him sat Neng Foo, embroidering a tunic for her new man. At sight of him the Fisheye suddenly lost interest in the Scriptures, and Neng Foo covered her face with her hands.

Without a word Tong Hom seated himself on a broken chair by the little sheet-iron stove, and began rolling a cigarette of the white pigs' tobacco. He smoked up the cigarette and rolled another. No word spoken yet. Neng Foo still cowered with her hands over her eyes, and Brother Sam's limbs cleaved to his chair. His mouth opened, but nothing issued out of it except breath, and not much of that.

When Tong Hom had rolled his fourth cigarette, he broke the silence. "Is it not time, dawdling slave, that thou wert back to thy kitchen, washing Gun Din's iron pot and preparing the curry for to-morrow?"

Neng Foo emitted only a half-choked gurgle, but Sam Dock found his voice, though he scarcely knew it himself.

"She is not the slave of Gun Din; she is the wife of Sam Dock, and thine no more, Tong Hom. We are married under the law of Americans, according to Jesus, the White God, and thou dost not dare touch her."

Tong Hom smiled a lazy, bland smile. "I am not American, O learned Fisheye. I am but the meanest worshiper at the feet of Kwang-Hsu, and according to the law of Kwang-Hsu I married her. There is no other law for me."

Another long silence fell between the men, and Neng Foo sat sobbing. The intruder's soft smile gave her a creepy feeling. Tong Hom leaned back in the broken chair, and blew smoke rings through his nostrils—he looked so patient, so placid, so suave, so implacable withal. Neng Foo's heart fluttered with her fear, as one would shrink at the playful caress of an uncoiled adder.

"What wilt thou do?" Sam Dock asked at last, with some perturbation.

"What wilt *thou* do, spawn of a jackal?" Tong Hom struck back, then was silent again.

"I might buy her of thee," suggested the Fisheye, presently, with a curious trembling of his lips.

"Yea, thou mightst do so. It hath been my business to buy and sell slaves when there was a profit."

"I will give thee five hundred yen: it is all that I have," said Sam Dock, far more eager to be rid of the slave-dealer than to drive a shrewd bargain.

"I paid Ah Sook as much. Dog of a coolie, dost think to get thee such a wife for nothing? Go beg from thy mission friends, steal the ornaments from thy mother's hair and take them to the money-lenders, filch the trimmings from thy grandsire's coffin, if thou must; but thou

NENG FOO'S EYES WERE DROOPING AS THOUGH SHE WERE VERY WEARY

shalt get me eight hundred yen this night or I will slit up thy windpipe, even as thou sittest there, treacherous beast!"

Sam Dock arose from the table where his Bible lay still open. "I will go out and fetch you the money," he said. "Thou shalt come with me, Neng Foo."

"Not so," said Tong Hom. "Thou mightst have the mind to run away, and I have no thought to lose a good trade. Thou hast the five hundred yen in that old walrus-hide chest, perchance. Pay me that now, and I will await thee here for the rest till thou goest and bringest it. The girl shall remain with me as surety of thy safe return. I swear to thee I will not lay hands on thy wife while thou art gone."

The Fisheye counted out the five hundred yen from the chest, and went out to gather together three hundred more. It was neither a long nor a hard task. A Chinese can borrow easily; if he does not repay on the promised day, his friends will discover a knife sticking between his shoulders the day after.

Tong Hom, alone with his perfidious wife, looked at her pleasantly. "Lift up thine eyes, little Blushing Rose," he said gently. "I have sold thee, as I once told thee I would, to a great man. He will give thee jewels and tunics, and thou shalt be very happy. Dost thou think me angry with thee? Nay, little one, but only with him who would have taken thee without making me recompense."

Neng Foo raised her eyes. Tong Hom's face held the peaceful, placid look of a big gray cat dozing in the sunshine. She smiled at him, the mellow woman's smile that mounts to a man's head like old brandy. Tong Hom went over to the tea-chest and took out a package; then he lighted a fire in the charcoal brazier, and began to brew a pot of tea.

"Listen, little Blushing Rose. I shall do thee much honor because of thy great beauty, which wins the hearts of many men, O star-gleaming Neng Foo," he said. "Not thou, but I, will brew the tea, and I shall serve thee. And we shall drink together to thy ten thousand happinesses, and that thou mayest have a hundred sons. May thou and Sam Dock live joyously till the great rocks are melted in the heat of the sun, and may thy beauty be like that of the moon which, though she wax old, fadeth not."

He drew between them a tiny table with two teacups upon it, and poured the tea. Never in her life had Neng Foo known of a woman being allowed to eat at the same table with a man, and the wonderful honor of it thrilled her. Her fears passed, and she felt at ease. Besides, she did not dare disobey.

Over the cup nearest him Tong Hom's hand rested for a moment: a tiny colorless jet of liquid spurted into the cup from the vial concealed in his palm. Then he touched it to his lips.

"Another honor thou shalt have, O cherry-lipped maiden," he cried gaily. "Taste thou of thy cup and I will of mine; then we will exchange them, and drink to the bottom for thy happiness."

They drained each other's cups, and Neng Foo set hers down on the table with a wry face.

"Our tea is growing stale, illustrious one," she said. "I like not its bitterness. Wilt thou forgive our vile quality, excellence?"

"Perchance 'twas in the brewing," Tong Hom said politely, as though he were speaking to a man. He laughed and bowed. "I have not been trained in the kitchen of my honorable mother."

He arose from the table and rolled a cigarette. "Thy husband is gone too long," he said. "I cannot wait. Tell him to bring the money to the house of Gun Din to-morrow morning, at the Hour of the Weasel. May good fortune follow thee, sweet Neng Foo, until I see thee again. Good night!"

Tong Hom spoke the last word quickly, for Neng Foo's eyes were drooping as though she were very weary. He stepped out with lazy movements, however, and went with slow easy strides down the street to the House of the Thirty Thousand Delights. At the pi-gow table he played for some hours, and won many yen.

When the Fisheye reached his room, he found Neng Foo lying quietly on her breast upon the rattan mat. He grasped her arm to waken her; the arm was cold and the muscles rigid. He turned her over. Her eyes were closed as gently as if in slumber; the cherry-red lips were parted; one small brown hand rested stiffly over her pulseless heart.

# The Higher Photography and Art

## NEW FORMS OF ART CREATION IN WHICH THE PHOTOGRAPHER WITH HIS LENS AND CAMERA MAY RIVAL OR EVEN OUTDO THE PAINTER AND SCULPTOR WITH THEIR BRUSH AND CHISEL

### By F. Benedict Herzog

**With Frontispiece Illustration**

ONE of our leading art-writers in a recent magazine review entitled "Is Herzog Also Among the Prophets?" treated my work broadly from the general art view-point and narrowly as photography. He seemed to consider it strange that I use a medium of expression so young that it is only beginning to be accepted, to create a "story-telling picture" of a class so old as to be no longer in accord with the spirit of the day in America. To me, the connection between my method of expression and what I seek to express is obvious and logical, but his interpretation of the spirit of the age is narrow.

In the course of my art evolution I have permitted my eye to wander from paint and the "up-to-date" girl to the lens and the field of poetic romance and allegory. Both changes are meant as protests against an art convention regarding the medium and an ephemeral fashion as to subject-matter.

I have for some years been at work upon several decorative friezes, each formed of a number of panels. The composition entitled "Men Kiss and Ride Away" is a type of one of these panels, and the group of three figures published in this issue forms a part only of that panel. All of these panels are produced photographically by me, the models having been posed and then photographed. The three in the group shown were posed simultaneously. The panels are enlargements made from the group negatives, and are from four to seven feet long. I add hand-work when needed.

I have never posed as one group simultaneously more than seven models, and where—as in my "Banks of Lethe" or "The Sigh of the Sea"—the composition includes ten, twenty, or, in other groups, even a larger number of figures, I form my panel as a composite built up of several groups which have been taken simultaneously.

Sometimes, even in parts having only four or five figures, I have used several negatives; occasionally, indeed, combining negatives having only one or two figures with those in which a whole group is taken at once.

I find about the same amount of difficulty in following either method, although the nature of the problem varies.

At various periods during the past twenty-five years I have had sufficient experience in the use of oils, pastel, and the usual black-and-white media to be able to contrast the difficulties in their use with those to be overcome before the camera can be called upon to do such a share of the work that the result may fairly be classed as photographic, and also to judge wherein the camera may be considered as a substitute for the brush, and when, if ever, it may be considered the better tool.

I have used photography in the work spoken of because for me, and in pictures such as these, the lens is the best, if not the only adequate, means of expression. I do not claim that the camera as an art-tool is often superior to the hand. Speaking generally, it is by no means its equal; they are different tools, no more to be compared than are the pen and the sword, though both of these make for war and for peace. The lens does some things that no hand ever fashioned has done or could have done; others that some few hands can do, and again others that many hands might do, but do not do because the conditions of modern life in the field of art, as in other fields, force us to remember that, whatever may be the

theoretical problem, as a practical condition few men, be they artists or artisans, can long labor in directions in which the economy of society does not offer in payment the daily loaf or the laurel of praise. The lens can perform within a given time an amount of work which the worker with a brush or pencil could not possibly perform within the length of time he can afford to spend upon it, and he therefore often makes a virtue of necessity, and says he does not care to do this work.

There are other things which only a few of the greatest can do without the lens, but which could and would be much more generally done if the lens were dignified by being recognized as upon absolute parity in public estimation with every other form of art-tool. It would then often be used openly, and not as now secretly by so many painters, and hence under conditions not calculated to bring out its virtues. The attempt to exclude from the field, by refusing to give their use proper encouragement and approbation, such advantages as may be peculiar to the photographic methods of creative art, seems to me as foredoomed to failure as it was for Ruskin to attempt, upon esthetic grounds, to oppose the advance of the railway by insisting upon the individuality of the stage-coach. The attempt so to bar the higher photography from popular recognition, when analyzed, will be found to be largely due to a prejudice growing out of the fact that the brush and the pencil, as the older tools, are wielded by most of those in position of authority to pass judgment, and that few of these really appreciate the limited degree to which any important work in creative photography may in fairness be called automatic or mechanical.

Of course, even disregarding the glory of color, beyond which, as Ruskin says, "nature could not go," the lens can never take the place of the brush, but for that matter neither can the sculptor's tool do what the brush does, nor can the brush or pencil upon the flat surface used by the draftsman follow, as does the inert clay, the living clay of him who molds the statue.

Although I speak only for myself, the technical difficulties of performance in my best photographic work, even after I know how to do what I wish, are certainly—color apart—as great as are those of the painter in pastel, water-color, or oil. And the acquirement of a technic adequate for creative expression is certainly at least as difficult in the former as in the latter case. Moreover, the temperament of some who have become great masters of the brush is such that they could never get quite in hand the more complex requirements of the higher photography.

Next, as to the nature of my subjects: It is due to the very vitality, the truth in detail, texture, and drawing, of the photographic rendering of the faces, hands, and draperies of a group that subjects possibly otherwise old are practically re-created. Many ideas require such verisimilitude that they cannot be adequately rendered pictorially in any other way upon a small scale nor probably upon any scale at all. When analyzed, paintings of this nature which have been tacitly accepted because they are the work of some of the greatest masters will be found to have been tolerated merely because we have not yet outgrown certain conventions, such, for instance, as satisfied the Egyptians by a portrait in profile with an eye drawn in full face.

My pictures aim to tell a story only as a text upon which to base general ideas as old and as young as life itself. Thus, "The Banks of Lethe" is intended to sing in decorative lines and masses "remember and forget"; and "Men Kiss and Ride Away" means that most men love lightly while woman loves long. To say that a subject-picture which, pictorially and technically, does not reach a given standard cannot be considered as a fine-art product, is trite at this stage of the world's culture. But it is more generally assumed than is proper that because a picture has a subject interesting in itself it cannot be art. Too often, however, this is true because there are few men living who can, even with infinite pains and after long labor, paint a picture having a number of figures which shall at once reach the present high standard of color, atmosphere, drawing, brush-technic, and moderate detail and at the same time be conceived in a spirit and carried out with a temperament which shall move heart or brain to bid the eye to gaze, to gaze, and once again to gaze.

It is here that photography may step in. By means of its impeccable drawing, the convincing nature of its detail, the marvels of its light modulation, and above all its instant responsiveness to the accident and action of the moment in the subject and to the mood of the artist who controls it, the lens, and only the lens, can aid in the creation

of certain special works of the highest art which, having esthetic characteristics in the special direction of their beauty, have never before been equaled since the first cave-dweller began to make rude sketches upon the stones of his cave, showing that the spirit of art had kissed his brow. Such works can be created in which there shall be no false note or convention of detail to jar the harmony of eye and brain; and when form and subject have been thus united in the bonds of holy photography let no outworn convention put them asunder. Thus combined they will present through the eye the thought the artist in his joy felt himself called upon to give forth so that all who also love the picture he first has found in the infinite kaleidoscope of beauty may join with him in praise.

Such thoughts must have been in the mind of Maurice Maeterlinck when, with the vision of a seer, in one short paragraph he set forth the past, the present, and the future of pictorial photography: "It is already many years since the sun revealed to us its power to portray objects and beings more quickly and more accurately than can pencil or crayon. It seemed to work only in its own way and at its own pleasure. At first man was restricted to making permanent that which the impersonal and unsympathetic light had registered. He had not yet been permitted to imbue it with thought. But to-day it seems that thought has found a fissure through which to penetrate the mystery of this anonymous force, invade it, subjugate it, animate it, and *compel it to say such things as have not yet been said in all the realm of chiaroscuro, of grace, of beauty, and of truth.*"

Referring now to the alternative methods used by me in my compositions—that is, to the simultaneously taken group and to the composite—I shall, in hinting at some of the troubles experienced, exclude those common to both (such as the predetermination of the composition as a whole and as a group; the selection of the models both from the point of view of beauty, expressiveness, or temperament and the physical ability to hide in face, hands, and general relaxation the strain of long posing to which some must be subjected; the choice and arrangement of the costumes), as well as the purely photographic difficulties of lighting, exposure, development, and printing.

To costume, pose, light, and arrange the bodies, draperies, hands, and faces of a group of even only two or three of the most adaptable and willing models, and to watch, until the end of the exposure, every fold of the drapery, every changing shadow which may be cast at some undesired point as the models are moved tentatively, to study every movement of the head or expressive feature of the face or the nervous and often unconscious change in the fingers or hands of the nerve-strained models—all this furnishes an exercise in patience, invention, and concentration of faculties which I find about as good a test of what engineers call "the maximum efficiency" as any task I have ever performed. I think it safe to say that within a few brief minutes I have often received and rejected at least a thousand distinct pictorial variations before reaching the one at which I have been satisfied to expose my plate. When it is remembered that often one angularly placed hand or one false shadow cutting a face may spoil the plate, some appreciation may be reached of the responsibility felt in arranging the group; while the fate of a plate spoiled by the tremor of a finger or the unconscious swaying of a body balanced in an attitude of arrested motion, will show that the model also has her duties and her triumphs.

To combine several poses in a composite introduces other difficulties.

The standard of excellence I strive for calls, moreover, for proper gradations of values, balances of light and shade, massing or contrasting of "spots," rendering of textures, flow of line, and other purely technical qualities. I refer also to the difficulties of doing justice to a face which may be beautiful from an angle of view, or in an expression which is not that permitted by the composition. When all these requirements are to be met, and yet subordinated to the idea of the general unity of the group, and this in turn is to be sacrificed to the needs of the panel which, in its turn, is to meet the necessity of the general decorative scheme of the frieze as a whole, some of the difficulties of the work are suggested. I think it may fairly be plain that the result is not entirely the product of what those opposed to the claims of pictorial photography as a fine-art medium of expression are pleased to call the "automatic action of a machine," and however my results may fall short of ideal excellence they cannot well be spoken of as a matter of chance.

# The Strange Cruise of the "Octopus"

**A NARRATIVE OF THE EXPERIENCE OF THE CREW OF A SUBMARINE BOAT WHILE AT THE BOTTOM OF NARRAGANSETT BAY DURING THE LONGEST PERIOD OF SUBMERGENCE EVER UNDERTAKEN**

## By Capt. Frank T. Cable

*Commanding the "Octopus"*

**Editor's Note.—When it was announced in May last that the submarine boat *Octopus* was to be subjected to the test of staying twenty-four hours under water—the longest period of submergence ever attempted by a submarine crew—the imagination reverted to a similar adventure in which the *Lutin* of the French navy failed to come to the surface and her crew were slowly suffocated after the failure of frantic attempts for their release, lasting for several days. The *Octopus* fortunately met with no misadventure and completely fulfilled every condition of her trial. Yet the experience of the gallant men who manned her is full of interest as the record of an unexampled chapter in the history of human endeavor.**

**From the commander, Capt. Frank T. Cable, the Cosmopolitan has obtained the following narrative of how he and his brave crew were bottled up in their steel prison for a whole night and day at the bottom of Narragansett Bay.**

THERE is little romance in a dip of twenty-four hours under old ocean. When it was generally known at the Fore River Yards, at Quincy, Massachusetts, that the United States government demanded, among other tests, that I should take my crew of thirteen into the hold of the *Octopus* and remain that length of time beneath the waves, the order did not create any great excitement. This, probably, was due in large measure to our confidence in the boat itself. Most of us knew the thorough manner in which it had been constructed. We were also full of confidence in our general manager and designer, Lieut. L. Y. Spear, whose achievements in submarine boat building have brought him a world-wide reputation.

The *Octopus* was built by the Fore River Ship Building and Engine Company of Quincy, Massachusetts. She is one hundred and five feet long, has a fourteen-foot beam, and draws twelve feet of water in a light condition. She is of two hundred and seventy tons displacement, has five hundred horse-power on the surface, and is equipped with twin screws driven by gasolene-engines. She has a splendid electric storage-battery system for use in submerged work. Submerged she is driven by two fifty-two horse-power electric motors.

When driven by her gasolene-engines the *Octopus* can make eleven nautical miles an hour, on the surface. Driven submerged by her motors she can make ten nautical miles. Her official time is 10.004 knots.

The previous record submergence test was seventeen hours. This was made by the ill-fated French boat *Lutin*.

When the hatch was fastened down and we sank quietly to the bottom of Narragansett Bay at four o'clock on the afternoon of May 15th, I had with me the following petty officers and crew, precisely the same number as were on board the French submarine:

H. Momm, mate; P. L. Glenn, diver; W. F. C. Nindeman, gunner; J. W. Hume, E. H. Payne, C. Bergh, C. Knester, C. Morgan, C. B. Miner, C. Bergstrom, R. Phinney, C. Lippincott, H. Gamber, and Marcus West.

Every member of this crew hailed from Quincy, with the exception of West, who was a Salem lad. The crew had been trained under my own personal supervision, and acted as a unit. Without flattering them I can truthfully say that they were as brave and cool a set of men as ever gathered together under any flag. Momm, the mate, is a man of great experience and resource. Nindeman has sailed all over the world. He is one of the few survivors of the ill-fated *Jeannette* expedition. The men were fully alive to what may happen to a vessel in the course of a twenty-four hours' submergence beneath the waves. But they were quite cheerful about it. Nobody indulged in gloomy forebodings. There was no looking up and taking a last glimpse of the sky, nor any theatrical attitudinizing of the kind.

CAPTAIN CABLE ON THE DECK OF THE TENDER "STARLING"

They all faced their contemplated twenty-four hours' imprisonment as they would have carried out any orders. It was done cheerfully, and without any idea that the eyes of the world—at least the eyes of the great navies of the world—were upon them.

When the hatch was closed, and the necessary preparations were completed, I glanced at the crew, and I must say that I experienced a thrill of pride as my eye rested for a moment on the well-knit and hardy forms and the fearless, resolute faces of my companions.

"Boys," I said, "we are now going to be locked up together for quite a spell, and we must try to make it as little tedious as possible. Let's give three cheers for the boat and her builders."

One of the tests we had to make was to

THE "OCTOPUS" LEAVING HER SHED AT QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

run the motors for four hours after starting up. This was done by putting her nose against the dock so that, although running the motors, we really did not alter our position materially. Two tenders, the *Hist* and the *Starling*, were in attendance for fear some vessel, ignorant of the fact that we lay beneath them, might, after we had sunk to the bottom, drop a heavy anchor on us and thus crush in the shell of our little craft.

We had dinner at six o'clock. The boat had been entirely cut off from the outside air and we were wholly dependent upon our compressed or "canned" supply. The great motors gave out a strange, humming sound. The crew conversed at first in low, constrained tones, but became more lively as the meal progressed. Everybody sat down to dinner except two men on watch. The meal was prepared by Marcus West, who acted as chef during the test. He used an electric stove, and care was taken to cook nothing which would give out noxious fumes. Our menu was as follows:

Consommé
Roast chicken
Cold roast beef
Cold ham
Chicken salad—Lobster salad
Vegetables
Boiled potatoes
French green peas
String beans
Dessert
Pie—Cake—Crullers
Tea—Coffee

There were no cigars, no lights, except that given out by the electric bulbs, being allowed in the boat. This abstention from tobacco was the only hardship undergone by the crew during their stay on board the vessel.

By seven o'clock the meal was over, the dishes were cleared away, the cloth was removed, and the men had disposed themselves about the boat, lounging, chatting, reading, and a game of freeze-out was started at the table.

At eight o'clock, after running the motors for four hours, as I have described, the men were ordered to stations, the boat trimmed by admitting water to the ballast tanks, and we commenced to descend. There was a slightly perceptible jar, the *Octopus* quivered just a little from stem to stern, then she heeled over a trifle to port, righted, and rested lightly, on an almost even keel, in the mud and ooze at the bottom of Narragansett Bay. The men returned to their game, and now that the great wheels of the motors had ceased to revolve, except for the low buzz of voices, or an occasional ripple of laughter from the card-players, profound silence prevailed.

The first thing I did after submerging was to set a watch of two men, which was changed every two hours. The duties of these men were to look after all the interior of the boat, so that if any leak occurred they could take care of it. The *Octopus* had a bell immersed in a tank of water, which could be struck by means of air pressure. On the *Starling*, her steam-yacht tender, was another bell. This equipment by means of which we communicated with each other consists of a bell and a set of telephone receivers. It is the same device which is in use on light-ships and on many seagoing craft. We exchanged signals every hour, so as to let those on the *Starling* know that everything was all right. We had a special code of our own by which we exchanged these safety signals.

I am of rather an unimaginative turn of mind myself, but even for me it was not difficult to fancy that the terrible marine engine of destruction in which we were confined was there for other than peaceful purposes; that our consorts were foreign war-ships searching for us; and that presently it would be my duty, as commander of the craft, to send crashing through the side of the gunboat which lay almost directly above us, a torpedo which would shatter her to fragments.

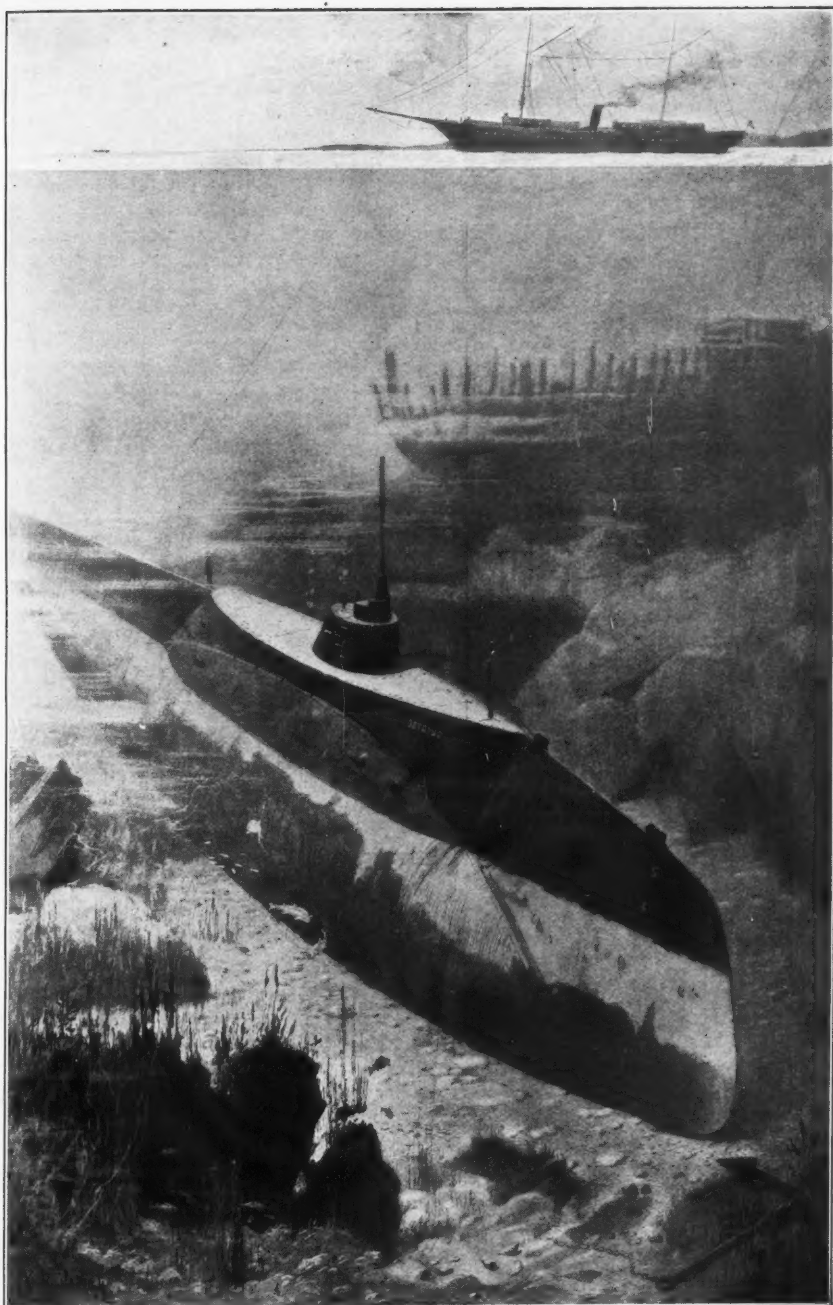
About nine o'clock I was up in the conning-tower when I heard an exclamation beneath me, and looking down saw "Skipper" Glenn. His face wore a broad smile.

"What is it?" I asked, getting back to earth again.

"Lippincott has just cleaned up a big jack-pot."

I climbed down the ladder and walked over to the table. The men were absorbed in the game. They might have been in the forecastle of a man-of-war or the smoking-room of an Atlantic liner for all the difference the situation made with them. So much for custom.

At ten o'clock I ordered all hands, except the two on watch, to turn in. The rubber mattresses were blown up with compressed air, all lights but one solitary shaded electric



*Drawn by William R. Leigh*

THE "OCTOPUS" WITH FIFTEEN MEN INSIDE, AS SHE LAY FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AT THE BOTTOM OF NARRAGANSETT BAY

bulb were "doused," and soon my crew were sleeping as peacefully and soundly as they would have done in their quarters at the Fore River Yards. I, also, stretched myself upon my mattress, but the sleep which came so readily to the others did not at first answer to my call. For the next two hours, and in fact until long after midnight, several thoughts crowded upon me to which my mind had hitherto been a stranger.

As I half dozed on my rubber mattress, there suddenly appeared to me in great black letters a head-line I had read in the "Boston Globe" months before: "Submarine in Fatal Plunge Drowns Fourteen." Instantly all the terrible details of the sinking of the *Lutin* flashed across my mind. I seemed to see the ill-fated craft one hundred and thirty-seven feet below the surface in the harbor of Bizerta, Tunis, the overturned accumulators, the stifling fumes, the struggle for breath in the suddenly darkened hull.

THE "OCTOPUS" AND HER CREW READY TO START FOR THE GREAT SUBMERGENCE TEST

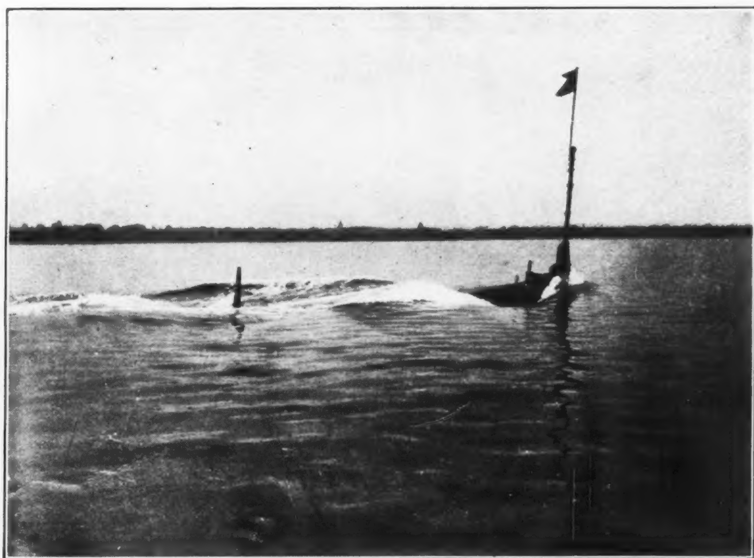
I roused myself from this gloomy reverie, knowing full well the careful construction

THE "OCTOPUS" BREAKING THE WORLD'S SPEED RECORD FOR SUBMARINES

of our craft, and that I had with me a crew of men expert in every detail. No fear of a like disaster to the *Octopus* disturbed my dreams.

Every hour during the night we exchanged code signals with the *Starling*. The stereotyped phrase, "—— bells, and all's well," became monotonously tedious. The muffled clang of the signal-gong was the only sound which broke the stillness of the night watches.

At about six a. m. I got up and, waking the mate, we made together a thorough inspection of the hull. Notwithstanding



DIVING TO THE BOTTOM OF NARRAGANSETT BAY

we went over every inch of the interior surface, we could discover no signs of leakage. There was not even any moisture on the inner shell of steel.

At about seven o'clock I ordered the hands turned out. I was impressed by the freshness of the air. Up to this time we had had no occasion to draw upon our compressed supply. Some surprise was expressed that the air was not more vitiated. The exposure of litmus showed but slight discoloration from the presence of carbonic acid.

The air-flasks have a pressure of two thousand pounds to the square inch. These flasks are tested to double the working air pressure placed upon them.

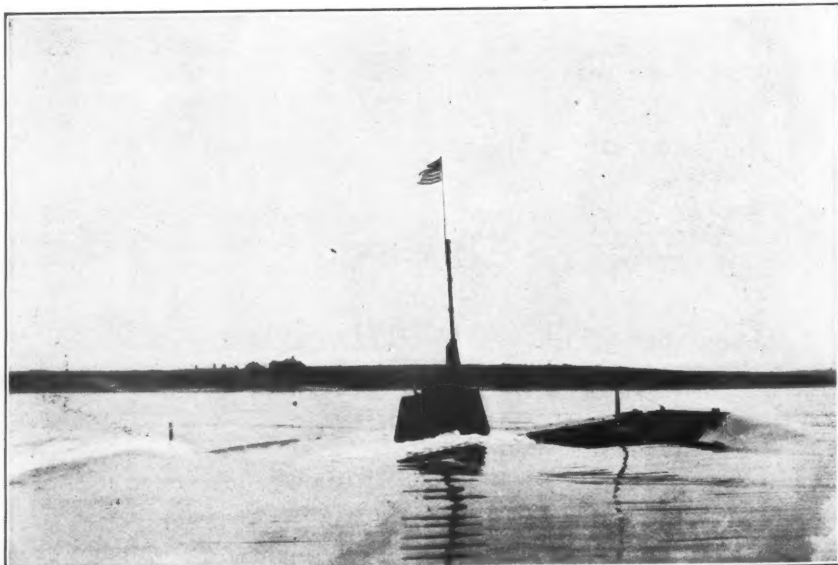
Of course it didn't seem exactly like getting up in the morning. There was nothing but the ship's chronometer to assure us that it was seven a. m. After a look through the periscope I piped all hands to breakfast.

The following menu cheered them up a bit:

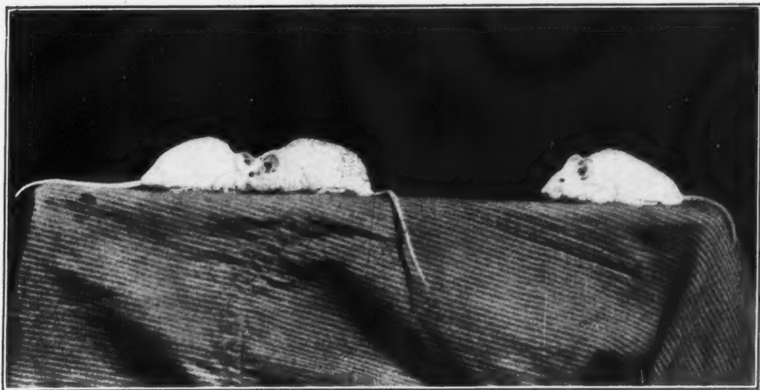
Fruit
Oranges—Bananas
Oatmeal
Bacon and eggs
Saratoga chips
Rolls and coffee

At eight o'clock we struck the usual signal to the *Starling*, and in addition to the stereotyped answer, received a brief resumé of the morning's news. I have forgotten what it was exactly; but there was something about a Peace Conference which sounded funny enough when read out to the crew of the *Octopus*, probably the deadliest weapon of warfare ever invented. To while away the time I started and encouraged a discussion upon the topic of disarmament. That the crew of the *Octopus* are born fighters may be inferred from the fact that no peace party could be discovered among the crew.

About nine o'clock one of the boys came up and informed me that "C. Bergh had an organ." I did not at first exactly comprehend how an instrument of that magnitude had been smuggled into the interior of the *Octopus* through her narrow hatchway; but I was ultimately given to understand that Mr. Bergh's instrument was a mouth-organ. The sailor modesty of Mr. Bergh would not permit his essaying anything more classic than "Waiting at the Church" and "Home Sweet Home," but he was loudly applauded. I doubt if Caruso ever had a more appreciative audience. Good music or bad, it broke the tedious spell which seemed to settle on the crew after breakfast was over. If ever I have to spend



THE "OCTOPUS" COMING TO THE SURFACE AFTER SUBMERGENCE



WHITE MICE ARE IMPORTANT MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF SOME SUBMARINES. THEY DISLIKE THE ODOR OF GASOLENE, AND GIVE WARNING OF ITS LEAKAGE BY LOUD SQUEALS, THUS PREVENTING DISASTROUS EXPLOSIONS

another twenty-four hours cut off from the world in a submarine, I shall certainly see that a pipe-organ is part of the equipment.

And this brings me to the reflection that, even in time of war, the monotony of life below the waves, shut out from the world, excluded from a view of the fleeting clouds and from the sound of the waters, except as some faint murmur reaches the ear through the double steel shell of the submerged craft, must always constitute one of the chief obstacles to prolonged existence in a submarine. It is the feeling of being cut off from the world, and not the fear of suddenly intruding waters and death by drowning, that is uppermost in the mind of the imprisoned. The mere fact that one cannot breathe the air of heaven creates a maddening longing to be once more on the surface. The knowledge that you are confined within the steel walls of your submarine prison makes you long for freedom.

I know that Jules Verne drew an enticing picture of life below seas in his splendid romance of the *Nautilus*; but I am unable, from my own experience, to say much for its attractiveness. Perhaps some embittered recluse like Captain Nemo might find it enjoyable; but we must remember that the Frenchman's submarine was a very different affair from the fighting-machine in which we were imprisoned. The involuntary passengers of the *Nautilus* were conducted to a splendid dining-apartment glittering with china, porcelain, and glass, and were fed with strange, delicious dishes prepared from the flora and fauna of the sea. They had access to a library of twelve thousand volumes, and an immense drawing-room containing a grand piano and with walls hung with paintings and tapestries of rare value. The glass windows of the *Nautilus* also opened up the many wonders of the deep, which sight was denied us in the hold of the *Octopus*. Nor were we provided with Captain Nemo's armor-like suits which enabled him to leave his craft and explore the wonders at the bottom of the ocean.

In one respect, however, we felt that we were as well off as Captain Nemo and his crew. Jules Verne tells us that in the *Nautilus* men's hearts never failed them. And so it was with those bottled up in the *Octopus*, knowing well the skill and care that had been put into her construction.

When the time of our imprisonment had expired the *Octopus* responded instantly to the action of her powerful pumps, and as the water ballast was forced from her tanks she gradually, and on an even keel, rose up through the water, freeing herself without a shock from the ooze in which she had been embedded and riding securely upon the surface.

When the hatch was opened and the members of the trial board descended into the hold, they found the atmosphere perfect. So little of our compressed-air supply had been used—only one forty-fifth—that at that rate of consumption, providing we had been sufficiently stocked with water and provisions, we could have remained for forty-five days beneath the waves.

THE NEWCOMER TOOK AN UNCERTAIN STEP FORWARD, THEN STRODE SUDDENLY TOWARD THE SCREEN

("*The Crucible*")

# The Crucible

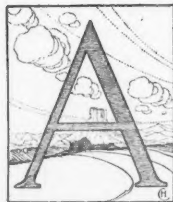
## By Mark Lee Luther

*Author of "The Henchman," "The Mastery," etc.*

**Illustrated by J. H. Gardner-Soper**

EDITOR'S NOTE.—When seventeen years old, Jean Fanshaw had been committed to the House of Refuge for a provoked attack upon her mother and sister. The girl was wholly out of sympathy with her relatives, having been brought up by her father, now dead, to prefer men's sports and pursuits. At the refuge she made one friend, Amy Jeffries, and incurred the ill will of Stella Wilkes, who had borne an evil reputation in Jean's town, Shawnee Springs. Jean escaped from the institution and found her way to a lakeside camp occupied by a solitary young man who persuaded her, for the sake of her future, to return. Jean left the refuge at the end of three years, with a new conception of womanhood, and her masculine traits had quite disappeared. She felt that she could not return home, and followed her friend Amy to New York. After an arduous week in a sweat-shop cloak-factory, she obtained a position as clerk in a department store. At the boarding-house where Jean and Amy shared a room lived a likable young dentist, Paul Bartlett, who began to be attracted to Jean. His visits to her at the store led to an insult from a floor-walker, whom Jean, with the skill acquired through her father's early training, promptly knocked down. An investigation of this episode by the firm led to the discovery of the girl's refuge experience and to her discharge. Paul Bartlett now found her a place as assistant at the office of his "Dental Company," where she was happy until a professional visit from Stella Wilkes filled her with dread of the disclosure of her reformatory experience. Bartlett soon after proposed marriage and was accepted, the engagement being kept secret. The young couple found an apartment in Harlem, and took much interest in furnishing it. All this time Jean was tortured by the thought that Bartlett was ignorant of the events of her past life, and she resolved to tell him at the first opportunity.

CONFESSION



AMY had in fairness to be told of the engagement. To Jean's suggestion that very likely either the stenographer or the manicure would be glad to share the room of the three dormers, she replied that she could easily afford to keep it on by herself while she remained. "It won't be for long," she vouchsafed airily. "In fact, I'm going to be married myself."

Jean's arms went round her instantly, the restraint of months forgotten. "And you've never breathed a word!" she reproached.

"No more have you," retorted Amy, glacial under endearments.

"I know, I know. But you have seemed so different. You have kept to yourself, and I thought——"

"You thought I wasn't straight," Amy took her up bitterly as Jean hesitated. "I knew mighty well what was in your mind every time I got a new shirt-waist or a hat."

"You weren't frank with me."

"I couldn't be."

"I don't see why."

"Because," she wavered, melted now, "because you are you, so strait-laced and —and strong. I've always been afraid to tell you just how things stood."

"Afraid, Amy? Afraid of me!" Jean felt keenly self-reproachful. "I am horribly sorry. Heaven knows I haven't meant to be unkind. I've found my own way too hard to want to make things worse for anybody else, you least of all. You believe me, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then be your old self, the Amy who made friends with me in Cottage No. 6. Who is he? Anyone I know?"

"You've met him."

"I have! Where?"

Amy's color rose. "Remember the night you struck New York?"

"Perfectly."

"And the traveling man who jollied you?"

"Yes."

"Well," she faltered, "he's the one. His name is Chapman."

Jean was too staggered for a prompt response, but Amy was still toiling among her explanations. "You mustn't think anything of his nonsense that night," she went on. "It was only Fred's way. He's a born flirt. You couldn't help liking him, Jean, if you knew him."

Jean met her wistful appeal for sympathy womanlike. Words were impossible at first. By and by, when she could trust herself to speak, she wished her happiness.

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Amy's fair skin went a shade rosier. "My record, you mean? Nobody knows it better. Don't you—don't you catch on, Jean? He was the—the man!"

"He! You've taken up with him again! The man who saw your stepfather send you to the refuge and never lifted a finger——"

"Don't!"

"Who let his child——"

"Stop, I tell you!" She barred Jean's lips passionately. "You see! Is it any wonder I couldn't bear to tell you? I wish I'd never said a word."

Jean stared blankly at this lamb turned lioness. "Forgive me," she begged. "Perhaps I don't understand."

"Understand! You!" She laughed hysterically. "Yet you're going to be married! If you loved Paul Bartlett you'd understand."

"You must not say that."

"Then don't say things that hurt me. Understand! If you did, you would know that it would make no difference if he was rotten clear through. But he's not. Fred never knew about the baby. He cried when he heard—cross my heart he did. He said if he'd known—but what's the use of digging up the past! He is trying to make up for it now. He's been trying ever since we ran across each other again. It was in the cloak department he caught sight of me," she digressed with a pale smile. "I was wearing a sable-trimmed, white broadcloth evening wrap, and maybe he didn't stare! He couldn't do enough for me. That's where the new clothes came from. I could have had money if I'd wanted it—money to burn, for he makes a lot; but I wouldn't touch it. It would have looked—oh, you see for yourself I could not take money. You don't sell love, real love, and God knows mine is real! I've never stopped loving him. I never can."

She, too, it appeared when she grew more calm, aspired to be mistress of a flat. "Though not at the start," she added. "Fred wants to board at first. He says I've had work enough for one while. I said I shouldn't mind that kind of work, but he is dead set on boarding till I've had a good long rest. Fred can be terrible firm. But by and by we're to keep house, and you'll be able to tell me just what to do and buy. You will, won't you, Jean?" she ended anxiously. "You'll stick by me?"

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"And you'll come to see me—afterward? Say you'll come!"

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"And you won't let Fred suspect that you've heard about—about everything? I want him to see that I know a girl like you. I've talked to him about you, but I've never let on that you're a refuge girl yourself. Promise me you will be nice to him!"

"I'll try."

Amy kissed her fervently. "This makes me awful happy," she sighed. "I think a heap of you, Jean. Honest, I do. You come next to Fred."

As a proof of her affection she presently bought a wedding-gift of a pair of silver candelabra which she could ill afford and which Jean accepted only because she must. These went to flank Grimes's gift—for he was a party to the secret now—a glittering timepiece for their mantel, densely infested with writhing yet cheerful Cupids after the reputed manner of his admired "Lewis Quince." Mrs. St. Aubyn's contribution was a framed galaxy of American poets: Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, and Walt Whitman, the last looking rakishly jocular in the Brahmanic company in which he found himself thus canonized.

Everything was finally in place at the Lorna Doone, and with the actual beginning of their leasehold Paul moved his personal chattels from Mrs. St. Aubyn's to the flat, and slept there nights. This was the twenty-fifth of August. A week later Jean climbed the Acme Painless Dental Company's sign-littered stairway for her last day's service. She was a little late, owing to a fire which had impeded traffic in a near-by block, and the morning's activity at the parlors was already under way. She

busied herself first, as usual, at her desk, sorting the mail which the postman had just left. In addition to the office mail there were personal letters for Grimes and the various members of the staff, which she presently began to distribute, reaching Paul's operating-room last of all.

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"Chuck them anywhere, Jean," he directed, his glance dropping to her hand.

Her obedience was literal; the next instant the letters strewed the rug at his feet. With the enunciation of the name, the patient twisted suddenly from Paul's grasp, and Jean found herself staring full into the malignant eyes of Stella Wilkes.

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Stella waved him aside. "Hold your horses, Doc," she rejoined coolly. "I've met an old friend."

"Do you know each other?" It was to Jean he put the question.

Stella answered for her. "Do I know Jean Fanshaw!" Sure of how matters stood between these two, sure also of her own rôle in the drama, she sprang from the chair and bestowed a Judas kiss upon Jean's frozen cheek. "Do I know her! Why, we're regular old pals!"

Freed somehow from that loathsome touch, Jean stumbled to her desk. Patients came and went, the routine of the office ran its course, her share in the mechanism got itself mechanically performed; yet, whether she sped or welcomed, plied the cash-register, receipted bills, or soothed a nervous child, some spiteful goblin at the back of her brain was ever whispering the shameful tale which Stella was pouring out in that inner room. Those lies would be past Paul's forgetting, perhaps even past his forgiving, say what she might in defense. His look at Stella's kiss had been ghastly. What was he thinking now!

Then, when her agony of suspense seemed bearable no longer, came Stella, her pretense of friendship abandoned, her real vengeful self to the fore. "I guess we're square," she bent to whisper, her face almost touching Jean's. "I guess we're square."

She vanished like the creature of nightmare she was, but the nightmare remained. Paul would demand his reckoning now. He would come and stand over her with his accusing face and ask her what this horror meant. She could not go to him, she felt, or at least unless he sent. But throughout that endless forenoon the dentist kept to his office, though twice there were intervals when she knew him to be alone. Her lunch hour—and his—came at last. She lingered, but still Paul delayed. At last, driven by an imperative craving to be done with it, she hurried to his room and found it empty. Grimes told her that he had seen Paul leave the place by a side door. The news was a dagger-thrust in her pride. Of a surety, now, he must seek her.

Between five o'clock and six, a dull hour, he came, woebegone and conciliatory. "For God's sake, clear this up!" he begged. "Haven't you anything to say?"

"A great deal, Paul. But first tell me what that woman said about me."

"You heard."

"But what else?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!" The thing was incredible.

"Only that you'd probably be glad to explain things yourself."

At that half her burden fell. Stella's cunning had overreached itself. She had thought to rack her victim most by forcing her to betray herself, but she had reasoned from the false premise that Jean had a truly shameful past to conceal.

"Glad," she repeated. "Yes, I am glad. I should have told you some day, Paul. It's a long story."

The door opened to admit a caller with a swollen jowl.

"To-night, then?" said the dentist hurriedly.

"Yes," she assented. "I will tell you to-night."

"At the flat?"

"Yes; at the flat."

Spurred on by her unrest, she reached the Lorna Doone before Paul had returned from his evening meal, and found the flat in darkness. She was relieved that this was so. It would give her a quiet interval in which to turn over what she meant to say.

"Yes."

"Well," she faltered, "he's the one. His name is Chapman."

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Freed somehow from that loathsome touch, Jean stumbled to her desk. Patients came and went, the routine of the office ran its course, her share in the mechanism got itself mechanically performed; yet, whether she sped or welcomed, plied the cash-register, receipted bills, or soothed a nervous child, some spiteful goblin at the back of her brain was ever whispering the shameful tale which Stella was pouring out in that inner room. Those lies would be past Paul's forgetting, perhaps even past his forgiving, say what she might in defense. His look at Stella's kiss had been ghastly. What was he thinking now!

Then, when her agony of suspense seemed bearable no longer, came Stella, her pretense of friendship abandoned, her real vengeful self to the fore. "I guess we're square," she bent to whisper, her face almost touching Jean's. "I guess we're square."

She vanished like the creature of nightmare she was, but the nightmare remained. Paul would demand his reckoning now. He would come and stand over her with his accusing face and ask her what this horror meant. She could not go to him, she felt, or at least unless he sent. But throughout that endless forenoon the dentist kept to his office, though twice there were intervals when she knew him to be alone. Her lunch hour—and his—came at last. She lingered, but still Paul delayed. At last, driven by an imperative craving to be done with it, she hurried to his room and found it empty. Grimes told her that he had seen Paul leave the place by a side door. The news was a dagger-thrust in her pride. Of a surety, now, he must seek her.

Between five o'clock and six, a dull hour, he came, woebegone and conciliatory. "For God's sake, clear this up!" he begged. "Haven't you anything to say?"

"A great deal, Paul. But first tell me what that woman said about me."

"You heard."

"But what else?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!" The thing was incredible.

"Only that you'd probably be glad to explain things yourself."

At that half her burden fell. Stella's cunning had overreached itself. She had thought to rack her victim most by forcing her to betray herself, but she had reasoned from the false premise that Jean had a truly shameful past to conceal.

"Glad," she repeated. "Yes, I am glad. I should have told you some day, Paul. It's a long story."

The door opened to admit a caller with a swollen jowl.

"To-night, then?" said the dentist hurriedly.

"Yes," she assented. "I will tell you to-night."

"At the flat?"

"Yes; at the flat."

Spurred on by her unrest, she reached the Lorna Doone before Paul had returned from his evening meal, and found the flat in darkness. She was relieved that this was so. It would give her a quiet interval in which to turn over what she meant to say.

She entered the little parlor and seated herself in an open window where a shy midsummer-night's breeze, astray from river or sound, stole gently in and out and fingered her hair. It was wonderfully peaceful for a city. The sounds from below—the footsteps on the pavement, the cries of children at play under the young elms lining the avenue, the jests of the cigar-store loungers, the chatter of the girls thronging the soda-fountain at the corner druggist's, the jingle of bicycle-bells, the beat of hoofs, the honk of occasional automobiles, even the strains of a hurdy-gurdy out-Heroding Sousa—one and all ascended mellowed by distance to something not unmusical and cheerily human. She realized, as she listened, that the city, not the country, this city, this very corner, this hearth which she and Paul had prepared, was at last and truly home.

Presently she heard Paul's latch-key in the lock and his step in the dark corridor.

"You here?" he called tonelessly. "Better have a light, hadn't we?"

"It is cooler without," she answered. Even though her explanations need not fear the light, she thought obscurity might ease their telling.

With no other greeting, the dentist passed to the window opposite hers, slouched wearily into a chair, and waited in silence for her to begin.

Jean told her story in its fulness: her tomboy girlhood, the hateful family jars, the last quarrel with Amelia, her sentence to the refuge, her escape, return, riot-madness, and release, and the inner significance of her late struggle for a living against too heavy odds. She told it so honestly, so plainly, that she thought no sane being could misunderstand; yet, vaguely at first, with fatal clearness as, ending, she strained her eyes toward the dour shadowy figure opposite, she perceived that she had to deal with doubt.

"Do you think I am holding something back?" she faltered, after a long silence. "Must I swear that I've told you the whole truth?"

The man stirred in his place at last. "I guess an affidavit won't be necessary," he returned grimly.

She endured another silence impatiently, then rose proudly to her feet. "I'll say it for you," she flashed. "This frees you of any promises to me, Paul. You are as free as if you had never made them. Go your own way: I'll go mine. It—it can't be harder than the one I've come. Good-by."

He roused himself as she made to leave. "Hold on, Jean," he said, coming closer. "I guess we can compromise this thing somehow."

"Compromise! I have nothing to compromise."

"Haven't you?" He laughed harshly. "I should say—but let that pass. Of course, after what's turned up, you can't expect a fellow to be so keen to marry——"

"I've told you that you are free," she interrupted.

"But I don't want to be free—altogether. We could be pretty snug here, Jean. The parson's rigmarole doesn't cut much ice with me, and I don't see that it need with you. They think downstairs we're married. That part's dead easy. As for Grimes and the rest——"

She had no impulse to strike him as she had the floor-walker. Waiting in his folly for an answer, the man heard only her stumbling flight along the corridor and the jar of a closing door.

### THE FACE IN THE LATTICE

An hour later, Paul came seeking her at Mrs. St. Aubyn's and, failing, returned in the morning before she breakfasted. Unsuccessful a second time, and then a third, he wrote twice imploring her not to judge him by a moment's madness.

Jean made no reply. Moved by the eloquent memory of Paul's many kindnesses and with the charity she hoped of others for herself, she did him the justice to believe him better than his lowest impulse. But while she was willing to grant that the Paul who, in the first shock of her revelation, thought all the world rotten, was not the real Paul, she would not have been the woman she was had his offense failed to bar him from her life. Her decision was instinctive and instant, requiring no travail of spirit, though she could not escape subsequent heart-searchings whether she had unwittingly laid herself open to humiliation and a scorching shame that the dentist, or any man, could even for a moment have held her so cheap.

Necessity turned her thoughts outward. The marriage plans had all but devoured her savings, and while she was clothed better than ever before, she lacked ready money

for even a fortnight's board. Immediate employment was essential, yet, when canvassed, the things to which she might turn her hand were alarmingly few. After her experience with Meyer & Schwarzschild she was loath to go back to her refuge-taught trade except as a last resort, while department-store life, as she had found it, seemed scarcely less repellent. At the outset it was her hope to secure somewhere a position like her last, but the advertisements yielded the name of only one dentist in need of an assistant, and this man had filled his vacancy before she applied. Thereafter she roamed the high seas of "Help Wanted: Female" without chart or compass.

The newspapers teemed with offers of work for women's hands. The caption "Domestic Service" of course removed a host of them from consideration, and the demand for stenographers, manicures, and like specialized wage-earners disposed of many others; but, these aside, opportunity still seemed to beckon from infinite directions. Thus, the paper-box industry clamored for girls to seam, strip, glue, turn in, top-label, close, and tie; the milliners wanted trimmers, improvers, frame-makers, and workers in plumage and artificial flowers; the manufacturers of shirt-waists and infants' wear called for feminine fingers to hemstitch, shirr, tuck, and press; deft needles might turn their skill toward every conceivable object from theatrical spangles to gas-mantles; nimble hands might dip chocolates, stamp decorated tin, gold-lay books, sort corks, tip silk umbrellas, curl ostrich feathers, fold circulars, and pack everything from Bibles to Turkish cigarettes. But this prodigious demand, at first sight so promising, proved on close inspection to be limited. Beginners were either not wanted at all or, if taken on trial, were expected to subsist on charity or air. Experience was the great requisite. Day after day Jean toiled up murky staircases to confront this stumbling-block; day after day her resources dwindled.

Amy was keenly sympathetic and pored over the eye-straining advertisement columns as persistently as Jean herself. "How's this?" she inquired, glancing up hopefully from one of these quests. "'Wanted: Girl or woman to interest herself in caring for the feeble-minded.'"

"I tried that yesterday."

"No good?"

"They only offered a home."

"And with idiots! They must be dotty themselves."

Then Jean, ranging another column, thought that she detected a glimmer of hope. "Listen," she said. "'Wanted: Girl to pose for society illustrations.' Do you think there is anything in this?"

Amy was prompt with her answer. "Too much," she returned sententiously. "Don't answer model ads. It isn't models those fellows want any more than they are artists. Real artists don't need to advertise. They can get all the models they want without it. I never thought to mention posing. Why don't you try it? You have got the looks, and it's perfectly respectable. I know what I'm talking about because I've posed."

"You!"

"Just a little. It was for an artist who boarded here a while before you came. He moved uptown when he began to get on, and now you see his pictures in all the magazines. I was a senator's daughter in one set of drawings and a golf-girl in a poster. It's easy work as soon as your muscles get broken in, and it stands you in fifty cents an hour at least. I know a girl who sometimes makes twenty-five or thirty dollars a week, but she poses for life classes; they're in the schools, you know. I made up my mind to go into it once."

"Why didn't you?"

Amy laid a derisive finger on her tip-tilted nose. "Here's why," she laughed. "It was this way. The artist who used to board here told me of another man who paid three or four models regular salaries. He did pictures about Greeks and Romans, and all those girls had to do, I heard, was to loaf around in pretty clothes and once in a while be painted. I went up there one day and it certainly was a lovely place, just like a house in a novel I'd read called 'The Last Days of Pompey-eye.' A girl was posing when I came and, if you'll believe me, that man had rigged up a wind-machine that blew her clothes about just as though she was running a race. Well, I didn't stay long. The artist—he was seventy-five or eighty, I should say, and grumpy—turned me sideways, took one look at my nose, and said I was too old, nineteen hundred years too old! He thought he was funny. Somebody told me afterward that he was a has-

been and couldn't sell his pictures any more."

With the idea that posing might answer as a stop-gap until she found some other means of support, Jean forthwith visited an agency whose address Amy furnished. She found the proprietor of this enterprise a jerky little man with a disquieting pair of black eyes which thoroughly inventoried her every feature, movement, and detail of dress.

"Chorus, front row, show-girl, or church choir?" he demanded briskly.

"I thought this was a model agency," Jean said. "I wish to try posing if——"

"Right shop. What line, please?"

"In costume."

"You don't follow me. Fashion-plate, illustrating, lithography, or commercial photography?"

"I'm not sure," she hesitated, bewildered by this unexpected broadening of the field. "What can I earn?"

The little man waved his arms spasmodically. "Might as well ask me what the weather 'll be next Fourth of July," he sputtered. "See that horse there?" pointing out of his window at a much-blanketed thoroughbred on its way to the smith's. "How fast can he trot? You don't know. Of course you don't. How much can you earn? I don't know. Of course I don't. You see my point? Same case exactly. Illustrators pay all the way from half a dollar to a dollar and a half an hour. Camera-models make from one dollar to three. And there you are."

"I've had no experience."

"That's plain enough. Sticks out like a sore thumb. But you don't need any. Fact, you don't. That's the beauty of the business. Appearance and gumption, they're the cards to hold. You've got appearance. A girl has to have the looks or I don't touch her fee. Fair all round, you see. If a girl's face or get-up is against her, I've no business taking her money. If an illustrator says, 'Send me up a model who looks so and so,' that's just the article he gets. First-class models, first-class illustrators, there's my system."

"I need work at once," Jean stated. "What is my chance?"

"Prime. You ought to fill the bill for a man who 'phoned not two minutes before you walked through the door. High-class artist, known everywhere, liberal pay. There needn't have been any delay whatever if you'd thought to bring your father or mother along."

Jean's rising spirits dropped dismally at this remark. "My father is dead," she explained. "My mother lives in the country."

"Then get her consent in writing. Means time, of course, and time's money, but it can't be helped."

"Is it absolutely necessary?"

"You'll have to have it to do business with me," replied the agent, beginning to shuffle among his papers.

"But my mother knows I am trying to earn a living," she argued. "Besides, I'm nearly of age. I shall be twenty-one next week."

"Drop in when you get your letter," directed the little man inflexibly. "Minor or not, I make it a rule to have parents' consent. Troubles enough in my line without papa and mama. Good day."

Outside the door Jean decided upon independent action. This last resource was at once too attractive and too near to be relinquished lightly. The idea of obtaining Mrs. Fanshaw's consent was preposterous, even if she could bring herself to ask it (the term "artist's model" conveyed only scandalous suggestions to Shawnee Springs), but there was nothing to prevent her hunting employment from studio to studio. Amy had mentioned the address of the illustrator whom success had translated from Mrs. St. Aubyn's world, and to him Jean determined to apply first.

Her errand brought her to one of the innumerable streets from which wealth and fashion are ever in retreat before a vanguard of the crafts of which wealth and fashion are the legitimate quarry, and to a commercialized brownstone dwelling with a modiste established in its basement, a picture-dealer tenanting its drawing-room, and a mixed population of artists, architects, and musicians tucked away elsewhere between first story and roof. She found the studio of Amy's acquaintance readily and obeying a muffled call, which answered her knock, pushed open the door of an antechamber that had obviously once done service as a hall bedroom. Here she hesitated. The one door other than that by which she entered led apparently into the intimacies of the artist's domestic life, for the counterpane of a white iron bed, distinctly visible

from her station, outlined a woman's recumbent form.

"In here, please," called the voice. "I'm trying to finish while the light holds."

On the threshold Jean had to smile at her own simplicity. The supposed bedroom was a detail of the studio proper, the supposed wife a model impersonating a hospital patient who held the center of interest in a gouache-drawing to which the illustrator was adding a few last touches by way of accent.

"I see you don't need a model," Jean said, with a smile inclusive of the girl in the bed.

He scrutinized her impersonally, transferred a brush from mouth to hand, and caught up a bundle of galley-proofs. "No," he decided, more to himself than Jean. "It's another petite heroine, drat her! But I'd be glad to have you leave your name and address," he added, indicating a paint-smeared memorandum-book which lay amidst the brushes, ink-saucers, and color-tubes littering a small table at his elbow. "I may need your type any day."

Jean complied, thanked him, and turned to go.

"Try MacGregor, top floor—Malcolm MacGregor," he suggested. "Tell him I said to have a look at your eyes."

Much encouraged, she mounted two more flights, knocked, and, as before, let herself in at an unceremonious hail. This time, however, she passed directly from hall to studio, coming at once into an atmosphere startling in its contrast to the life she left behind. MacGregor's Oasis, one of the illustrator's friends called it, and the phrase fitted happily. The rack of wonderfully chased small arms and long Arab flintlocks; the bright spot of color made upon the neutral background of the wall by some strange musical instrument or Tripolitan fan; the curious jugs, gourds, and leathern buckets of caravan housekeeping; the careless heaps of Oriental stuffs and garments from which, among the soberer folds of a barracan or camel's-hair jellabia, one caught the red gleam of a fez or the yellow glow of a vest wrought with intricate embroideries; the tropical sun-helmet—MacGregor's own—its green lining bleached by the reflected light of Sahara sand; the antelope antlers above the lintel; the Sudanese leopard-skins under foot—these and their like, in bewildering number and variety, recalled the charm and mystery of the African desert which this man knew, loved, and painted superlatively.

MacGregor himself, whom she found at his easel, was, despite his name, not Scotch, but American with seven generations of New England ancestors behind him. Tall, thin-featured, alert, and apparently in his late thirties, he had the quizzical, shrewdly humorous eye which passes for and possibly does express the Connecticut Yankee's outlook upon life. In nothing did he suggest the artist.

"I'll be through here in no time if you'll take a chair," he said, when Jean had repeated the other artist's message.

Her wait was fruitful, for it emphasized most graphically the dictum of the agent that gumption was fundamental in the successful model's equipment. The man now posing for MacGregor in the character of an aged Arab leading a caravan down a rocky defile, was mounted upon nothing more spirited than an ingenious arrangement of packing-cases, but he bestrode his saddle as if he rode in truth the barb which the canvas depicted. He dismounted presently and disappeared in an adjacent alcove from which he shortly issued a commonplace young man in commonplace Occidental garb, who pocketed his day's wage and went whistling down the stairs.

MacGregor turned to Jean. "I do want a model," he said. "I want one bad. By rights I should be painting over yonder"—his gesture broadly signified Africa—"but my market, the devil take it! is here. So I'm hunting a model. I have had plenty come who look the part (which you don't), even Arabs from a Wild West show; but I've yet to strike one who has any more imagination than a rabbit. I tell you this frankly because it's easy to see you're not the average model. That is why I asked you to wait. The model I'm looking for must work under certain of the Arab woman's restrictions. Out there"—his hand again swept the Dark Continent—"you don't see her face, as you probably know. You glimpse her eyes, if they're not veiled; you try to read their story. If even the eyes are hidden, you find yourself attempting to read the draperies. Do you grasp my difficulty? I want some one who can express emotions not only with the eyes, but without them. Now you," he ended with a note of enthusiasm, "you have the

eyes. Don't tell me you haven't the rest."

Jean laughed. "I won't if I can help it," she assured him.

He caught up a costume which lay upon a low divan, and ransacked a heap of unframed canvases that leaned backs outward against the wall. "This sketch will give you a notion how the dress goes," he said and carried his armful into the alcove.

When she reentered the studio MacGregor was arranging a screen of a pattern Jean had never seen.

"It was made from an old lattice," he explained, placing a chair for her behind it. "I picked it up in Kairwan. This little door swings in its original position. You are looking now from a window—a little more than ajar, so—from which generations of women, dressed as you are dressed, have watched an Arab street."

He passed round to the front of the screen and studied her intently. "Eyes about there," he said, indicating a rose-water jar upon a low shelf. "Expression?" He paused thoughtfully. "How shall I tell you what I want you to suggest from the lattice? Don't think of those women of the Orient. You can't truly conceive their life. Think of something nearer home. Imagine yourself in a convent—no, that won't do at all. Imagine yourself a prisoner, an innocent prisoner, peering through your grating at the world, longing——"

"Wait," said Jean.

She threw herself into his conception, closed her mental vision upon the studio and its trophies, erased the bustling city from her thoughts. She was again a resentful inmate of Cottage No. 6, lying in her cell-like room at twilight while the woods called to her with a hundred tongues. There were flowers in the sheltered places, arbutus, violets. . . .

"You've got it!" MacGregor's exultant voice brought her back. "You've got it! We'll go to work to-morrow at nine."

"No admission, Mac?" asked a man's voice from the doorway. "I gave the regulation knock, but you seemed——" He stopped and gazed hard into the eyes which met his with answering wonder from the lattice.

"I've found her, Atwood," MacGregor hailed him jubilantly. "I've found her at last."

The newcomer took an uncertain step forward, halted again, then strode suddenly toward the screen. "I think I have, too," he added, at the little window now. "It's Jack, isn't it?"

The seventh instalment of "*The Crucible*" will appear in the September issue.

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# The Marionettes

**By Thomas Wood Stevens**

Now let this puppet with the horn be Fame,
And this one Love—this image with closed eyes,
And we will set between them for a prize
A poet's life—and that's the candle-flame;
You shall be Destiny, and rule the game,
Casting with white impartial hands the dice.
Range here Love's pawns, the Kisses; Fame's, the Lies;
And I will watch you without praise or blame. . . .

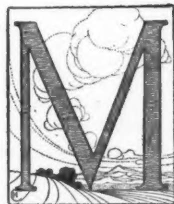
Ah, Madam Destiny, you play them ill:
Here's Fame, her trumpet stopped with wax run down,
And Love a captive there among the Lies.
Where's justice if both fail? Must I be still
And see them wrecked by your capricious frown—
I who live only till that candle dies!

"SHE HAS THE HONOR," SAID ABRAHAM, FLOURISHING THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE

# Can I Marry Leah?

## By Bruno Lessing

### Illustrated by Horace Taylor



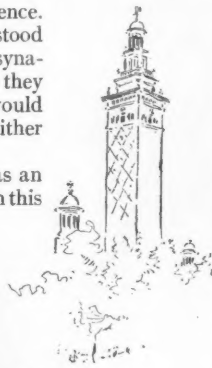
OISCHE LINKOVITZ was parnass (presiding officer) of the synagogue Beth El-Kohel, president, treasurer, manager, and chief stockholder of the Liknovitz Poultry Company, and father of Leah Linkovitz; and he bore his honors with dignity. If we were to inquire conscientiously into the relative importance of Linkovitz's three functions, in the eyes of Linkovitz, the result might be embarrassing. Therefore let us not inquire. Cohen, the butcher, maintained that Linkovitz thought more of his synagogue than of his daughter; that its glory was dearer to him than his own soul. But Cohen was more or less of a liar, was Linkovitz's rival in the poultry business, and, besides, does not figure in this story. Hence he deserves not to be quoted.

The synagogue Beth El-Kohel was exactly like hundreds of other synagogues, neither more nor less important, and there were thousands and thousands of Jews in the Ghetto who had never even heard of it. But it is the same with babies. Did you ever know the unimportance of any particular baby to lessen in the slightest degree its fond parents' affection—or delusion? Linkovitz was father and mother to the synagogue Beth El-Kohel. He bought the furniture; he appointed the shamash—who was a combination of sexton, beadle, and usher—and paid his salary; he paid the rent and the gas-bills. In fact, from the knob of the door to the *Sefer Tora* that reposed in the ark at the other end of the room, you could hardly have found a single object in which Linkovitz had not a certain proprietary interest. Schuleman, the parnass of the synagogue Beth-Oreb, farther down the street, used to sneer at Linkovitz for a man

trying to buy favor in a future existence. But Schuleman, you must remember, stood in exactly the same position to his synagogue that Linkovitz did to his, and as they despised each other most cordially, it would not be fair to accept seriously what either said of the other.

The Linkovitz Poultry Company was an ordinary butcher shop whose mission in this world—this from the standpoint of Abraham Nassauer—was to give the said Abraham Nassauer employment. It used to be, "M. Linkovitz, Meats & Poultry." The idea of a company originated in the fertile brain of Abraham. The aspect of the scheme that appealed forcibly to Linkovitz was that in case of prosperity he got just as much of the profits, while in case of adversity there were divers ways in which an incorporated company could evade responsibility—tangled ways that were not open to individuals. He embraced Abraham for this suggestion, and asked him to name his reward.

"WHAT IS THAT BUILDING?" ASKED THE CHAZAN, POINTING TO MADISON SQUARE GARDEN



"Give me Leah!" said Abraham promptly. Linkovitz did not even deign to answer, but he bought Abraham a new hat. Abraham was very tall and lank, with a tremendous shock of coal-black hair that curled over his ears and forehead, and with keen blue eyes that twinkled incessantly. He was pertinacious and possessed an infinity of assurance, and I hope you will like him, as he is the only hero this little tale possesses.

As for Leah Linkovitz, she bore about the same comparison to her crusty father as the pearl does to the oyster. Of course she was fond of him, but the all-absorbing fact of creation to her was that Abraham Nassauer loved her. Nothing else mattered. Had you beheld that graceful, slender figure of hers and her sweet, vivacious face with its dancing brown eyes and adorable lips, you would not have blamed Abraham a bit; the wonder would have been if he had not loved her. There were many other youths who loved her, too, but they did not matter. The sun rose and set with Abraham.

The course of their love, however, was far from smooth. In fact, so hopeless did it seem that Leah had even thought of proposing to Abraham that they jump from the Brooklyn Bridge into eternity together, so as to cheat their cruel fate and die in each other's arms. Only she was afraid that Abraham would laugh at her. One day, while Linkovitz was reading the "Jewish Gazette," Abraham had approached him—I believe Abraham held a *kosher* chicken in one hand and a cleaver in the other—and bluntly asked for Leah's hand.

"I love her," he said. "She loves me. We want to get married. Do you consent?"

Mr. Linkovitz slowly lowered his newspaper. Then he slowly took off his glasses and slowly wiped them on his handkerchief. Then he slowly put them back on his aquiline nose and took a long, long look at Abraham. Then he picked up his newspaper and, without a word, resumed his reading. Speech was unnecessary. Abraham, crestfallen, returned to his block and vented all his disappointment upon the inanimate chicken.

The next time he brought up the subject Mr. Linkovitz stared at him contemptuously for a while, and then said:

"Are you crazy? Why, you haven't got a cent! How can you support a wife on ten dollars a week?"

Abraham's face brightened. "Why, Mr. Linkovitz," he exclaimed eagerly, "we can come and live with you. You can make me your partner, and then I'll have lots of money."

Mr. Linkovitz turned very red, and Abraham suddenly remembered that he had an errand to do and hastened from the shop. Yet he never despaired. Every time an opportunity presented itself he brought up the matter, and firmly, but respectfully, gave Mr. Linkovitz to understand that sooner or later he was going to marry Leah. Finally, Mr. Linkovitz became almost frantic and threatened him.

"If you ask me once more for Leah," he cried, "I call the police!"

Once he discharged Abraham, but Abraham coolly refused to accept his discharge. "You see," he explained, "nobody else can cut the meat or pick out the chickens the way Leah likes them. Besides," he added hastily, seeing a dangerous look creep into Linkovitz's eyes, "I would have to work for Cohen, who is so anxious to get all your customers."

Linkovitz groaned, but nothing more was said about Abraham's discharge. On the few occasions when he saw Leah, they discussed numerous plans for winning her father's consent. Once Abraham proposed that he lock Mr. Linkovitz in the cellar and keep him there on bread and water until he gave in, but Leah shook her head.

"He would starve first," she said. "He is terribly stubborn."

"Then," said Abraham, "I will smash up the synagogue."

Leah turned pale. "He would kill you," she said. "No, Abraham dear, there is nothing to do but wait."

And Abraham, with gritted teeth, waited. And thus matters stood, with Abraham waiting impatiently, when, one day, Mr. Linkovitz burst into the shop, triumphantly waving an envelope that bore a Russian postmark, and crying gleefully:

"I got him! I got him! Hooray!"

"Got what?" asked Abraham.

"The chazan! Solomon Wolkenschieber, the great chazan! He is coming from Russia to chant in the synagogue Beth El-Kohel. Ah! but I did it smart. Not a word did I say to a soul until all the arrangements were made, and now he is coming over. Abraham," he laid his hand good-naturedly on his assistant's shoulder, "it will make Mr. Schuleman and his whole congregation sick when they hear it."

The chazan is the functionary of the synagogue who, for his melodious voice and knowledge of Hebrew, is selected to chant the liturgy. Many a synagogue owes its success to the popularity of its chazan, just as many a Christian church offers as its greatest attraction the excellence of its choir. And, true enough, the word had barely been passed that Wolkenschieber, the famous chazan, was coming from Odessa to chant in Linkovitz's synagogue than it created a mild sensation, and Mr. Schuleman and his synagogue became green with envy. Mr. Linkovitz advertised the forthcoming event with great energy, and as the Wednesday drew near on which the new chazan was due to arrive in New York, he fixed the following Saturday as the date of his first appearance in the synagogue, and proclaimed the fact broadly.

"Abraham," said Mr. Linkovitz on Tuesday, "to-morrow he comes. The synagogue committee must hold a meeting, so I have asked them to come to the shop, as I must be present. I want you to put on your *yontiv* [holiday] clothes and go to the steamer to meet him. Be very respectful. He is coming very cheap. Take him straight to my house. Leah has a room ready for him. Whatever happens, don't let Schuleman see him."

"You are very smart," said Abraham.

Mr. Linkovitz beamed.

"Can I marry Leah?" asked Abraham.

Mr. Linkovitz glared at him for a moment, then turned on his heel and walked off, muttering,

"Imbecile!"

Abraham sighed. 'Tis a dreary world!

## II

Abraham stood at one side of the pier and watched Solomon Wolkenschieber descend from the ship and look around him bewilderedly. The chazan evidently expected some one to meet him and assist him with his baggage through the intricacies of the customs examination. Abraham recognized him instantly. "He looked just like a chazan," he afterward explained to Leah. But he had made another plea for Leah's hand that morning, and her father had been very sarcastic; wherefore he was in a savage humor and not disposed to extend the

slightest friendly aid to bewildered chazans. He waited therefore until, after much delay and several rebuffs, Mr. Wolkenschieber was ready to leave the pier. Then he approached him and asked, in Yiddish,

"Is this Mr. Wolkenschieber?"

"Sure!" replied the chazan.

"All right. Come along!"

And he sauntered off with the poor chazan trailing at his heels until they reached the street, when he suddenly clapped his hand to his forehead and stood stock-still.

"What is it?" asked the chazan. "Have you a pain?"

Abraham grinned. "No; an idea!" he replied. "Ha! ha! ha! Come on, old man."

His whole manner had changed. All his careless demeanor and indifference had vanished. He took from the chazan's hand a heavy satchel.

"Let me carry this, my friend," he said jovially.

He took the astonished chazan by the arm, as if he feared he might escape, and led him briskly across town, chatting amiably all the way. Several times the chazan showed a disposition to stand still and look at some of the curious sights he saw—a perfectly natural impulse on the part of a foreigner in a new land—but Abraham whispered into his ear:

"It is against the law to stand in the street before ten o'clock. Everybody is so busy here. Come along!"

They boarded a car and rode far uptown. During all that ride Abraham's countenance wore a broad grin, and each time he looked at the chazan's innocent face he immediately had to turn his head away to conceal his expression.

"What is that building?" asked the chazan, pointing to Madison Square Garden.

"That's a synagogue," replied Abraham glibly.

"My! How fine!"

When they came to the Grand Central Station, the chazan pointed to it and looked questioningly at Abraham.

"Another synagogue," said he promptly. The chazan expanded with joy. Here was the land for him!

"Here we are. Come!" said Abraham. He led the way to a small hotel, and asked for a cheap room. When they were alone in the room, Abraham gently pushed the other into a chair and, in an impressive manner, said:

"Whatever happens, do not leave that chair until I come back. I must go now to get you a permit, so that you can go on the streets alone. Otherwise you will have no end of trouble. I may be back in a few hours; maybe not until very late. But you must not move. I will send you up some books with pictures that you can look at."

The chazan nodded. "I understand," he said. All his life he had been accustomed to the red tape of bureaucratic government, to despotic supervision of his every act, and to official permits for every step he took. It seemed the natural way of the world; it made him feel quite at home.

Abraham, meanwhile, after ordering a number of gaily illustrated periodicals to be sent to the chazan's room and charged to the chazan's account, hurried back to the headquarters of the Linkovitz Poultry Company.

The elders of the synagogue Beth El-Kohel, resplendent in shining silk hats and frock coats, were gathered in the butcher shop, when the door opened and Abraham's head poked in.

"Mr. Linkovitz, I would like to see you alone for a moment."

Mr. Linkovitz started for the door, and then suddenly stopped with one hand on the counter and the other over his heart. A sense of impending calamity had suddenly come over him. With a mighty effort he gathered himself together and rushed through the doorway.

"Where is the chazan?" he demanded. "Did he come? Did you take him home? Is he all right? What is it?"

Abraham retreated a few steps. "Listen, Mr. Linkovitz," he said. "Don't get excited. Can I have Leah?"

Linkovitz raised his arm excitedly, but Abraham nimbly retreated a few paces more.

"It's no use, Mr. Linkovitz," he said. "I can run faster than you. Can I have Leah? She's willing, you know, but we both love you and wouldn't marry unless you were willing."

"NO!" roared Linkovitz, "a million times no. Where is the chazan?"

Abraham was slightly pale but thoroughly composed. "All right, Mr. Linkovitz," he said calmly. "No Leah—no chazan."

"Where is he?" demanded Linkovitz, almost beside himself with rage and anxiety.

Abraham shook his head. "Nobody

knows except me. He don't even know where he is himself, and he won't move until I get back."

Mr. Linkovitz glared at him for a moment, and then his features relaxed. "Ha! You think you are smart! Yes? But wait! In five minutes I have the police looking for him, and then you will see how smart you are. Ha! A kidnaper! Steal the chazan, will you? In two hours you will be in jail as a kidnaper."

Linkovitz had started for the door of his shop, when he heard his name called, very softly. He turned. Abraham was grinning.

"Laugh, you loafer!" he cried bitterly. Take him to Schuleman! Our chazan! My chazan! Thief! Kidnaper!"

They turned to Abraham. "What is it all about? What did you do?" they asked.

"Nothing," explained Abraham calmly. "Only I told him I wanted to marry his daughter. She and I love each other. He said no, so I said he couldn't have the chazan. I've got him locked up. He wants to have me arrested, so I guess I'll tell Mr. Schuleman where the chazan is, and then he'll be so glad that he'll get me out of jail."

And then there broke loose such wailing

"WHERE IS HE?" DEMANDED LINKOVITZ, ALMOST BESIDE HIMSELF WITH RAGE AND ANXIETY

"When you are in jail you will have a fine laugh!"

"Maybe Mr. Schuleman will get me out of jail," said Abraham softly. "He is rich, too. And if he gets the chazan——"

The cry that burst from Linkovitz's lips brought the entire committee to the sidewalk. "What is it?" they cried. "What is the matter, Mr. Linkovitz? Sit down. Here is a chair. My! How sick you look! What happened to you?"

Linkovitz was too agitated to talk coherently. He could only point to Abraham and gasp:

"The traitor! Loafer! Stole the chazan! and doleful cries and such excited waving of arms and such frantic clutching at beards as the East Side has rarely beheld. A policeman, attracted by the tumult, approached the scene; whereupon the confusion increased.

"Don't tell the police!" they cried, seizing Linkovitz by the shoulders. "Don't say anything! He will go to Schuleman. Come inside! Hurry!"

And, without more ado, they seized Linkovitz and dragged him inside the butcher shop, where Abraham, after a moment's hesitation and a long look at the approaching policeman, followed them.

Once inside, he slid behind the counter and carelessly toyed with the handle of a cleaver.

"Come," said Rosenstein, the least excited of the group, "let us discuss it calmly. What is it all about, Mr. Linkovitz?"

For a long time Linkovitz could only gasp and sputter incoherently, but finally he revealed the full extent of Abraham's perfidy. There were many gasps of horror at the depravity of Abraham's conduct, but Abraham, with the quickness of youth, saw that Rosenstein's eyes were twinkling, and, hoping that he had found an ally, addressed himself to him.

"You are a smart man, Mr. Rosenstein," he said. "I leave it to you. Could I do anything else? A hundred times I have asked him to let me marry Leah. Oh, if you only knew how much we love each other! And every time he says no. He says I have no money. Sure I haven't; but hasn't he got enough for two? He can make me a partner, can't he? And if Leah is satisfied, oughtn't he to be satisfied?"

Rosenstein stroked his beard, and gazed long and thoughtfully at Abraham. Then, turning to Linkovitz, he said:

"Come, brother. I do not see how you have any choice. Everybody will laugh at us if the chazan chants in Schuleman's synagogue"—Linkovitz winced—"and you have already spent so much money preparing for him that we will all look foolish, and maybe—who can tell?—some of our people will go to Schuleman's to hear him. And, besides, Abraham isn't a bad-looking young man." Every eye was turned on Abraham, and he reddened. "And he's smart, too. He would make a good partner, I think. My dear Linkovitz, why be stubborn? Think of all you have done for the synagogue. Would you let all the Ghetto laugh at you now?"

Linkovitz, who had squirmed and writhed during this speech, now raised a haggard face. "I am defeated," he said. "He can have her. Tell him I am forced to give in. I never want to speak to him again. Make him bring the chazan."

Abraham uttered a wild shout of joy and bounded toward the door.

"Hey! Where are you going?" cried Rosenstein.

"To tell Leah, of course! Oh, yes; you want the chazan?"

He looked keenly at Linkovitz. "You swear I can have Leah, Mr. Linkovitz?" he asked.

Linkovitz nodded.

"Then say it, Mr. Linkovitz. Say you swear I can have Leah, if I bring the chazan."

Rosenstein frowned. "Young man——" he began, but Abraham stubbornly shook his head.

"No swear—no chazan," he said.

"I swear! I swear!" cried Linkovitz impatiently. "Get the chazan."

"Hooray!" cried Abraham. "My dear father-in-law what is to be maybe next week or the week after, I will have the chazan here in an hour."

Abraham arrived at the hotel breathless. Without pausing to knock at the door, he bounded blithely into the room.

"Come!" he cried, "I have——"

And then he stopped and gazed in bewilderment around him. There was the satchel, and there lay the periodicals that he had sent up, but the chazan had vanished.

## III

Solomon Wolkenschieber had grown thirsty. There was an electric push-button in the room, by means of which he might easily have summoned that great American institution, ice-water, but electric push-buttons and Solomon Wolkenschieber were strangers. With great fear and trepidation, therefore, he stole surreptitiously from his room and walked down several flights of stairs in search of a drink. Arriving on the ground floor, the full hopelessness of his dilemma dawned upon him. He could not speak a word of English. And if, perchance, he found some one who understood Russian or Yiddish, might he not demand to see his permit? He was about to walk upstairs again—the uniformed custodian of the elevator, he felt, would be sure to ask for his permit—when a brilliant idea flashed upon him. The synagogue! It was but a few steps away, he could find it easily, and surely the rabbi or the shamash or some one would be there who would understand him and tell him how to get a drink of water.

Glancing furtively to right and to left, with his heart in his mouth, he stole stealthily from the hotel and walked in the direction of the Grand Central Station. Finding himself unnoticed by the passing throng, he gradually grew bolder and walked faster

and more upright; yet it was with a feeling of intense relief that he came in sight of the station. Advancing with quickened step, he fairly rushed through the doorway, and then stopped dead, bewildered. If you have never been inside a synagogue, I know no better way of describing one than this: it is more unlike a railroad station than anything else in the world. Still, thought the chazan, Americans are an eccentric people; who knows but what—— And just then a uniformed attendant, advancing to the center of the hall, raised his voice in solemn chant and proclaimed:

"Southwestern Limited on track number three. Albany the first stop!"

"The chazan!" murmured Solomon, with a sigh of relief, and with joyful step he approached that functionary.

"Kind sir," he asked, in Yiddish, "where can I get a drink of water?"

"Huh?" demanded the train-crier.

The chazan's knees began to quake. "I have no permit yet," he stammered, "but a friend has gone to procure one for me. I will go right back to my room, if only you will tell me where I can get a drink. I am terribly thirsty."

The attendant laid his hand on the chazan's shoulder, and pointed to the information bureau.

"Go over there, me son," he said; "them fellers speak Eyetalian."

With a graceful bow the chazan hastened to the information bureau. And there, to his delight, he found a person who spoke German with a sufficient smattering of Yiddish terms to understand him. In reply to the chazan's question he pointed to a drinking-fountain. The chazan felt like embracing him. When he had quenched his thirst, he returned to the information bureau and asked,

"Is the rabbi here to-day?"

"What rabbi?" asked the attendant.

"The rabbi of this synagogue. Surely you have a rabbi, have you not?"

The man looked worried. "What's the trouble?" he asked. "Are you looking for a synagogue?"

"Is not this a synagogue?" asked the chazan in astonishment. "The gentleman who went for my permit said it was. But maybe he was mistaken."

"What permit?"

The chazan looked around cautiously, and then, leaning forward confidentially, whispered:

"I haven't got my permit to go on the streets yet, but he will bring it right back. I think I will go back to my room."

"Wait a minute," said the attendant. And gradually he drew from the innocent chazan the whole story. Then he grinned.

"My friend," he said, "I'm afraid you have been buncoed."

"What is that bunco?" asked the chazan.

The interpreter explained, and then slowly there dawned upon him the whole horrible suspicion. The young man who had met him at the steamer had not even told him his name. Why had he taken him to that hotel? Where was Mr. Linkovitz with whom he had corresponded? The perspiration rose upon his brow.

"Tell me," he implored the interpreter, "what shall I do?"

The interpreter called a policeman. "Say, Bill, here's a chap who has been buncoed out of his baggage. Some new kind of game. Better take him to the station and get one of those Russian Jews

"LEAH! QUICK! YOUR PAPA SAYS WE CAN GET MARRIED"

to buzz him. I don't understand everything he says."

The policeman beckoned to the chazan to follow him, and led him in silence to the station-house, where, an interpreter having been secured, the chazan told the whole story.

"That's a new game on me," said the captain. "Here, Bill, you take him downtown and see if you can find this chap, Linkovitz, and then come back and we'll see if we can find the chap who took him to the hotel."

Meanwhile Abraham, after the first shock had passed away, had peered into the closet and had gone on hands and knees to look under the bed, calling gently all the while, "Chazan! Chazan!" as one would call a cat. But there was no chazan.

"H'm!" thought Abraham. "This is a fine howdy-do!"

He walked out into the corridor and explored its entire length, but there were no signs of the chazan. He asked at the office, and inquired of the hall-boys, but they had not seen him.

"The fool!" he muttered. "I suppose he has gone out for a walk, and he is sure to get lost."

He strode impatiently up and down the corridor until a sudden thought brought the perspiration to his forehead.

"Schuleman! Maybe he followed us! Maybe he came and stole him!"

Overwhelmed with the horror of this suspicion, Abraham sank exhausted upon a sofa, only to spring to his feet the next instant.

"I must not lose a minute. I must tell Mr. Linkovitz."

He hastened downtown, a sadly tormented and despairing young man. Visions of Mr. Linkovitz's rage when he learned that the chazan had disappeared sent cold chills down his spine. And Leah——

The other passengers wondered whether the young man had suddenly lost his senses. Once off the car, he ran at full speed through the Ghetto, never stopping until he reached the house where Mr. Linkovitz dwelt. Up the steps three at a time, crash, bang! and——

"Leah! Quick!" he cried breathlessly. "Your papa says we can get married. Put on your hat. Hurry! Maybe he will change his mind. Right away we get married. Come, sweetheart!"

Leah's face turned rosy red and her eyes sparkled. "Is it true, Abey? You are so excited! What is the matter? How did you get him to consent? Can't we wait? I have no wedding-dress——"

"Oh, Leah!" cried Abraham breathlessly, "maybe we never get another chance. If we wait he will surely change his mind. But he is good-natured to-day, and he said he was willing. Believe me, Leah. On the *Sefer Tora* I swear he said it."

Leah looked long and earnestly into Abraham's eyes. "Of course I believe you, Abey. Wait until I put on my hat," she said.

## IV

"Now," said Abraham Nassauer to Mrs. Abraham Nassauer, "let us go to dear papa and ask him for a hundred and fifty dollars to go to Niagara Falls on a wedding trip."

On their way to the shop of the Linkovitz Poultry Company, Abraham told his rosy bride just what had happened that day. Leah was appalled.

"Supposing papa cannot find him, Abey. What will you do?"

Abraham looked glum. "Then I guess we get no wedding trip."

But the next moment his face brightened. "It's all right, Leah. Here they come—papa, the chazan, and the whole committee. I wonder where they found him!"

Just then the chazan caught sight of Abraham. "There he is!" he cried. "There is the buncoer! Let me choke him!"

And he would surely have thrown himself upon the bridegroom, had not Rosenstein held him back.

"Say, you young loafer!" Rosenstein began. "You sassy, fresh——"

But Abraham haughtily raised his hand. "Hush!" he cried. "That is not the way to speak before a lady. If you have something to say in such language, wait until I take my wife home. Then I will listen to you."

Linkovitz turned pale. "His wife?" he whispered hoarsely.

"She has the honor," said Abraham, drawing Leah toward him with one hand and flourishing the marriage certificate in the other. And then it slowly dawned upon Mr. Solomon Wolkenschieber that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in his philosophy.

# What Life Means to Me

## By Charles W. Wood

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The interest attached to this remarkable contribution lies largely in the fact that the author is, according to our present standards, and as he himself admits, one of life's failures. He is a fireman on a freight locomotive running between Mechanicsville, New York, and Deerfield, Massachusetts.

TYPICALLY important and successful" men and women have told from time to time in the COSMOPOLITAN what life means to them, and we, the unimportant and unsuccessful, have been fearfully and wonderfully charmed. It seems as though we ought to return the call, and I have commissioned myself a delegate to do so. I am doing this wholly because I am typically unimportant and unsuccessful and not because of any literary conceit, for though my room is carpeted with returned manuscripts, I realize that I am a laborer and not a literary man.

I am not among the unfortunate. I am simply a failure—according to all recognized standards. Nearly thirty years of experience have left me in the possession of fair health and a job as a locomotive fireman on a big railroad. I have recently failed of promotion to the lofty office of engineer and bid fair to shovel coal for the next five years as graciously as I have for the last, so surely the important and successful readers of the COSMOPOLITAN will be interested in what life means to *me*.

There are advantages that go with unimportance. There is a certain compensation to the unsuccessful. I have no reputation to live up to and no promise to fulfil. I know I am an industrial slave, but not being valued very highly, I am not bothered very much. I grant that I am worked until my back aches and my head swims; I know that my occupation is about as safe as shooting firecrackers in a powder-mill, but after the "trip" is over and the engine has been put away, there is none more beautifully let alone than I. If I have good luck on the road and escape with a whole hide, I am reasonably sure of being able to pay my board, and in a comfortable room I can enjoy a freedom nearly equal to that of the professional tramp, a luxury that you important ones must surely often long for. Life does not mean freedom to me—that is a consummation too utopian to be hoped for, but it means frequent suggestions of freedom, and that is worth while.

And it means friends. Not friends among the great and busy, but friends who have something better than position and success and brains, who have hearts that can love and no axes to grind. I have never attended the banquets of the great, with their fancy viands and their choice wines, but for pure good-fellowship I doubt if any function of the kind can equal our three-inning baseball games in Rotterdam, New York, that are surreptitiously ended with a keg of beer. We are not typically important and successful ball players either, but in the mellow memory of those games I cannot see why we should envy the pennant winners of the big leagues.

Life means many a problem, I admit. Obscurity is no protection against the Great Interrogation which existence ever implies. Life means friends, but it sometimes means friends cut to pieces in the wreckage, and then we realize how little our lives mean to the interests of interstate commerce. We stand in dumb wonder at the graves of our comrades and share with the great the unanswered and unanswerable questions which stagger all. The preacher does not enlighten us. We are not brilliant and we cannot see any connection between the will of Providence and the necessary dividends on watered stock to which our comrades have been sacrificed. We feel that we are being gambled with, not so much by the God of heaven as by the gods of earth. We play poker once in a while, and when the game

runs high, the white chips do not count for much. We feel that we are white chips in the game of Life, and we philosophize. We are told that gambling with celluloid is sinful, and we wonder if there is not something wrong in playing with chips that *feel*.

Being a workingman, the church does not annoy me. I read strange platitudes about "how to reach the masses," and I smile. Being of the masses, I know I cannot reach the classes, and I know as well that I cannot be reached. I never feel so far away from a church as when I am in one. The evangelist tells me that I should look to my soul's salvation, and I ask him why. As life means friends to me, his answer does not satisfy me. I can love only those with whom I am in touch, and I am of the masses. An evangelist came and sang hymns to me while I was sick. I handed him something and asked him to put it to music. It is poor verse, as I am an unsuccessful poet, but it is the best I could do. Here it is:

Fraternity's the word,
All else is empty sham.
Am I my brother's keeper, Lord?
I feel and know I am.
I hear his anguished cry,
I feel his pain within:
I share his tears, his hope, his joy,
His sorrow, and his sin.

On Life's great troubled sea
Our craft together ride.
What though the course is clear to me,
If unto him denied!
Together on the main
By storm and tempest tossed,
If both may not the harbor gain,
May I with him be lost.

O God, if so it be,
That Thou hast cursed the race,
And only they who know of Thee
Shall find redeeming grace,
This humble boon I crave,
A prayer by priests unnamed,
If I may not my brother save,
Let me with him be damned.

Life means *Life* to me. It does not mean ambition, but neither does it mean stagnation. No one who has tasted life can be satisfied with idleness and dissipation, and I cannot see how anyone who has really *lived* can care much for "success." I do not disclaim an object in life, but life is not all object. Life by itself is worth while. I care not for importance, but I love life.

And life means love. I must disagree with the recent COSMOPOLITAN contributor who likened the love of a woman to an oasis in the desert of life. When life is freed from the petty jealousies and envies which our social standards inflict upon us, from the tyranny of convention and the slavery of a dead time; when the false ambition to succeed gives way to the determination to live for all that life is worth, then the love of woman makes the whole desert a paradise and could make a heaven of hell.

I am not contented, and I never expect to be. I have found that temperance is better in the long run, and it is as impossible to be both temperate and contented in life, as I have seen it, as it is to be simultaneously happy and sympathetic in New York. Philosophers prove that happiness is the chief end of life; but their proofs, which seem at first to satisfy my reason, are anything but satisfactory to my soul. I have no war against happiness, but I know that life means more to me when I let happiness take care of itself. This is because happiness is too big a word for my logic to juggle with, whereas my soul can recognize its own. Too often I have started out in a grand "pursuit of happiness" only to finish in a farcical chase after diversion. I know now that life means something more than an opportunity to kill time. No, I am not contented. I see a thousand things in life which should not be, and I dream a thousand things which are yet to come. I observe our conventional morality and see in it nothing but the forces of death lined up against my soul. I analyze civilization and find that it consists mostly of organized injustice and war against my class. I am fighting to the best of my knowledge against all those forces which would deprive my comrades of the meaning of life, and in so far as I succeed I am accounted an enemy of society, a member of the "dangerous classes."

But in the meantime I live because I can. I can live and I can love; and while I can do this I need no church to point me to God, for I know that I am in myself divine. I think I am happy, not because I like things as they are, but because in everything my soul is recognizing its own work and is becoming a creator.

Life means all this to me—and more. It means an iron door and a chain, forty square feet of fire, fourteen tons of coal, a number two scoop, an aching back, a slight sense of humor, two dollars and sixty cents a day, a good deal of hope, and the best girl in the world.

# A Marvel of Modern Business

**PRODIGIES PERFORMED BY THE MANAGERS OF THE UP-TO-DATE CIRCUS—A MIGRATORY AMUSEMENT ARMY THAT COSTS FROM FIVE TO SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS A DAY TO MAINTAIN**

## By Arthur William Brown

**Illustrated by the Author**

THE circus of fifty years hence may be a "ten-ringer." There is no limit to its possibilities. In one hundred years it has grown from a gipsy band of two or three wagons and a few horses to be one of the greatest of modern business enterprises, with an intricate system and a level-headed, far-seeing management.

Men who are well on in years now, and who are farmers' sons, can remember how, as boys, they would spend a sleepless night before circus day, waiting to hear the low rumbling noise of wagons down the road. When at last they did hear it, they would steal down to the gate and wait for their passing. The muffled sound would grow gradually louder; then would be heard the grinding of wheels, the creaking of axles, and the sharp click of a horse's hoof striking a stone. Out of the gloom there would suddenly tower a black indefinite shape, swaying and pitching, followed by more dark rumbling shapes. From some would come the scratching of claws and the uneasy cries of restless animals, and the boys' imaginations would run riot. One by one the wagons would be swallowed up in the gloom, the crunching and rumbling would cease, and the country road be quiet again. Then, on the outskirts of the town, about dawn, they would stop at some small river or pond, and the circus men would clean the wagons, put on uniforms, cut a tree for the center-pole of the tent, and make ready to enter the town with the band playing, in a gay procession. That entrance was the beginning of the modern street parade.

In 1820 Buckley & Weeks' "Unparalleled Aggregation of Wonders" boasted of eight wagons, thirty-five horses, and a canvas tent seventy-five feet in diameter, seating the immense number of eight hundred people. Such magnitude and splendor could hardly be conceived by the inhabitants of the small hamlets in which the show played. These small circuses were then about thirty in number, and continued to grow. In 1847 the Louis Jones show accomplished the remarkable feat of making the trip to Chicago, then on the fringe of civilization. No menageries were carried in these primitive organizations, but in 1850 Heming, Cooper & Whitbey had five lions, an elephant, a camel, a llama, and a zebra. It is said that the origin of these wagon-shows was in the old English fairs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. At such gatherings were merry-andrews, freaks, acrobats, tight-rope walkers, mountebanks, equestrians, thieves, pickpockets, Gipsies, and fortune-tellers. A combination such as this made it easy to fleece the British yokels. These fairs continued until 1755, when they were abolished by Parliament, and a better class of attractions sprang from them, such as waxworks, menageries, and small circuses.

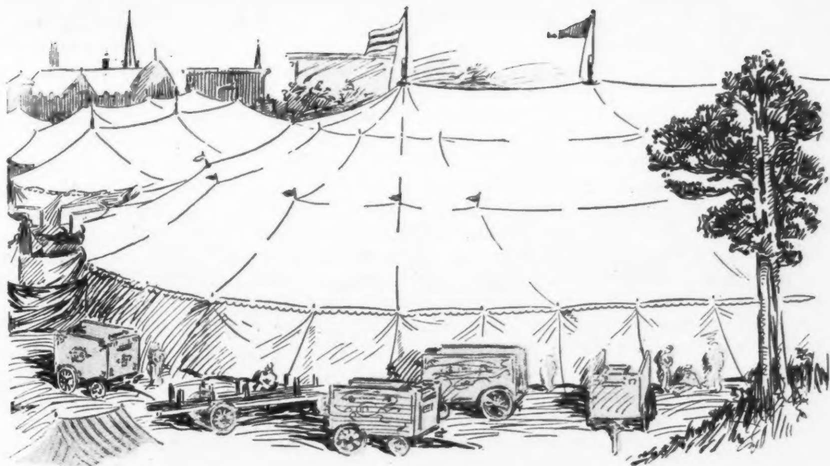
#### FREE FIGHTING AS AN ATTRACTION

The early days of the show business in America were hard ones. There were never enough men to do the work; the wagons were never strong enough to carry their loads; there were strikes, accidents, desertions. Country people put circus men in the same class with convicts, and they were not far wrong, for when in need they

MAIN ENTRANCE OF A LARGE CIRCUS INTO THE MENAGERIE-TENT. "SIDE-SHOW" ON LEFT

stole from the farmers. Showmen banded themselves with the slick-fingered gentry, and their whole aim was to get the people's money. And in this they succeeded, because most of the showmen found the business profitable.

They had a novel idea of advertising; in fact, they fought for patronage. A few days ahead of the show, the forerunner would arrive, scattering hand-bills from his saddle-bags, until he reached the public square, or the steps of the town hall. There he would announce that he had with his show some stake-men who could eat up the town gang and then pick the bones. He had heard that the gang was a pretty husky one, but there was a welcome waiting for it when his show made the town. Of course on circus day great crowds came to see the fun. Old Dan Rice, one of the greatest clowns of all times and owner of his show, always announced from the main entrance that if there was a bad man in the crowd for him to step up and get his medicine. If the circus people could not clean up the town toughs in a fair fight, they would go after them with brass knuckles, because they had to win, or have, instead of their show, a few scattered remnants. In this condition the circus had great room for improvement, and the pioneers such as Adam Forepaugh, P. T. Barnum, J. A. Bailey, and J. E. Cooper saw its possibilities and their opportunity to lift it up and put it on an honest basis. They saw that while the free fights attracted crowds, great numbers of people were kept away. They also saw that a good show on wheels was what the American people wanted, because cities like New York and Philadelphia could support two



"BIG TOP" OR PERFORMANCE-TENT HOLDING THIRTEEN THOUSAND PEOPLE AND CONNECTED WITH THE MENAGERIE-TENT. THE WARDROBE-, COOK-, AND OTHER MINOR TENTS IN BACKGROUND

or three dime museums each. Then came change, growth, and improvement. The Barnum show "took to the irons" in 1869, and the railroads are partly responsible for the bettering of things because they insisted that unless the circus was orderly they would not haul it; but Barnum also knew that to convert it into a great business enterprise it had to be conducted on a respectable basis to gain the confidence of the people. To-day any of the big circuses is a wholesome, honest, hard-working organization, made almost perfect by years of experience. Little shows of ancient character are still to be found in different parts of the country.

FEEDING AND LODGING AN ARMY

The workings of this great monster—the planning and arranging and managing of the wonderful campaign that carries a huge caravan over the country, covering more than twelve thousand miles in seven months each year—are interesting to the outsider. It may have all sorts of troubles, accidents, railroad wrecks, and strikes, which may stop it a little in its progress, but still it goes on, constantly pushed ahead by its wonderful system.

There are two parts of the country that the big show tries to avoid, the cyclone belt and the district of the bad men. Some shows have been picked up by cyclones and twirled in circles like a piece of paper in the wind. No modern circus can afford to take these risks, as there is too much money invested to run any such chances of destruction. It takes four trains of over twenty cars each to transport one of the large circuses. There are one thousand employees, managers, superintendents, legal adjusters, bookkeepers, stenographers, press-representatives, detectives, ticket-sellers, doorkeepers, performers, ushers, chorus-girls, ballet-girls, wardrobe-men, butchers, grooms, cooks, waiters, watchmen, animal-men, etc. They have to be fed by day and lodged by night. The cook-tent needs twelve cooks and fifty waiters. Besides this great number of employees, there are five hundred horses and ponies, a herd of elephants, camels, zebras, giraffes, llamas, and guanacos, and about fifty cages of animals of all kinds. Nearly one hundred men travel ahead of the show. There are twenty-six tents of all sizes, and most of the show's paraphernalia is bulky and heavy; but still its system keeps it going, and winter is the only thing that brings it to a stop.

The cost of maintaining the circus is from five to seven thousand dollars daily, and the receipts run from five to fifteen thousand dollars, according to the weather and the

town. Very little money is carried, the show buying drafts on New York or local banks, and most of the silver is shipped by express. The money that is carried in the ticket-wagon is guarded by the ticket-sellers, who have bunks in the back and big six-shooters near by.

The staff of officers is very complete, and their duties are arranged in a system something like this: When the proprietor is with the show he is supreme. When he is away the managing director is in command. The treasurer and his assistants, the press-men, the solicitor, the legal adjuster, and the Pinkerton men are all responsible either to the proprietor or to the managing director, whichever happens to be in command. For everything else the superintendent is responsible. Under him are the heads of the different departments, the equestrian director, boss canvas-man, boss hostler, transportation boss, menagerie boss, head porter, etc., etc. Under them again are scores of assistants. Before the managing director makes any important move he has a cabinet meeting with his department heads.

### GIGANTIC FEATS OF ADVERTISING

The general agent is out and away early in the spring. He goes over the districts that the managers have laid out during the winter for the show to visit. He finds out whether the population is dense enough for them to show every twenty or thirty miles, or whether they will have to jump one hundred miles. His work is very quietly done, as he does not wish his rivals to "get wind" of his location. After the general agent gets his plans going, the railroad contractor starts to make arrangements for transportation, cheap show-day excursions, siding and switchings in towns. Then, three weeks ahead of the show, comes the first advance car, known as the "skirmishing" or "opposition car." The general contractor and his forces have been in the town before the arrival of this car. He takes out the state and municipal licenses, rents the show ground—known to circus people only as "the lot"—and arranges for supplies, and always buys the best. A Chicago firm supplies the show with meat, which is waiting at each town, and three thousand pounds a day are consumed by employees and menagerie.

No other business in the world spends the amount of money in advertising that a circus does, and no other investment brings quicker returns. Circus advertising is done on a scale unknown even in the theatrical world. There are three advance cars, each costing one thousand dollars a week to maintain, and in each car are sixteen men and a manager. Close on the heels of the opposition car comes the second advertising car. The men on these cars while traveling past farmhouses throw off a raft of circus literature that is eagerly picked up by the country folk.

When the car, which is generally attached to a regular train, arrives at a town, teams that have been hired by the general contractor are waiting at the station. With these the bill-posters cover from thirty to fifty miles of the surrounding country a day, putting up an average of six hundred sheets. These are posted on barns, sheds, fences, and stables, and in store-windows. A contract in duplicate is made out, giving the owner tickets in exchange for use of the space until show day is over. The farmers are used to this yearly occurrence, and generally try to work the circus for as many tickets as they can. But the bill-poster is a pretty smooth proposition, and he is not worked so easily. On every bill posted is a cipher note giving the date, the hour, by whom posted, and the ticket consideration. The bill-poster also keeps a record, which is turned in to his manager, who in turn sends a detailed report to the next car. From there it goes back until it reaches the circus. Hand-bills and other reading matter are distributed. These are printed in editions of four hundred and fifty thousand. With the first car is a press-agent who sees the newspapers and gets their good-will. These men are captivators, and very few editors or business managers can withstand their winning ways. Meanwhile reports so detailed and accurate are going back to the approaching show, that when it arrives the treasurer can almost immediately commence paying bills.

### BRINGING ORDER OUT OF CHAOS

The third car completes the work of the preceding ones, replacing torn paper. With this car are more contracting agents. Three days in advance of the show come more agents, who make full reports. One goes quietly through the town and surrounding

TICKETS FOR THE "SIDE-SHOW." "IT COSTS A DIME AND IS EXACTLY AS PAINTED ON THE BANNERS"

country making notes of the places where posters should be, but have been retired in favor of "Town Hall To-night" or "Kahawgen County Fair." He is the mysterious stranger who goes around unnoticed, but his report goes back to the show, and many are the people who wonder why they are turned back at the door. After a little thought they allow that "them circus fellers is pretty slick."

A day ahead of the show come the twenty-four-hour men. Their duties are to see that every detail is complete. If it is a two or three days' stand they arrange for hotel accommodations for the performers, who in circus parlance are always called "artists." The work of the advance brigade is then complete. It is brilliantly done. But very few are the people attending the circus who give one thought to the amount of work required to get it there.

Circus day has now arrived, and in the

gray of the morning the trains begin to roll in. The first one to come is called the "flying squadron," and this is also the first one out at night. This section carries the great cooking-apparatus and some of the draft-horses. Before the other sections arrive, the cook-tent is going up on the lot and breakfast is being prepared. When the last or performers' section arrives, and they find their way to the lot, the meal-flag is flying from the center-pole of the cook-tent. The second section carries the ring stock and the menagerie. The third brings draft-horses and the canvas of eight or ten of the larger tents. In the rear of this train are the sleepers of the canvas-men, "razor-backs," and property-men. The next section carries the "big top" and everything that goes with it, seats, poles, chains, ropes, and stringers. Then come the Pullmans with the "artists" and office staff. If the proprietor is along his private car brings up the rear. The circus trains have the right of way over freights, but not over limited or mail-trains. Everything is loaded with special reference to where it will be needed the next day, and in unloading, a whole section is made into one single flat car by a series of iron bridges between the cars. At the end, a pair of skidway runs slant to the ground. Along the flats and down these runs, the big wagons are rolled, and are hauled away to the lot as fast as the six- and eight-horse teams can take them.

### KAISER WILHELM'S CIRCUS LESSON

When a big American circus was abroad, the German Emperor came one night incog. and watched them load the flats. Their system so impressed him that he had some of the officers of the German army see it and adopt some of their methods. Heretofore German artillery had been hoisted over the sides of the cars.

Now let us proceed to the lot. The first man there is the layer-out, and he generally sizes it up in about ten minutes as to where his twenty-six tents are to be placed. If the lot is a small one it is sometimes a problem, because the side-show must come on one side of the main entrance, the office- and press-tents on the other; the menagerie must open into the big top, and the stage entrance of the latter must lead into the dressing-rooms; the wardrobe- and horse-tents must be close by and the cook-tent within a short distance of them all. The first tents to spot out white in the morning sun are the cook-tent and the horse-tents. This is in natural sequence because they are the first ones needed. To work hard, man and beast must be fed. As the building of this white city proceeds everything seems to be confusion, a tangled mass. Men are running every which way; wagons seem to be dumping their loads in any old place. But every wagon is lettered or numbered; so is every box and trunk; and they all have their proper places. This great jumble of wagons groaning and creaking in the soft turf and men shouting and singing is all working as one great whole, to one end. In this way a great amount of work is done in a short time. No one works singly. While the big top is still being hoisted, men are inside putting up seats and arranging the rings. While they all work together each man is taught to think for himself, and when a man shows ability, he is soon noticed. One instance of this was a young man who was studying medicine in the winter, and thought a season in the fresh air would harden him for his next winter's work. The only job he could get was as a canvas-man. But he was able to think for himself, and promotion soon came. Before the season ended, he was big-top announcer and one of the assistant press-men.

Discipline is one of the spokes in the circus-system wheel, and if you are connected with one of these big shows you will soon discover it. Most people think that the circus people are still a lawless crowd, and they will probably never be rid of their old reputation. But in the modern circus no swearing is allowed, as women and children may hear it. You will find a notice in your car stating that cards, dice, and drink are prohibited. In comparison with a musical comedy company, the circus is like a Sunday-school class. This is not the public's idea of circus people, but strength and steady nerves are needed for their feats, and dissipation of any kind would soon leave them without a profession.

### THE PERFECTION OF DISCIPLINE

When you arrive at the lot in the morning, you are at your place of business and cannot leave without permission. The manager himself never leaves without saying where he can be found and when he will be back.

RANGE-WAGON AND COOK-TENT WHERE ONE THOUSAND PEOPLE ARE FED EVERY DAY

Three shrill notes from the superintendent's whistle will bring all the canvas-men to the guy- and safety-ropes if a storm seems to be coming. A certain percentage of pay is held back until the season closes, and for good conduct a gift is made. The back pay is lost in case of dismissal. All eat together in the cook-tent, and the groom and proprietor both have the same bill of fare to choose from. The meals are plain, but good and wholesome. In case of accident to circus employees, they are well looked after at the management's expense.

#### PURSUED BY THE WOLVES OF GRAFT

Circus people, outside of the business staff, know very little about the town they show in and sometimes do not even know the name of it. They see the main street in the parade, but the important thing to them is the shortest cut from the lot to the cars. Between shows and after supper you will see the "artists" sitting around on trunks and wagon-tongues, the men chatting and smoking or writing letters, the women sewing or doing fancy work. They are a big-hearted, whole-souled profession, and are generally happy and contented. It is almost impossible for a woman to "join out" unless she has some relative or guardian connected with the show to look after her. The circus child is not taught by blows, but by kindness and patience, and the circus management insists that every child shall go to school in winter.

Although circuses dodge the cyclone and the bad men's countries, there is one great bugbear that always pursues them. This bugbear is graft. Inhabitants of towns know that the circus makes big money, and they also know that it is here to-day and gone to-morrow; therefore they try to bleed it in every way conceivable. One favorite way of the municipal authorities is to vote a heavy local license after the state license has been paid. Some towns, and small ones too, have made it one thousand dollars. Of course there is nothing to do but pay. Then there is the pass graft. Every municipal officer from the mayor down must have a pass. Nor are they modest in their demands. The mayor's clerk will often insist on twenty-five or more. A great many of these grafters then realize on them in cash. In Albany one day twenty-six hundred free tickets were given.

The big shows try to keep their skirts clean of gamblers, and that is one reason the Pinkerton men are carried. In one town the officials came to the lot to levy their blackmail if possible. "Where are your three-card monte men?" they asked, and when the manager informed them that the big show was not composed of thieves and cutthroats, they said, "Well, why don't you

carry them?" Any kind of a trumped-up charge suits these municipal grafters. Sometimes a ticket-seller will be hauled from his post and accused of "short-changing" or any charge of this sort. Or the manager will be hauled away to court, charged with cruelty to animals, and fined. Any trivial thing does so long as the money is forthcoming.

In one of Pennsylvania's large cities a certain circus fared very badly about three years ago. When the tents were put up, a long row of stands also went up along the block leading to the circus. These local layouts soon started business and reaped a harvest. The manager sent for the police captain and asked that they be moved away, as it was the business of the circus to protect its patrons. First the captain wanted to know how much it was worth to move them. When he found there was no graft, he brazenly announced that they would stay exactly where they were. The circus manager insisted that if the police would not move them, his men would. The captain left with, "You better try it on." However, they did move down the block a short distance, but they still caught the crowds and paid their tribute to the captain of the precinct. In the same season, down South, reports came back to the show that they were going to be stuck good and hard in a certain town. Then, instead of showing in the town, they pitched their tents just outside the limits. The town officials, to get back at them, trumped up a pickpocket charge, and every circus man that showed his nose in the town was promptly arrested. By night about twenty of them were in the jail. The man who claimed his pocket had been picked identified one man as the one who did it, and he was held. The circus decided to fight it out, and the manager went to the state capital and had an interview with the governor. The townspeople saw shortly that they were going too fast, and things were hushed up.

Another favorite trick is to serve an attachment on the show about midnight, but the circuses are prepared for that now, as they have arrangements with trust companies all along the line by which they can give bonds at any time of night or day.

I have tried to tell in a brief way a few facts about this mammoth business, and how it covers its route. With all its troubles it is a fascinating life, and when one starts in it, he seldom gives it up. As "Slivers" Oakley, the clown, says, "The only way out of the circus business is to die out."

# Drawn From Life

## Short Stories of Human Interest, Romantic, Tragic, and Fanciful

### The Other Lodgers

**By Ambrose Bierce**

"IN order to take that train," said Colonel Levering, sitting in the Waldorf-Astoria hotel, "you will have to remain nearly all night in Atlanta. That is a fine city, but I advise you not to put up at the Brathitt House, one of the principal hotels. It is an old wooden building in urgent need of repairs. There are breaches in the walls that you could throw a cat through. The bedrooms have no locks on the doors, no furniture but a single chair in each and a bedstead without bedding—just a mattress. Even these meager accommodations you cannot be sure that you will have in monopoly; you must take your chance of being stowed in with a lot of others. Sir, it is a most abominable hotel.

"The night that I passed there was an uncomfortable night. I got in late and was shown to my room, on the ground floor, by an apologetic night-clerk with a tallow candle, which he considerately left with me. I was worn out by two days and a night of hard railway travel, and had not entirely recovered from a gunshot wound in the head received in an altercation. Rather than look for better quarters I lay down on the mattress without removing my clothing and fell asleep.

"Along toward morning I awoke. The moon had risen and was shining in at the uncurtained window, illuminating the room with a soft, bluish light which seemed, somehow, a bit uncanny, though I dare say it had no uncommon quality; all moonlight is that way if you will observe it. You can imagine my surprise and indignation when I saw the floor occupied by at least a dozen other lodgers! I sat up, audibly damning the management of that unthinkable hotel, and was about to spring from the bed to go to make trouble for the night-clerk—him of the apologetic manner and the tallow candle—when something in the situation affected me with a strange indisposition to move. I suppose I was what a story-writer might call 'frozen with terror.' For those men were obviously all dead!

"They lay on their backs, disposed orderly along three sides of the room, their feet to the walls—against the other wall, farthest from the door, stood my bed and the chair. Every face was covered, but under their white cloths the features of the two bodies which lay in the square patch of moonlight near the window showed with a sharp and ghastly definition. The clothing of some was freaked and gouted with blood.

"I thought this a horrible dream and tried to cry out, as one does in a nightmare, but could make no sound. At last, with a desperate effort, I threw my feet to the floor, and, passing between the two rows of clouted faces and the two bodies that lay nearest the door, escaped from the infernal place and ran to the office. The night-clerk was there, behind the desk, sitting in the dim light of another tallow candle—just sitting and staring. He did not rise: my abrupt entrance produced no effect upon him, though I must have looked a veritable corpse myself. It occurred to me then that I had not before really observed the fellow. He was a little chap, with a colorless face and the whitest, blankest eyes I ever saw. He had no more expression than the back of my hand. His clothing was a dirty gray.

"'Damn you!' I said; 'what does this mean?'

"Just the same, I was shaking like a

leaf in the wind and did not recognize my own voice.

"The night-clerk rose, bowed (apologetically) and—well, he was no longer there, and at that moment I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder from behind. Just fancy that if you can! Inexpressibly frightened, I turned and saw a portly, kind-faced gentleman, who asked,

"'What is the matter, my friend?'

"I was not long in telling him, but before I made an end of it he went pale himself. 'See here,' he said, 'are you telling the truth?'

"I had now got myself in hand and terror had given place to indignation. 'If you doubt it,' I said, 'I'll hammer the life out of you!'

"'No,' he replied, 'don't do that; just sit down till I tell you. This is not a hotel. It used to be; then it was a hospital. The room that you mention was the dead-room—there were always plenty of dead. The fellow that you call the night-clerk used to be that, but later he booked the patients as they were brought in. I don't understand his being here. He has been dead a few weeks.'

"'And who are you?' I blurted out.

"'Oh, I look after the premises. I happened to be passing just now, and seeing a light in here came in to investigate. Let us have a look into that room,' he added, lifting the sputtering candle from the desk.

"'I'll see you at the devil first!' said I, bolting out of the door into the street.

"Sir, that Brathitt House, in Atlanta, is a beastly place! Don't you stop there."

"God forbid! Your account of it certainly does not suggest the Waldorf-Astoria. By the way, Colonel, when did all that occur?"

"In September, 1864—shortly after the siege."

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## Her Highness

### By J. J. Bell

THE princess walked rapidly until she came to the opening in the low hedge leading to the pansy garden. Then she walked slowly. It was early, and the sunshine caught the dew everywhere.

On his knees, at a plot of creamy pansies, an under-gardener was working. The plot may have required a little tidying, but no more. It almost seemed as if the under-gardener, who was young and far from ill looking, were wasting his own and his employer's time.

"Good morning," said the princess as she drew near.

"Good morning, your highness," returned the under-gardener, removing his cap and rising. It seemed to him that the princess was less cheerful than usual.

"Please go on with what you were doing," said the princess. "We talk better when you are working."

"As your highness pleases," he replied, and laying his cap aside bent again, bareheaded, over the plot.

A tiny frown wrinkled the princess' brow, just between the eyes. "Please put on your cap; the sun is hot," she said.

"I thank your highness." The young man covered his thick dark hair.

Presently he selected a dozen perfect pansies, added a large bright-green ivy leaf, which he had apparently provided for the purpose, deftly tied leaf and blooms together, and gave the little bunch to the princess, whose ungloved hand was waiting for it.

"Thank you," she said, and fixed the bunch in her belt.

The under-gardener glanced at his flowers lying against her white blouse. Yesterday they had been dusky-violet colored, the day before, lavender, the day before that they had been . . .

"I have been wondering," remarked the princess, "what you thought of Edgar Nevison's verses; that is, if you have had time to read them." She referred to a book which she had given him a few days earlier. During the summer she had given him a number of books.

"They interested me, your highness. You see, I knew Nevison at Oxford. He was——" The under-gardener halted abruptly, flushing under his sun-tan.

"Ah!" exclaimed the princess, with a smile. "Did you take a degree at Oxford?"

"Yes, your highness," he said unwillingly.

"Does Oxford confer degrees in horticulture?"

"Your highness!" he protested.

The princess smiled kindly. "Forgive me, but you betray yourself in some way every time I come into this garden. Would

it be too much to ask you to tell me something about yourself? I might be able to help you. At least I should respect your confidence."

The young man nipped off a bloom which might well have been spared to see another sunrise.

"If your highness pleases," he said at last.

"My highness pleases," she returned a little impatiently. The repetition of "your highness" by this young man was peculiarly irksome to her. "Tell me," she said, with something of command in her tone.

"There is little to tell, your highness. My father died as I was leaving Oxford. To the surprise of many he died poor. There was nothing left, and, fortunately, there was no one but myself. I had to make a living somehow. But to me the poorest living is the living made indoors. Gardening had always appealed to me, and I had learned a good deal from my father's gardeners. There seemed to be nothing else, so I became a gardener. I think that is all, your highness."

"Thank you. I thought—I fancied——"

"A mystery, your highness?" he said with a smile. "But there is none."

"But are you happy? A man with your education——"

"A gardener has as much time for reading as most men have, and probably more for thinking. I might have risen to the position of schoolmaster, but, your highness, I prefer the training of flowers and shrubs to the training of young ideas. But I talk too much, your highness."

"No, no. I think I asked you if you were happy."

"I am content, your highness."

"But surely you cannot have recognized what might be attained by such a man as yourself."

"I have recognized what is unattainable, your highness," he replied in a low voice.

"Nothing is unattainable by a true man," said the princess, who was very young and still remembered the headings of her copy-books.

The under-gardener crushed a small lump of soil in his fingers and remained silent. It would have surprised him to have seen the tenderness then in the lovely gray eyes of the princess.

"It is so very different being a girl," she said suddenly, almost in a whisper. "It is terrible."

The young man started slightly at the change in her voice, but did not raise his head.

When she spoke again it was in her usual manner. "It seems strange to me that you should not desire to get on in the world. A month, six weeks ago, you were offered the charge of the fern-houses, a much better position than you have at present, and a step toward a still better one. Why not take it yet? It is still vacant. I would speak to the head gardener."

"I thank your highness, but if your highness pleases, I—I prefer the pansies."

The princess frowned. "I wish you wouldn't call——" She bit her lip. "You have certainly done well by my favorites," she said graciously.

"And I may remain here, your highness?" Was there a suspicion of anxiety in the man's voice?

If it was there, the princess ignored it. "The pansies will soon be over," she observed very carelessly. "And I"—her voice suddenly broke—"I shall soon be—be over, too!"

"Your highness?" he murmured in wonder.

She laughed, not happily. "You have told me something about yourself this morning, Jack—isn't Jack your name? I thought I heard one of the men call you Jack—well, I will tell you something about myself. It has been a state secret for some time, but the papers will have it this morning. I was betrothed last night to the Prince of Alt Marxburg—the—the old beast! Oh, dear God, what shall I do?"

The birds seemed to be singing ridiculously loudly. The under-gardener gripped a clump of pansies and crushed them to ruin. He rose unsteadily, his face gray.

"Your highness! Oh, poor little girl!"

Their eyes met.

"My God!" whispered the man. Then he fell on his knees and began to grope blindly among the pansies.

The princess gazed at him. "Say 'poor little girl' again, please, Jack," she said softly, shakily, beseechingly.

"Your highness," he murmured, and for once the words did not gall.

She took a few paces from him, and returned. For a long time, as it seemed, he wrought among the blooms, foolishly, silently. At last he spoke in a curiously dry voice.

"If it pleases your highness, I will take charge of the fern-houses. I am ready to do so at once."

"I will tell the head gardener," said the princess simply.

She walked toward the entrance to her pansy garden and as she went she rubbed her eyes with the back of her pretty hand, for even a princess may forget her handkerchief at six in the morning. Halfway toward the entrance she halted and looked back. The under-gardener's head dropped, for he had been watching her.

With the color coming and going in her face she went back to him. He did not move. She stooped and touched his shoulder. Her whisper was very piteous.

"Jack, is there—is there no other way?"

His answer was slow in coming, and it came dully and heavily. "No, your highness; there is no other way."

"Oh, Jack!"

"Your highness!"

Surely the words had their full meaning then. And nowadays they sound to the princess as a mockery.

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## The Wandering Lamb

### By Zelia Margaret Walters

BOBBY sat on the steps wrapped in impenetrable gloom. An hour's persuasion on mother's part had not been enough to convince him that staying away from Tom's circus was the logical result of running away that morning.

"You're a bad mama," he said with a judicial air.

"Son!" said mother, in the voice of warning, and Bobby was reminded that the ruling powers, if unjust, were still to be respected.

"Anyway, you're not a real good one," he revised his verdict. "I'm going to run away."

"Where?" inquired mother mildly.

"I'll live with Mrs. Day, I think. She always loves me."

"I don't believe Mrs. Day has enough beds to give you one to sleep in."

"Oh, I'll take my bed, and my train with tracks, and my clothes and everything."

"You may take the clothes and playthings, but you must leave the bed."

"It's my bed," cried Bobby indignantly.

"Oh, no, dear. Mother bought it."

"Then you're an Indian giver if you take it back after you gave it to me. Yessir," he repeated with conviction, "you're an Indian giver. All the kids says so."

"But I want it because I shall get another little boy if you go." Mother was trying to defend her position.

"The Lord don't send little boys to cross mamas," he reminded her scathingly. "And, anyway, I want my bed. You gave it to me, and you always said it was mine, and it is mine."

Mother wisely abandoned her argument, and Bobby brooded for a moment in silence.

"I think I'll go now. To-morrow I'll come back with her and get my clothes and things."

"You'd better take your nightgown with you," suggested mother.

Bobby went upstairs slowly. The playroom treasures appealed to him as reproachful at being left behind. "I'll just take the train," he said reflectively. "The tracks must wait till to-morrow. But the train will run on just the floor if she don't mind it bumping into the legs of things. I guess she won't. She's lots kinder than my mother. And I'll take the drum, and the animal-book, and the sailor doll." These with the nightgown he carried down and loaded into the little wagon.

"Good-by, mama."

"Good-by, dear."

Bobby stood for a moment looking up at the serene lady on the porch. "Don't you love me one little bit?" he demanded in angry grief.

"Oh, yes, dear; very much." Mother's heart really reproached her that she had appeared so indifferent. "I love you very much, indeed, and I'm so sorry to see you go. But if you love Mrs. Day better than me, I must let you go. I want my little son to be happy."

Bobby took his wagon, and started. At the gate he relented a little. "Maybe I'll come to see you some time," he said. Then he went on.

It wasn't far to Mrs. Day's. You just turned the corner, and walked a little way down the quiet suburban street. But Bobby went slowly; the things kept falling out of the little wagon. The nightgown

got disgracefully dirty, for it hung over the wheel quite a while before he noticed it. Once a critical big boy stopped to look. The train impressed him. He wanted Bobby to take it out and make it go. Bobby ungraciously refused. It was near dinner-time, and he must be getting on to his new home.

Then the big boy jeered unkindly.

"Aw, you're nothing but a girl baby. You play with dolls." And as long as the big boy was in sight the refrain floated back: "Play with dolls. Girl baby! Play with dolls."

Bobby looked upon his dear sailor boy with disfavor after that. Once he left him in the grass by the roadside, but the sailor gazed after him so entreatingly that Bobby ran back for him, and contented himself with burying the sailor in the folds of the nightgown.

When Mrs. Day's house was in sight Bobby saw that she had company. And the company was gathered on the porch. Bobby felt that it would be embarrassing to explain his coming before other people. But there was no turning back. He trudged on, thinking that Mrs. Day was his only hope. So deep in thought was he that he walked straight through a mud-puddle where some careless person had let the garden-hose run too long. When he presented himself at Mrs. Day's porch his friend was not there, only the company, staring frankly. Bobby felt minded to recall them to their manners. But perhaps they were unfortunate people whose mamas had never told them not to stare. Bobby remembered that mother sometimes explained other children's lack of manners in that way.

"I'm going to see Mrs. Day," he announced, mounting the steps.

"Little boy," said one of the visitors, a lady of severe countenance, "don't you go into the house with those muddy shoes. You go right out on the grass, and wipe your feet good. I do believe that children hunt for mud-puddles, and walk in them on purpose."

Bobby went down the steps again with wrath and rebellion in his heart. He did not wipe his muddy shoes on the grass. He gloried in this fact even while quaking lest the severe lady follow him, and insist on obedience. He went over to the hammock under the trees, and sat down. He looked at the treasures in the wagon, but none of them could comfort him. If he took the dear sailor doll the company might think he was a girl baby. But he was not a baby. He knew that, for he did not cry, in spite of the hot choked feeling in his throat.

Mrs. Day came out on the porch. "Why, there's my boy," she called cheerily. "Aren't you coming up here to sit with me, Bobby?"

"No ma'am," said Bobby politely but distantly, and no persuasion could change him.

The severe lady explained the probable reason for his reserve. Mrs. Day begged him to come in to dinner, adding that she did not care in the least if little boys came in with muddy shoes. Bobby sat sphinx-like in the hammock receiving apologies and entreaties with an air of indifference. Mrs. Day brought out a sandwich and some cake, and when Bobby was alone he ate the food. He was dreadfully hungry.

"Bobby," said Mrs. Day, after dinner, "if you won't come in I think you should be going home now. It will be dark soon, and you know your mother doesn't like you to be out after dark."

Bobby arose and took his wagon. He longed to explain that he no longer had a home or a mother, that he was an outcast wanderer on the face of the earth. But the company still sat and stared, and pride closed his lips.

"Good-by," said Mrs. Day. "Come again, dear."

"Good-by," said Bobby, and went out heroically to meet his fate.

People were gathered on their porches along the way, and voices in laughter came to him. Where could he go? Night would come soon, and he would be out, unfriended, alone with the terrors that walk in darkness. "Buglars" there were certainly, for some had come to Mr. Martin's house last week; bears there might be, and cross fairies, but lions he need not fear, for papa had definitely assured him only yesterday that they lived far away.

When he came to the big pasture-field he crept through the fence, and toiled slowly up the round-top hill, dragging the wagon after him. From the summit he could look across to his lost home. A grayness was already settling over the world, but he could see the flutter of white dresses on the porch. Did Margie miss him? Would she cry when they told her he was never coming back?

She had cried when the black kitten had died; no doubt she would mourn over him, too, when he was found on the round-top hill, dead of starvation. How long did it take people to starve? and did it hurt very much? It hurt to be just hungry, so starving must be very painful. If he moved on to the woods might he not find enough nuts and berries to live on? What had they had for dinner at home? Mama had promised a custard just to please him that morning.

The darkness was a little nearer. He looked at the wagon, wondering whether one put one's nightgown on when one slept out on the hillside. He decided not, for people might be passing when he woke up, and he would have to dress in public.

"But I'll say my prayers anyway," he said. "I want the Lord to take care of me if I haven't any place to live."

Very quaveringly his voice crooned the prayer song. He dared not sing it in his usual lusty shout. The darkness and loneliness were awesome presences that commanded reverence. But there was unwonted fervor in his tone as he sang,

Send an angel dear to keep
Watch beside me while I sleep.

The bushes near him rustled and swayed. He closed his eyes, trying to shut out the image of a vagrant cow, or a possible bear. But the next moment he was in the grasp of the unknown.

"My little boy! My little boy! Mama was so frightened when she didn't find you at Mrs. Day's. You must come home with me, darling, and never, never go away from mama again."

"O mama, do you truly want me back?" he cried clinging to her.

"My precious child! Do you think mama could get along without her little boy?"

"I'm glad you want me. I love you the very best. No one but the goodest kind of a mama would come out in the dark to find her little boy. I'm going to stay with you all the time now till I'm grown up. And then I'll stay and take care of you if you want me to."

"Mama always wants you. Come now, let's go home. There's a nice lunch waiting on the kitchen table for my wanderer. I saved a big dish of custard for you."

"Yes, you are a good mama," he repeated warmly. "Let's go home now."

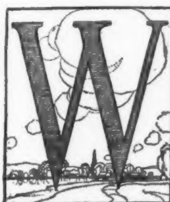
And, love-guarded, he walked across the dark mysterious fields toward the lights and the cheerful voices of home.

# An Interview with Mrs. Eddy

## GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE PHYSICAL AND MENTAL CONDITION OF THE VENERABLE FOUNDER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AT HER CONCORD HOME ON THE EIGHTH OF JUNE, 1907

### By Arthur Brisbane

**Editor's Note.—The following article was written by Arthur Brisbane at the special request of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. The fact that Mr. Brisbane is not and never has been a believer in Christian Science gives added value to his statements as to Mrs. Eddy's clear thought and sound health.**



HERE there is a big effect there is a big cause. When you see flame, lava, and dust coming up from the mouth of Vesuvius, you know there is power below the crater.

When you see millions savagely fighting in the name of one leader, or patiently submissive and gentle in the name of another, you know that there was power in those men.

When you see tens of thousands of modern, enlightened human beings absolutely devoted to the teachings of Mrs. Eddy, their leader, and beyond all question made happy and contented by her teachings, you know there is a cause underlying that wonderful effect.

Millions of people in this country will be interested in the personality of the very remarkable woman who founded Christian Science, and gathered together the great Christian Science following.

This article is written to describe an interview with Mrs. Eddy which took place in her house at Concord, New Hampshire, at about two o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, June 8th.

Carlyle would not forgive the old monk who talked to the medieval English king on his travels and then failed to describe the king accurately and in detail. The first duty of a writer who sees a personality interesting to the world is to tell what he has seen, rather than what he thinks. For what one man has seen another would see, whereas one does not think what another thinks.

Mrs. Eddy's house is extremely simple and unpretentious, a plain, little frame dwelling, situated rather close to a country roadway on the side of a most beautiful New Hampshire valley. The view from her windows is across this valley to the blue hills. Behind those hills, a very few miles distant, is the spot where Mrs. Eddy was born.

Mrs. Eddy's thought has spread all around this world. It has found expression in heavy stone churches and great audiences from Maine to California, and across the oceans. This distant work her mind has done; her frail body dwells in peace and quiet in the simplest, most modest of homes, almost on the spot where her physical life began.

Around the frame dwelling runs a broad veranda. And above are balconies on which Mrs. Eddy sits or stands, looking down to the miniature lake dug with the contributions of men and women deeply grateful to her, or across the wide fields toward the city and the busy world to which she voluntarily said good-by long ago.

The house is furnished very plainly. In the room on the right of the entrance the chief ornament is a large illuminated hymnal presented by the Earl of Dunmore, one of Mrs. Eddy's British followers. In that room and in the room on the left of the entrance the furniture is extremely simple. There are a few pictures, and on one of the walls is a bas-relief of Mrs. Eddy in white marble.

These rooms down-stairs are kept scrupulously neat. They are evidently used

rarely. Mrs. Eddy occupies almost exclusively her living-rooms one flight above.

The home of the Christian Science leader has been called by writers of strong imagination "A House of Mystery."

As a matter of fact, the house is about as mysterious as the average little New England home. It could be reproduced, furniture and all, for a good deal less than ten thousand dollars. All the doors, downstairs and up-stairs, are open. It is the very peaceful, quiet abode of an old lady tenderly cared for by devoted women, earnest followers of Mrs. Eddy's teachings. These Christian Science ladies, who greeted the writer at the top of a narrow flight of stairs, were not in any way different from ordinary women, except that all three had very peaceful, happy expressions. Among three ordinary women, you usually find one or two whose expressions make you feel sorry for them.

These devoted friends of Mrs. Eddy were dressed very plainly, in light, cotton gowns. And they seemed as deeply interested and excited about a visitor from the outside world as though they had been three eighteen-year-old schoolgirls watching the arrival of some other girl's brother.

One of them came forward to say: "Mrs. Eddy is very glad that you have come and will see you. Please come into her sitting-room."

She led the way into a corner room at the rear of the house, with wide windows overlooking the valley and the distant hills.

Beside a writing-desk, in an armchair, sat a white-haired woman who rose and walked forward, extending her hand in friendly greeting to a stranger. That was Mrs. Eddy, for whom many human beings in this world feel deepest reverence and affection, and concerning whom others have thought it necessary or excusable to write and to say unkind and untruthful things.

It is quite certain that nobody could see this beautiful and venerable woman and ever again speak of her except in terms of affectionate reverence and sympathy. There are hundreds of thousands of Christian Scientists who would make almost any sacrifice for the privilege of looking upon Mrs. Eddy's face. It is impossible now for her to see many, and it is therefore a duty to make at least an attempt to convey an idea of the impression created by her personality.

Mrs. Eddy is eighty-six years old. Her thick hair, snow-white, curls about her forehead and temples. She is of medium height and very slender. She probably weighs less than one hundred pounds. But her figure is straight as she rises and walks forward. The grasp of her thin hand is firm; the hand does not tremble.

It is hopeless to try to describe a face made very beautiful by age, deep thought, and many years' exercise of great power. The light blue eyes are strong and concentrated in expression. And the sight, as was soon proved, is that of a woman one-half Mrs. Eddy's age.

Mrs. Eddy's face is almost entirely free from wrinkles; the skin is very clear, many a young woman would be proud to have it. The forehead is high and full, and the whole expression of the face combines benevolence with great strength of will. Mrs. Eddy has accumulated power in this world. She possesses it, she exercises it, and she knows it. But it is a gentle power, and it is possessed by a gentle, diffident, and modest woman.

Women will want to know what Mrs. Eddy wore. The writer regrets that he cannot tell. With some women you see the dress; with Mrs. Eddy you see only the face, the very earnest eyes, and the beautiful, quiet, expression that only age and thought can give to a human face. She wore a white lace collar around her neck, no jewelry of any kind, and a very simple dress. That much is remembered.

In reporting this interview with Mrs. Eddy, it must be understood that no attempt is made to give her words exactly. Every statement attributed to her is her own, but the exact phraseology must not be considered hers. Christian Science and Christian Scientists have a language of their own, and any but a stenographic report of it might be misleading.

Mrs. Eddy talked first of her regret that the farmers about her, and so many others all over the country, should be disturbed and injured in their prospects and prosperity by the unseasonable spring weather. The sun happened to be shining brightly and warmly on the day of the interview. She spoke of this, of the beautiful view from her window, of the little boat-house, the tiny artificial lake, and other evidences of affection which she owes to her followers.

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Mary Baker G. Eddy

A PORTRAIT OF MRS. EDDY HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED

She spoke simply of her own life and work and of her absolute happiness in her peaceful surroundings. She smiled pleasantly at the women who share her home, and who occasionally came to look through the door.

When she was asked to discuss the lawsuit affecting her, and other matters now in the public mind, she became very earnest, absolutely concentrated in expression, voice, and choice of words. She spoke sometimes leaning back in her chair, with her eyes turned upward, sometimes leaning forward, replying to questions with great intensity. She said to one of her friends, "Please close the door," and then talked fully on all the business matters that affect her. In addition to the writer of this article, there was present General Streeter, Mrs. Eddy's principal attorney in her legal matters.

Asked why the lawsuit had been started, seeking to take away from her control of her money and of her actions, Mrs. Eddy replied in a deep, earnest voice that could easily have been heard all over the biggest of her churches:

"Greed of gold, young man. They are not interested in me, I am sorry to say, but in my money, and in the desire to control that. They say they want to help me. They never tried to help me when I was working hard years ago and when help would have been so welcome."

General Streeter, as counsel for Mrs. Eddy, wished the writer to ascertain, for himself positively, that Mrs. Eddy is thoroughly competent to understand business matters and to manage them. Therefore, detailed questions were asked with an insistence that in the case of a woman of Mrs. Eddy's age would be most unusual and unnecessary.

Mrs. Eddy's mind on all points brought out was perfectly clear, and her answers were instantaneous. She explained in detail how impossible it was for those about her, even if they wished to, to control her or her fortune, and her statements confirmed those which General Streeter had previously made to the writer.

She gave clearly and earnestly her reasons for executing a recent deed of trust by which she has voluntarily given over to three of her most trusted friends the management, so far as is possible, of her material affairs. She explained the character of each of these men, Henry M. Baker, her cousin and a lawyer, Archibald McLellan, the editor of the "Christian Science Journal" and one of her most trusted assistants, and Josiah E. Fernald, of the National State Capital Bank in Concord.

In praising her cousin, a former congressman and at present a member of the legislature, Mrs. Eddy laughingly described him as a very good man "and as honest as any lawyer can be." She laughed more like a young girl than a woman of eighty-six as she said this, looking quizzically at her thoroughly trusted lawyer, General Streeter.

Mrs. Eddy said: "I have entrusted to these three men, so far as I possibly and properly can, the management of my material interests. My constant effort has been to give more and more of my time and thought to that which I consider really important. And I have given to these three men to do for me the worldly work which is of least importance in my eyes."

Mrs. Eddy started to speak of her son, who is made a factor in the legal action against her. She told how she had once asked him to live with her, saying: "I offered him all that I had except one five-thousand-dollar bond which I meant to reserve for myself. That was long ago, and he would not come to me then." She spoke of her son's entering the army, and the effect that the army life had had upon his character—he was only sixteen years old when he enlisted. There was motherly pride of the ordinary, human kind in her reference to the number of battles in which he had been honorably engaged. But she was obviously much affected by the fact that he had joined the legal action against her. Her eyes filled with tears, her voice became indistinct, and she could not go on. After a while she turned to General Streeter and said, trying to smile, "You know what they say, General, 'A mother is a mother all her life; a father is a father till he gets a new wife.'"

Mrs. Eddy's discussion of her business matters lasted for at least half an hour. There was no sign of weakness of mind, voice, or body. The quality of Mrs. Eddy's voice is really extraordinary. The writer picked up a periodical, the "Christian Science Journal" for June, 1907, just issued, and asked Mrs. Eddy to read from it, having heard of the quality of her voice which had done so much in influencing her following long ago. It was the writer who

Pleasant View.
Concord. N.H. June 8, 1907.

Mr. Arthur Brisbane:

I thank you for this interview. It is an unusual pleasure that I have allowed myself.

Mary Baker G. Eddy

FACSIMILE OF NOTE WRITTEN BY MRS. EDDY TO MR. BRISBANE ON JUNE 8, 1907

selected at random the following extract from page 169, read aloud by Mrs. Eddy:

> The skeptical and unbelieving may shake their heads and ask with Nicodemus, "How can these things be?" But the sick who have been healed, the sorrowing who have been comforted, and the sinning who have been saved, can look up and answer in the words of Paul, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." As of old, it may be said that "the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God." When we remember that the teaching for so many centuries has been that the real individuality of man is material, and that he is dependent on matter for the gratification of his senses and even for the very sustenance of his life, we cannot wonder that so many hesitate to accept the teachings of Christian Science, since this Science demands the abandonment of all belief in materiality. It is, nevertheless, true that only as we lose our belief of life in matter, and our dependence on matter as a source of sustenance and satisfaction, are we enabled through Christian Science to grasp the true sense of Life, verifying again the words of Truth as spoken by Jesus, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

If any Christian Scientists have worried about Mrs. Eddy's health and strength, that reading would have ended the worry, could they have heard it. Among young public speakers there are few with voices stronger, deeper than the voice of Mrs. Eddy at eighty-six years of age. She read the ordinary magazine type without glasses, as readily as any woman of twenty-five could do, and with great power of expression and understanding.

In the course of the afternoon the writer had three separate talks with Mrs. Eddy. Once, after the first talk ended and again a second time Mrs. Eddy said that she had some other things to say.

Aside from the legal matters in which "next friends" seek to disturb her old age and her peace, Mrs. Eddy talked chiefly of Christian Science matters. She was much interested in the statement made publicly by a granddaughter of Henry Ward Beecher, who is now a Christian Science practitioner, that her grandfather if alive would be a Christian Scientist. The name of Beecher means of course a great deal to Mrs. Eddy, who was a young woman at the height of the great preacher's fame. She spoke of the work that he did to free the slaves and said, as though thinking aloud, "Yes, he would indeed work to free the spirit as he worked to free the body of the slave."

Mrs. Eddy gave the writer permission to publish a photograph of herself which has not before been seen. Upon this photograph, in the writer's presence, she wrote her own name as reproduced with this article. And she wrote also in the presence of the writer a short note, which is facsimiled here. This she did at the writer's request, by way of furnishing visible proof of her good physical condition. There are certainly few women of eighty-six that look, talk, think, or write with greater force and power than does Mrs. Eddy to-day.

As she said good-by to the writer, rising from her chair to hold his hand in both of hers, and to talk with pathetic simplicity and conviction of the good that the visit was to do him, she presented a very beautiful picture of venerable womanhood. Her face, so remarkably young, framed in the beautiful snow-white hair and supported by the delicate, frail, yet erect, body, seemed really the personification of that victory of spirit over matter to which her religion aspires.

Forty years ago, when Mrs. Eddy lived in a garret-like room and told what she believed to be the truth to a world that would not yet listen, stones were thrown through her windows. She spoke of this with sad patience and forgiveness.

To-day, when all the world knows her name, and when many thousands bless that name, Mrs. Eddy finds herself still with enemies eager and energetic against her. They do not throw stones through her windows—that was at the beginning of her teaching. With legal arts and ingenious action they try to control her and the success that she has built up in spite of the early opposition.

The lawyers who oppose her will try to show that Mrs. Eddy is not fit, mentally or physically, to take care of herself or of her fortune, which is considerable. They will try to remove her from her present surroundings, and make her physically subject to the will of others appointed to control her. Success in this effort, in the opinion of the writer, would be shameful, a degradation to all womanhood and old age.

Mrs. Eddy said in her interview, "Young man, I made my money with my pen, just as you do, and I have a right to it." Mrs. Eddy not only has a right to it, but she has the mind to control it.

Fortunately, Mrs. Eddy has in General Streeter not only one of the ablest lawyers in

this country, but a man whose interest in her case is based upon chivalrous devotion and a determination to protect an old lady from enemies disguised as "next friends." The effort of those that attack Mrs. Eddy will be to prove that she is unfit to care for herself.

It is to be wished for her sake and for the sake of her friends that the judge who tries her case could see her and talk with her. Perhaps that would not be according to conventional rule. But if the judge did see her, he would not tolerate the thought that "next friends" or far-off enemies should deprive her of her liberty or her fortune. He would realize that she is ideally happy in her simple home, that those about her feel for her a devotion and reverence that is absolutely inexpressible, that, so far from being the victim of designing individuals, she is absolute mistress in her own household.

Those that attack Mrs. Eddy legally, and perhaps sincerely, propose to show that she is "the victim of hallucinations." They will not show this unless American law shall decide that fixed religious belief is a hallucination.

The Turkish minister at Washington, if any court asked him, would say he firmly believes that Mohammed rode up to see God on a galloway named Al Borak, that the intelligent Al Borak bucked and pranced until Mohammed promised him a seat in paradise, that Mohammed studied an interesting angel with seventy thousand heads, "in each head seventy thousand tongues, and each tongue uttered seventy thousand distinct voices at once." The same Turkish gentleman, or any other Mohammedan, would swear to his belief that Mohammed "arriving within two bowshots of the throne of God, perceived His face covered with seventy thousand veils," and also that "the hand of the Almighty was so cold that, when laid upon his back, it penetrated to the very marrow."

The Turkish minister might testify to these things without being adjudged insane. He has a right to believe in his religion. The ordinary American, not a Christian Scientist, believes that God has so arranged matters that great numbers of his children will be burned for ever and ever in hell fire. Mrs. Eddy believes God has so arranged matters that humanity can cure itself of imagined evils, and escape from all suffering, pain, and "error" through Christian Science teachings.

If the law would refuse to take away the liberty or the property of Christian old ladies because they believe that millions of human beings have been damned from all eternity, it is hard to understand why that law should take away the liberty or the money of Mrs. Eddy because she chooses to believe that eventually nobody will be damned at all.

In substance, Mrs. Eddy's doctrines merely take literally this verse from the fourteenth chapter of John:

> Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.—John xiv, 12.

It is difficult to see why taking literally a statement which this nation as a whole endorses should be construed into a hallucination.

Mrs. Eddy's mind is clear, her health is good for an old lady of eighty-six, her will is strong. She is protected by a very able and absolutely honorable man in the person of her trusted lawyer, General Streeter. She is cared for in her home by women intensely devoted to her. She is able to manage her affairs as much as she may choose to do, and if she were not, no greater crime could be committed against her than to take her from the surroundings that she loves and the friends that make her happy. If the law should deprive this venerable lady of her fortune and her liberty, there is no reason why any woman past threescore and ten, and having accumulated some money, should not be similarly treated. Very few women of seventy have the business intelligence, power of will, and clearness of thought possessed by Mrs. Eddy at eighty-six.

The day after the interview, Mrs. Eddy sent to the writer with a friendly note her recent writings. These "Miscellaneous Writings" have been studied with interest by this writer, who is not a believer in Christian Science, but a believer in material science, in non-sectarian government, and in the absolute right of Christian Scientists to believe whatever they choose.

The preface of these miscellaneous writings, which indicate much thought, begins with this interesting quotation from one of the old Talmudic writers:

> The noblest charity is to prevent a man from accepting charity; and the best alms are to show and to enable a man to dispense with alms.

Mrs. Eddy says "this apothegm suits my sense of doing good."

Mrs. Eddy answers the question "What do you think of marriage?" as follows:

> That it is often convenient, sometimes pleasant, and occasionally a love affair. Marriage is susceptible of many definitions. It sometimes presents the most wretched condition of human existence. To be normal, it must be a union of the affections that tends to lift mortals higher.

In sending the book Mrs. Eddy marked for the writer some verses by her on page 389. They are reprinted here, because a great number of men and women that love Mrs. Eddy and follow her teachings will like to see the words that evidently express Mrs. Eddy's feelings of consolation at this moment when, in her old age and after a life that has given great happiness and comfort to many, she finds herself the object of an attack from which her years alone should suffice to protect her.

THE MOTHER'S EVENING PRAYER

Oh! gentle presence, peace and joy and power—
Oh! life divine, that owns each waiting hour,
Thou Love that guards the nestling's faltering flight!
Keep Thou my child on upward wing to-night.

Love is our refuge; only with mine eye
Can I behold the snare, the pit, the fall:
His habitation high is here, and nigh,
His arm encircles me, and mine, and all.

Oh! make me glad for every scalding tear,
For hope deferred, ingratitude, disdain!
Wait, and love more for every hate, and fear
No ill—since God is good, and loss is gain.

Beneath the shadow of His mighty wing;
In that sweet secret of the narrow way,
Seeking and finding, with the angels sing:
"Lo! I am with you alway"—watch and pray.

No snare, no fowler, pestilence or pain;
No night drops down upon the troubled breast,
When heaven's aftersmile earth's tear-drops gain,
And mother finds her home and far-off rest.

# Love, Time, and Will

## By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

A SOUL immortal, Time, God everywhere,
Without, within—how can a heart despair,
Or talk of failure, obstacles, and doubt?
(What proofs of God? The little seeds that sprout,
Life, and the solar system, and their laws.
Nature? Ah yes; but what was Nature's cause?)

All mighty words are short. God, life, and death,
War, peace, and truth, are uttered in a breath.
And briefly said are love, and will, and time;
Yet in them lies a majesty sublime.

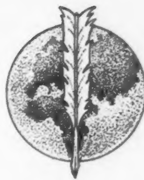
Love is the vast constructive power of space;
Time is the hour which calls it into place;
Will is the means of using time and love,
And bringing forth the heart's desires thereof.

The way is love, the time is now, and will
The patient method. Let this knowledge fill
Thy consciousness, and fate and circumstance,
Environment, and all the ills of chance
Must yield before the concentrated might
Of those three words, as shadows yield to light.

Go charge thyself with love; be infinite
And opulent with thy large use of it:
'Tis from free sowing that full harvest springs;
Love God and life and all created things.

Learn time's great value; to this mandate bow,
The hour of opportunity is Now.
And from thy will, as from a well-strung bow,
Let the swift arrows of thy wishes go.
Though sent into the distance and the dark,
The dawn shall prove thy arrows hit the mark.

# Small Contributions



## By Ambrose Bierce

### Rose-water Penology

THIS is an age of mercy to the merciless. The good Scriptural code, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," has "fallen into the sere and yellow leaf": it is "a creed outworn." We have replaced it with a régime of "reformation," a penology of persuasion. In our own country this sign and consequence of moral degeneration, this power and prevalence of the mollycoddle, is especially marked. We no longer kill our assassins; as a rule, the only disadvantages they suffer for killing us are those incident to detention for acquittal, with a little preaching to remind them of their mortality. Wherefore our homicide list is about thrice annually that of the battle of Gettysburg.

The American prison of to-day is carefully outfitted with the comforts of home. Those who succeed in breaking into it find themselves distinctly advantaged in point of housing, and are clothed and fed better than they ever were before, or ever will be again elsewhere. Light employment, gentle exercise, cleanliness, and sound sleep reward them, and when expelled their one ambition is to go back. The "reformation" consists in lifting them to a higher plane of criminality: the man who enters as a stupid thief is graduated a competent forger, and comes back (if he can) with an augmented self-respect and an ambition to kill the warden. Some of us old fogies think that a prison was best worth its price to the community when it was a place that a rascal would rather die out of than again get into, but we are *voces in deserto* and in the ramp and roar of the new penology altogether unheard.

These remarks are suggested by something in France. In that half-sister republic the guillotine, though still a lawful dissuader from the error of assassination, is no longer in actual use. Murderers are still sentenced to it, but always the sentence is commuted to imprisonment during life or good behavior. Coincidently with the decline of the guillotine there is a notable rise in the rate of assassination. Somebody having had the sagacity to suggest the possibility of something more than an accidental relation between the two phenomena, it occurred to a Parisian editor to collect "views" as to the expediency of again bringing knife and neck together in the good old way. He got views of all sorts of kinds, naturally, and knows almost as much about public opinion as he did before. It is interesting to note that the literary class is nearly a unit against the chopping-block, as was to be expected: persons who work with the head naturally set a high value upon it—an over-appraisement in their own case, for their heads are somewhat impaired by their habit of housing their hearts in them. There was an honorable minority: Mistral, the Provençal poet, who pointed out (in verse) that a people too squeamish to endure the shedding of criminal blood had taken a long step in the downward path leading to feebleness.

I have advocated in these pages the merciful and humane policy of ending for good and all the immemorial war between the law-abiding and the law-defying classes by removing, painlessly, all habitual criminals. This would save an incalculable number of human lives—lives of the good and of the bad as well: by removing the criminals that we have we should prevent the breeding of "millions yet to be." Wherefore I say: "Bravo, Mistral! You have done something to prove that not all poets are persons of sensibility and no sense."

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### Looking Downward

UNITED STATES SENATOR GALLINGER, by the grace of the Adversary of Sense chairman of the Senate committee on the District of Columbia, is pleased to fear that exposure of his local co-evils will "advertise

Washington to the world as a city of slums, insanitary dwellings, and undesirable conditions generally." Washington can endure much of that with Christian fortitude; what it finds hard to bear is its bad eminence as a city of cranks, grafters, and Gallingers. Optimists, it is true, affirm the existence of only one Gallinger, but reckoning by opportunities to be manifestly needless there is an innumerable company, all notably forehanded to seize a fit occasion.

Congress in its wisdom having appropriated one hundred thousand dollars for a statue of "Christopher Columbus," the statue will probably be erected. I should not like to undertake to convince Congress of anything, but if the commissioners charged with the execution of the work have power to stop it I will easily convince them that they ought if they will let me. "Columbus" has no better title to the respect of Americans than to the name that he gave himself. In the apotheosis of the unworthy, Sculpture is the dupe of History, and History is a child of the father of lies.

*One day when Satan visited the earth,*
*In order that his eyes might feed his mirth,*
*A loyal follower in sorrow said,*
*"Father of Falsehood, to our idols wed,*
*We rear memorials in bronze and stone*
*To every kind of mortal greatness known;*
*But not in this thy realm stands anywhere*
*A monument or statue to declare*
*Thy greater glory." With the modest mien*
*Of violet that loves to bloom unseen,*
*Satan replied: "All earthly fame I shun,*
*Content with consciousness of work well done.*
*Statues to heroes! Mine the humble glory*
*To tell on every pedestal the story."*

There is comfort in the thought that if we must have a statue of "that elderly naval man," Columbus, it will at least not be equestrian: no sculptor has the daring to brave the ridicule attaching to a sailor on horseback. The artists' tradition that a soldier is always in the saddle is erroneous but natural, and if not molested will not bite; it only incites to prayer for the undesirable citizen who expresses it in metal. An equestrian statue is the statue of a horse: our interest in the man is lessened by the superior magnitude and beauty of the animal. It is impossible to represent Alexander riding Bucephalus; all that can be done is to show Bucephalus carrying Alexander. Bucephalus, by all means, but why Alexander? If anyone think that a man (with a horse between) is beautiful let him look at him from the rear. But the horse is the most beautiful of creeping things. I should like to see him done into bronze wherever I look; but let him be ridden (if ridden he must be, not led—with difficulty) by an ideal figure, preferably nude, frankly accepting its inevitable subordination in the scheme of the conception. And let the work surmount, not an inaccessible pedestal, but a mound. Thereby we shall be spared the disturbing doubt of good old King George the Third concerning the apple in the dumpling: How the devil did it get there? As to statues purely anthropomorphic, they are properly adjuncts to architecture. Herded in galleries or turned loose in parks they are like public hangings, instructive but displeasing.

In answer to the renascent proposal to give up the Philippines it seems necessary to say that with more than a million immigrants a year, mostly from southeastern Europe, Americans will soon need a place to which to retire, where they can hear their language and have the protection of the unwritten law. The lumbermen, it may be observed, are depriving us of our natural refuge, the tree-tops.

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## The Writers Written

THE Buffalo Historical Society is going to publish a volume of the letters and other writings of Millard Fillmore. To those of the newer generation, unfamiliar with the name, it may be explained that this heroic figure was a president of the Buffalo Historical Society.

Persons desirous of acquaintance with Hungarian literature will be interested to learn that the number of considerable Magyar authors is about five thousand, that the letters only of one of them fill thirty large volumes, and that the characters in another's novels would line a street for more than a mile. And these are not military novels!

We are promised (upon honor) another book expounding the motives of Hamlet in

pursuing his revenge on Claudius with so great circumspection and hesitancy, Hamlet not having seen fit to expound them himself. Maybe I "rush in" by conjecturing that he wanted to leave something to imagination. Hamlet owed a good deal to imagination.

In the Pocahontas literature which we owe to the Jamestown exposition I note an apparently wilful suppression of the fact that when the lady was thrown over by the unsentimental Smith and married alive to John Rolfe she was a widow: she had been married to one of her father's braves. Is this uncandid reticence of her biographers a concession to the sensibilities of her Virginian "descendants"? If they have a sensibility each they must be pretty touchy as a population. They need not mind; it is not known that the *mésalliance* of their great ancestress resulted in any competing "descendants."

Prof. Frederick Starr has braved the wrath of every monarchophobe in the land of the free by publishing "The Truth about the Congo." His bones were whole at last advices, but in contemplation of what might happen to him if he should venture to publish the truth about Russia, imagination blinks in the glare of an insufferable possibility, "shrinks to her second cause and is no more."

In Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Walter Pater" the attempt is made to show, not what Pater the artist was, but what Pater the man was. The capital demerit of this kind of biography is that while it is well and seemly to show what the person under the microscope was as an artist, it is nobody's business what he was as a man. Pater was an artist in words; let us have all the light that we can get upon his work. His personal character and private life concern us no more than those of a mute, inglorious peasant at the plow. Where there is impudent curiosity there will be gossips willing to gratify it, but if they could all be thrown to the lions (those biographers of the early Christians) the world would be as much better as the lions fatter.

Mr. Bryce, the venerable British ambassador, is pleased to lament the fact that America has no great poets. Mr. Bryce has the distinction to be ignorant, or he is inaccessible to poetry. In Mr. George Sterling and Mr. William Vaughn Moody we have two young poets of a high order of genius who have "arrived," and others are on the way. Mr. Moody has passages —not many—equal in sublimity to anything in Milton, though he more frequently reminds one of Goethe. I am not affirming his present parity to either. In "The Testimony of the Suns" Mr. Sterling strikes and holds as high a note as has been heard in a century of English song, and I have a manuscript poem by him which would add to the glory of Coleridge or Keats. Why do I not put it in evidence? Because the magazines, having Mr. Bryce, do not want Mr. Sterling. But I would rather have written any poem of Mr. Sterling than any book of Mr. Bryce.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston, it seems, is "a collateral descendant" of George Rogers Clark, the explorer. What a collateral descendant may happen to be is not given to us to know, but if the fact gives Mr. Eggleston an advantage in relating adventures of his collateral grandfather only the desperately wicked will care. He is said to do so in his new historical novel, "Long Knives." The title, I take it, is the Indians' name for their white enemies, though it may serve also for what the critics have out for Mr. Eggleston.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid's title for his latest book, "The Greatest Fact in Modern History," is insincere. It is Mr. Reid's secret conviction that the greatest fact in modern history is the American ambassadorship to Great Britain.

"Julien Gordon" (Mrs. Van Rensselaer-Cruger) is to be henceforth a child of nature with her home in the setting sun. In going west, she makes the explanation following, "I have drunk deep of the pleasures of life, and now I shall search for gold to secure happiness, eternal life and youth, and never dip my pen in ink again." If Mrs. Cruger had let the pleasures of life alone she might have been happy before, but as to the things that she names, they are not to be had for gold, and are pretty difficult to get at all. But the lady is wise about that pen: an inkless pen turns out a mighty good society novel.

When Mr. Marion T. D. Barton's book, "An Experiment in Perfection," was announced, Mr. George Bernard Shaw rose in his place, bowed profoundly, and said that it was the proudest moment of his life.

The announcement of another "appreciation" of Emerson makes the prospect of death a shade more joyous.

It is permitted to us to hope that Mrs. Humphry Ward's literary activity has not been "heard to cease" forever. She probably suffers from a temporary impediment in her preach.

Mrs. Jennette Lee's "A Key to Ibsen" suggests a comparison between that great dramatist and the Russian prison-fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, Ibsen being superior, in that he seems to require the more ponderous key. But a correct literary taste prefers the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

Mr. Joaquin Miller has the thoughtfulness to explain why he does not shave. One reason is that his beard conceals an ugly scar that he got in a battle with Indians, and another is that in a later battle the red foemen disabled his razor-hand. Mr. Miller has an impediment in his memory: for many years he did shave without disclosing any scar; and in his case the hand that rocks the razor is the hand that rules the pen. He has, however, a mobile arrow-wound, which shifts from one leg to the other, making him limp with the right or the left according to some law of alternation not well understood by persons who think in prose.

Mr. William Winter, the distinguished critic, is steadfast in the conviction that Mr. Ben Greet errs in presenting Shakespeare's plays as Shakespeare wrote them, that author having had an imperfect knowledge of the modern stage. If I do not quote Mr. Winter's judgment in this matter exactly as he wrote it, he must try to forgive me, permitting me to remind him that he has an imperfect knowledge of my style.

Gelett Burgess' new novel is called "The White Cat," a variant of "The Purple Cow." Mr. Burgess is a man of easy inspiration: outfitted with a domestic animal and a color he can write whatever he wants to.

In a recent chapter of his biography Mark Twain defends his habit of wearing white clothing in the winter. It turns out that his reason is nothing worse than that he wants to. The censorious gentlemen who have been lining up in opposition must feel greatly relieved, and it is to be hoped that they may in time be persuaded to lay aside their animosity and take a tranquil view of what seemed a threatening situation.

Extract from a popular novel:

"She remained inactive in his embrace for a considerable period, then modestly disengaging herself looked him full in the countenance and signified a desire for self-communion. By love's instinct he divined her purpose—she wanted to consider his proposal apart from the influence of the glamour of his personal presence. With the innate tact of a truly genteel nature he bade her good evening in French, and with measured tread paced away into the gathering gloom."

Last month's diminished output of books that "will live as long as the language" encourages the hope that our noble tongue is hardier than we had feared.

Mabel Wood Martin, who wrote "The Hill-Child," is the wife of Lieut. C. F. Martin, on duty at West Point. Lieutenant Martin's assignment is about to expire, and he will join his troop at Fort Nowhere, in Arizona. As his gifted young wife has just begun to make a name for herself in letters, and is a conscientious student of her art, it is rather a pity that she will have to pass any part of her life ten miles from a book, but doubtless she will have a little garden, where instead of ripening her talent and cultivating her style she can grow big yellow cucumbers. Moreover, she will have the society of the army mule. But if I were secretary of war she would remain on earth.

Messrs. Paul Elder and Company are collecting material for several volumes of "Western Classics." The promise is made that the work is to be "an example of dignified book-making," and this firm knows how to make that kind of books. Perhaps it will reveal to the reading tribes of the Atlantic littoral the circumstance that "there are people beyond the mountains."